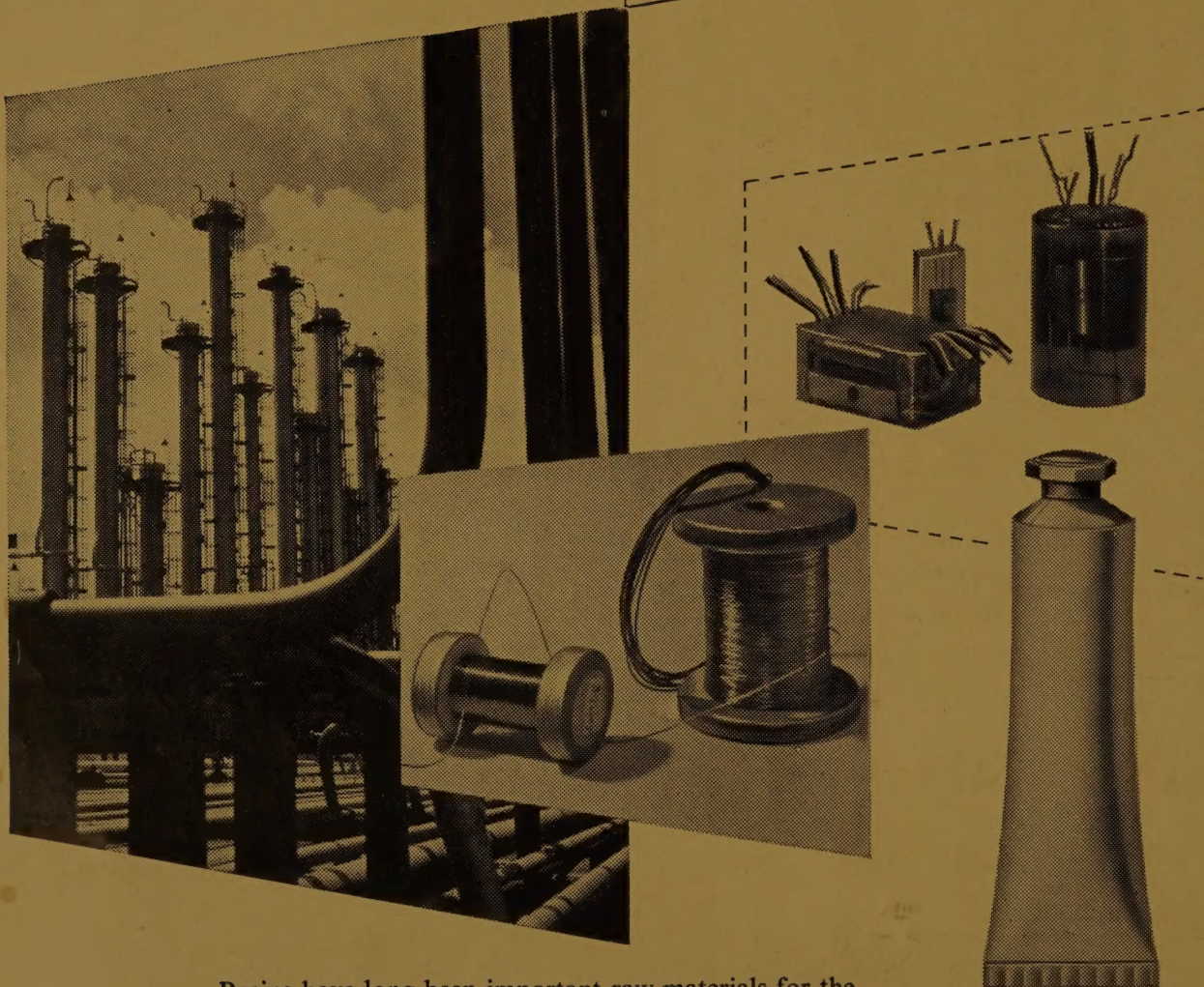


The Listener



Landmark in resin development



Resins have long been important raw materials for the manufacture of paints, lacquers and other surface coatings. Originally, only natural gums and resins extracted from trees were available. Then the first synthetic resins were discovered, bringing not only the advantage of increased and steady supply, but many qualitative advantages also. Now comes a further important advance in synthetic resin development—Epikote Resins, the reward for years of research by Shell in this field. Epikote Resins make possible the production of coatings which combine toughness, flexibility and adhesion to give finishes hard-wearing to a degree never before achieved. Their use can confer an extended working life and prolonged good appearance on a vast range of industrial and domestic equipment.



Epikote Resins from Shell Chemicals

SHELL CHEMICALS LIMITED, NORMAN HOUSE, 105-109, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
(DISTRIBUTORS)

"EPIKOTE" is a Registered Trade Mark

The Listener

Vol. LI. No. 1298

Thursday January 14 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The International Outlook in 1954 (Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P.)	43
The Sudan Elections and After (Sir James Robertson)	45
New Land from the Sea (John Osborne)	46
Can Britain's Fuel Problem Be Solved? (W. R. Hawthorne)	48
Benelux: Success or Failure? (Bertram Mycock)	50

THE LISTENER:

Our 25th Birthday	52
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	52
THE LISTENER after Twenty-five years (Sir Harold Nicolson)	53

POEMS:

The Yield (Harry C. Haines)	54
The Monuments of Hiroshima (D. J. Enright)	61
The Haunters and the Haunted (James Kirkup)	67

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Where the Reform Bill Was Hatched (Hesketh Pearson)	55
'Grasshopper Glacier' (Christopher Serpell)	55
An Unusual Ship (Alfred Phillips)	56
Excursion with the Enthusiasts (R. H. Ward)	56

SCIENCE:

Individuality in Modern Physics (O. R. Frisch)	57
--	----

ART:

The World of the Early Masters (John White)	58
The Art of Utamaro (Arthur Waley)	61

LAW:

The Matrimonial Home (A Barrister)	62
------------------------------------	----

LITERATURE:

An Author's Adventure in Publishing (J. L. Hodson)	64
Sherlock Holmes and the Detective Story (M. R. Ridley)	65
'Girls Will Be Girls' (Arthur Marshall)	66
The Listener's Book Chronicle	107

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	68
-------------------------	----

NEWS DIARY

NEWS DIARY	69
------------	----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Professor Glanville Williams, Joan M. Winter, A. G. Harris, Canon J. L. Cartwright, R. C. Norman, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Esmé Wynne-Tyson, Norman Suckling, E. M. Hugh Jones, Francis J. Payne, and J. H. V. Davies	71
--	----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound)	112
Television Drama (Anthony Curtis)	112
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin)	113
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	115
Music (Dyneley Hussey)	115

MUSIC:

Recent Italian Music (John S. Weissmann)	116
--	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	118
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	118
-----------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,237

CROSSWORD NO. 1,237	118
---------------------	-----

THE LISTENER · 1929-1954 ... 73-105

A selection of cover pictures; talks by H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., A. G. Macdonell, Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., Sir Max Beerbohm, James Stephens, Professor E. N. da C. Andrade, and a short story by Elizabeth Bowen; poems by W. H. Auden, Edwin Muir, Lilian Bowes Lyon, Henry Reed, Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, and R. S. Thomas

The International Outlook in 1954

By the Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

ALMOST exactly a year ago I spoke to you on the air* about our foreign policy. Since then illness has kept me away for several months and I am indeed grateful to the Prime Minister and to Lord Salisbury for their watchful care of our foreign relations. Looking back on the past year, the most heartening feature has clearly been the end of the fighting in Korea, and the most disappointing that the cold war is still with us. Between these lies a heap of festering problems, some now on their way to being healed, others not so healthy.

In Korea a year ago we were trying to get some arrangement for the exchange of prisoners of war; at last we succeeded. An armistice has been signed, our prisoners are home. Now we have to go on working for a political conference, as was provided for in the armistice. I remain convinced that this is the only way to bring about a Korean peace.

Nearer home, by far the most encouraging development has been the growing strength of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Nato has built up an important defensive force. Its Supreme Commander in Europe, General Gruenther, in no way exaggerates when he says that in three years this force has doubled in strength and more than doubled in effectiveness. This does not mean that we can all now sit back and take it easy. That would lose us all we have gained in the way of safety. Nato must maintain

and add to its defences. This is the one sure deterrent to aggression.

If you cast your minds back to the period between the wars, you will remember the difficulties we had then in making any form of Atlantic alliance. Had a Nato existed then, there would have been no second world war. Whatever happens we cannot give up this alliance, which is the foundation of our safety and threatens no one.

Nato was created to meet an immediate danger. But it has grown into a living international force with immeasurable possibilities for future peaceful development between the Atlantic countries. It is here that Canada and the United States and the Western Powers of Europe and ourselves can meet together and discuss through their Foreign Ministers all their problems in private. This is as important as the military dispositions we have to make.

Another item on the credit side in recent months is the new situation in Persia. We have been happy to resume diplomatic relations with Persia. We hope soon to start talks about oil. It will be for the good of both our countries if by our efforts in the New Year we can reach agreement on this question.

One of the most stubborn problems we have to face in the world today is the growing force of nationalism. Whether we like it or not, this is a very powerful influence in modern politics. To accept this fact in our relations with other countries is not to show feebleness of purpose. But equally, let me add, to fulfil our

responsibilities is not to display selfish imperialism. Meanwhile, strategic needs do not stand still. The first responsibilities of a generation ago are not necessarily the first responsibilities of today. We must be realistic about this. If Britain is to play her part in international affairs, we have to relate our responsibilities and interests to the changing strategic picture and political climate.

But the question which must be uppermost in your minds is that of our relations with Soviet Russia. Shall we witness in 1954 a real relaxation of tension between east and west? Are we heading for a period of growing confidence and real peace? Or must we expect to live through more years of tension, with all their burdens, leading perhaps eventually to the final horror of an atomic war?

Clearly I cannot give you the answers to these questions tonight. They can be unfolded only in the course of conversations between east and west. I have not forgotten past experience. But ever since I became Foreign Secretary in 1951, we and our Western Allies have striven to bring the Russians to the conference table to discuss Germany and Austria. Let us be thankful that our efforts have succeeded at least thus far. The Russians have accepted to come to a conference in Berlin, and they have also agreed to consider President Eisenhower's recent plan for a new approach to the terrifying possibilities of atomic power.

The Berlin Conference

Let me say a word about this Berlin conference which will open in a fortnight's time. There we shall try once more to reach agreement on the future of Germany and Austria. For the last fifty years and more the problem of Germany has lain at the heart of Europe. It still does, perhaps more so today than ever before, divided as Germany is between the two great power blocs. We have always held that Germany should be reunited. For without unity for Germany there can be no unity and therefore no real peace for Europe. But the first essential if Germany is to be reunited is free elections throughout the whole country. That is a position we can never abandon. For that is the only method by which we can get a representative German Government with which the Four Powers can discuss a German settlement. No contrivance between east and west, such as a provisional government imposed by the Occupying Powers, could fulfil this need.

I hope that the Russians at Berlin will find it possible to meet us on this essential point. It may be that they will ask us what assurances they can have so that a Germany reunited in this way will not one day fall back into aggressive habits and threaten Russian security. That would be a reasonable request, even for a country as vast and powerful as the Soviet Union. One has only to look at the history of the last two wars to understand why. It is true, of course, that the Russians have already got some far-reaching guarantees for their security. They belong to the United Nations; and we still regard as valid all the undertakings we gave in the Anglo-Soviet treaty of 1943, which I myself signed with Mr. Molotov.

So far as our other and more recent defence arrangements are concerned, we have always maintained, because it is a fact, that Nato is a purely defensive organisation which threatens nobody. This also applies to the European Defence Community, or E.D.C. In the E.D.C., Germany will have no national army; and her armaments industry will be under an international authority which includes France. In other words, every soldier and every weapon will be subject to international control and the whole E.D.C. army will come under the command of Nato. I think you will agree that this system provides the very guarantees against the revival of German militarism and adventure, to which we in the west—and that includes all parties in the West German Parliament—attach every bit as much importance as the Russians do themselves. It certainly means that any German contingents in this European army could not embark on attacking anyone without the support of France, the United States, Canada, and ourselves, and indeed virtually the whole of western Europe. If, in spite of all these guarantees, the Russians still feel apprehensive about their security,

we are quite prepared to examine new ways of removing their fears.

We cannot tell whether the Russians will meet us at Berlin in the same constructive spirit. I hope they will. This at least is certain: we and our Allies will do all we can to encourage a positive approach on both sides. The essence of all successful international negotiation is compromise. I hope that this spirit will be present on both sides at Berlin. A real difficulty is to know whether time is a friend or an enemy. On the one hand, it will be worth spending any amount of time, if a genuine compromise can be reached. On the other hand, if there is no willingness to compromise, time is against us. No man living, certainly no Foreign Secretary of this country, would ignore any real chance of getting a German settlement. But we must not be blind to the dangers and difficulties we face, and we must not expect too much. And let me make one thing clear. We cannot jettison our own security any more than we ask the Russians to jettison theirs. We cannot abandon our defensive arrangements as a condition of agreement.

Finally, let me say something about President Eisenhower's proposal on atomic energy. The Prime Minister and I discussed this with the President and Mr. Dulles at Bermuda, and we know that it is a real effort to bring an entirely new approach to bear on the problem. Some of you may remember the unending discussions between the wars about disarmament. It is, of course, easy to talk about banning atomic weapons and disarming all round. We hope we shall come to that. But the amassing of arms is the product and not the producer of tension in the world. That is why we are continually trying as a first step to remove the causes of tension. In the meantime I am sure that any move is worth making which seeks to direct this terrifying new atomic force to the peaceful benefit of humanity. That is why I welcome President Eisenhower's proposal. It fits in with what I have always believed to be the true method of achieving peace—to take our problems one by one, building up from small agreements to greater and thereby gradually extending confidence between nations.

In this uneasy age our country has its own special message to give. What is it? It is often a thankless task to offer counsel or experience. Many prefer more abrupt or resounding methods, yet it is true statesmanship to try to guide opinion and not to command it. The advance of intolerance is the decay of freedom. How good it would be if we could provoke a just and liberal spirit. This should be our challenge to persecution and the concentration camp. Tolerance and a firm faith can still be found together. These are the hallmarks of civilisation and of our Commonwealth. They are also our message to the modern world.—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. Quarterly

THE WINTER NUMBER of *The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Vol. Eight, No. Four) will be published next week. Eric Maschwitz, the author of many successful musical plays who was formerly on the staff of the B.B.C., discusses in an article entitled 'Television: the Lighter Side' some of the problems of entertaining the viewer. Kenneth Wright, the Head of Music Programmes (Television), B.B.C., writes on 'Serious Music and Television', in which he comments upon what has been done and will be done in this sphere; Peter Fleming writes on 'Some Reflections on Broadcast Talks' and John Wain on 'The Situation of the Broadcast Literary Magazine'. Roy Walker, the dramatic critic, considers 'Broadcast Drama since the War'; John Green, B.B.C. Chief Assistant of Talks, discusses farm radio in Europe with special reference to the recent United Nations conference in London on the subject; and Cesare Lupo, Director of the Third Programme, Radio Italiana, describes the nature of his work and plans. There are three technical articles: 'The Standardisation of Magnetic Tape Recording Systems', by E. D. Daniel and P. E. Axon; 'Technical Training for Broadcasting', by K. R. Sturley; and 'A Programme Fading Circuit', by R. C. Whitehead. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* costs 2s. 6d. and may be obtained from the B.B.C. Publications Department, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or from the usual newsagents.

The Sudan Elections and After

By SIR JAMES ROBERTSON

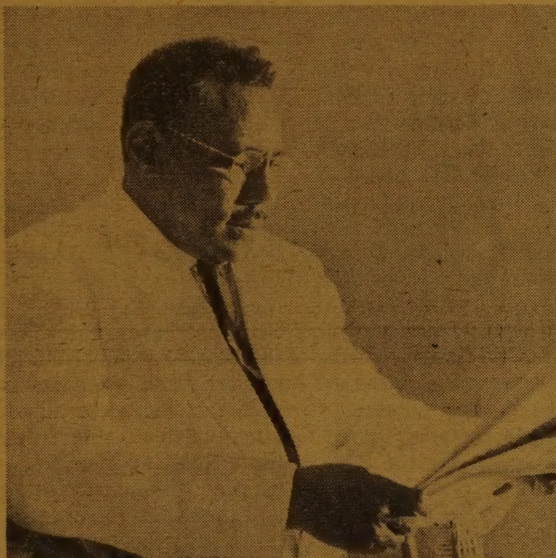
I HAVE spent most of my adult life in the Sudan, so I can perhaps explain the background of the elections which have just been held and give you my ideas of what will happen next. Since 1899 the British and Egyptian Governments have been associated in a *condominium* whereby they together have controlled the administration of the Sudan. There has been a long history of misunderstanding between them and differences of opinion regarding the aims of their Sudan policy. So that the agreement reached by them last February about the Sudan was something of a landmark.

The British and Egyptian Governments agreed that the Sudan should be given a self-governing constitution with a Sudanese Cabinet and Parliament, and that after three years the Sudanese should elect a Constituent Assembly which should then decide the future of the country. By the terms of the agreement the Sudanese are to be given two choices: either of forming some sort of union with Egypt, or of obtaining complete independence. The agreement also set up an international commission to supervise the elections for the new Parliament, and this commission directed the conduct of the elections which have just ended.

It is far from easy to run elections in a country like the Sudan. To start with, the distances are great; you can imagine the difficulty of getting the electors together to vote in a constituency perhaps as large as Wales. A voter might have to ride his donkey or camel for a day or two to reach his polling booth—many voters are semi-nomadic with no fixed home. Backwardness and illiteracy were met in some areas by giving the candidates emblems: X would have a spear as his emblem; Y a horse; Z a lion; and so on. It is also difficult, in a country like the Sudan, to get an accurate electoral roll; some people suspect that the roll is really some subtle way of catching them for increased taxation; others are purely uninterested.

The commission deserves great credit for having managed to complete a difficult task satisfactorily, and this result is a testimony to the leadership of the Indian chairman, Mr. Sukumar Sen, and to the work of his Sudanese, British, Egyptian, and American colleagues. And certainly the order and peacefulness of the elections is a tribute to the steadiness of the Sudanese people and to the orderly administration established by the Sudan Government. There have, of course, been charges and counter-charges: British officials were accused of using undue influence, but perhaps the best proof of

their neutral attitude has been the results of the elections: and, in fact, the electoral commission has entirely exonerated them from these charges. It was alleged that Egyptian influence was used in support of the pro-Egyptian party. This charge has not been so specifically refuted by the commission, but it seems that it was in any case vague and perhaps not susceptible to proof.



Ismail el-Azhari, the first Prime Minister of the Sudan

The two main parties contesting the elections were the National Unionist Party, which aims at some kind of link with Egypt in the future, and the Umma Party which stands for complete independence. There were also a number of non-party candidates, a few Socialist Republicans, and members of the Southern Party. The election gives the N.U.P. fifty-one out of the total of ninety-seven seats in the Lower House, the Umma twenty-two, and the others twenty-four. In the Senate there are thirty elected members, and twenty others nominated by the Governor-General. The N.U.P. holds thirty-two, and the other parties eighteen.

People have often asked me in the last week or two why the pro-Egyptian party won the elections, but I find it difficult to give any single answer. I have little doubt myself that the widely held Middle Eastern prejudice against imperialists and colonisers, and continuous anti-British propaganda, had a considerable effect. Then in the old Legislative Assembly and in the Executive Council, which are now superseded by the new

constitution, it was the Umma leaders who held ministerial positions and maybe there has been the usual swing of the pendulum against them, but I suspect they also suffered for their past co-operation with the British officials. Then, again, the Umma Party has been identified with the Mahdist religious sect, and in the recent election the other

large religious sect—the Mirghanists—threw their weight on the side of the N.U.P., not so much perhaps because they wished 'unity' with Egypt, as because they did not want to see their religious opponents in power again in the guise of the Umma Party.

The attitude adopted by the N.U.P. leaders since the elections gives some support for this diagnosis. They have not yet defined their ideas of the kind of 'union' they visualise with Egypt but clearly they do not intend the incorporation of the Sudan in the Egyptian state, or the introduction of Egyptian personnel into the Sudanese civil service. The leaders of the N.U.P. have almost all served in the Sudan Government service and have been trained in one or other of the departments.



A market scene in Khartoum, the Sudanese capital

Ismail el-Azhari, who is expected to be Prime Minister*, is the grandson of a former mufti of the Sudan. He was a schoolmaster, and before he resigned to take up politics was a housemaster at the Wadi Saydna secondary school. He received part of his education at the American University at Beirut, and has travelled widely in the Middle East. He has always been very closely associated with the pro-Egyptian movement. Another leader is Mirghani Hamza, whom I know well. He is a close follower of Sayed Ali, leader of the Mirghanist sect. He is an engineer and served in the Public Works department, and is now a partner in a firm of architects and contractors. He has always been interested in public affairs and was chairman of the education committee of the Advisory Council. I was chairman of the Advisory Council myself, so I saw a lot of Mirghani, and I have a great respect for his integrity and his determination. Another leader is Hammad Tewfik. He is an accountant and served for many years in the Finance Department. Later he was head accountant, first in the Irrigation Department and then in the Agricultural Department, before taking up politics in 1948. He owns a farm in the Blue Nile Province. All these three men were leaders of different parties which favoured varying degrees of union with Egypt and they merged their parties in the N.U.P. at this election.

One of the difficulties which the new Cabinet will have to face is their lack of previous experience of administration at the highest level. As their party boycotted the elections to the Legislative Assembly in 1948, they have had none of the experience which the Umma leaders had in the Assembly and in the Executive Council. In trying to assess what the policy of the new Cabinet will be, we must not underestimate the difficulty they will find in reconciling the various elements in their party, ranging from the fanatically pro-Egyptian group to the mass of moderate Mirghanists. I believe that the Cabinet will walk warily in the matter of relations with Egypt and will leave it to be decided at the end of the three-year period. But they will have to be preparing for the conclusion of the period and for the final act of self-determination. I believe that they will stick to the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement and that they will be quite as determined as the Umma Party to achieve 'the Sudan for the Sudanese'. They will certainly try to implement the Agreement in substituting Sudanese for British officials as quickly as possible. But with responsibility for the administration and well-being of the country laid on their shoulders they may find this task difficult. As patriotic Sudanese they will wish to maintain the prosperity of the country and to continue its economic development. So they will need to ensure that the great cotton enterprise in the Gezira continues to be efficiently run, and to find markets for its cotton. What is more, they will require capital for development, and unless conditions remain stable, and foreign investors can be sure of reasonable interest for their money, that capital will not be obtained.

The new Cabinet is said to be aiming at closer trade relations with Egypt. I do not think much is likely to come of this. Trade figures for recent months up to the end of October from the beginning of 1953 show that, whereas the United Kingdom took £15,000,000 worth of

Sudan exports, Egypt took only £2,000,000; and while the United Kingdom supplied the Sudan with £19,000,000 worth of imports, Egypt supplied only £3,500,000. The fact is that Egypt and the Sudan are bound to be economic rivals; both depend on selling the same type of cotton in world markets, and both require Nile water to make it grow.

Other difficulties which the new Cabinet will have to face are the relationship between town and country, and the co-operation of north and south. Throughout the young nations of Africa, the political leaders come from the towns and have been born and bred in a semi-western atmosphere. The Sudan Cabinet will consist mainly of men who have little personal experience of the tribal society in which the bulk of their fellow-countrymen live. Tribalism is dying in the Sudan as in the rest of the world, but if little heed is paid to the views of the most important tribal leaders, and if tribal disintegration is hurried too fast, the Government may have to face serious situations. Again, the backward areas of the south will require sympathetic and careful handling if the primitive tribes are to be encouraged to co-operate in the new Sudan. By the constitution, two of the ministers must be southerners; so the Cabinet will have the views of the south constantly before them in their counsels.

Great Britain's part in the next year or two, it seems to me, should be to give the new Sudanese Government all the support and help possible. We have always looked forward to the day when the Sudanese would be governing themselves and would come to maturity. Perhaps the pace has been too hot; but when one considers the world-wide impulse towards self-government and remembers the other countries, near neighbours of the Sudan, who are self-governing—such as Libya, Eritrea and Ethiopia—one cannot truly say that the Sudanese are less able to govern themselves than they. Our aim in the past has been to see that the Sudanese have a fair chance of deciding what their future is to be, and this has—on paper at least—been already secured for them in the arrangements embodied in the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement. I am sure that the Sudanese themselves will react strongly against Egyptian attempts to dominate them, and that it would be a great mistake for the British to interfere, unless the Sudanese ask them to do so. But we should show our sympathy for them in their approach to nationhood, and should be ready to help them if our help is desired.

As individuals we are liked and respected by nearly all Sudanese, and they are proud of the advances we have helped them to make in administration and in the economic sphere. There is a fund of good will, which will carry on into the future if the transfer of power can be managed smoothly and without bitterness.

I should like to end by mentioning the British officials who are still serving in the Sudan. Their task in the next year or two is bound to be hard—they will need great tact and patience in their dealings with the Sudanese. Many of them are worried by fears for their personal future and wonder where they will find other employment when they have handed over to their Sudanese successors. They will be greatly heartened if they know they have the sympathy and support of all at home here.—*Home Service*

* Since this talk was recorded, Ismail el-Azhari's appointment as Prime Minister has been announced

New Land from the Sea

By JOHN USBORNE

LAST September I stayed with the Mayor—or Burgemeester—of an area in north Holland called the Wieringermeer. My host was appointed to his job twenty-one years ago when he was thirty-two. He had no predecessor because before him the district was from twelve to sixteen feet under the sea—the Zuider Zee, to be precise. The Wieringermeer is a little smaller than the county of London and the Zuider Zee is roughly the area of Sussex. As you were: the Zuider Zee is no such thing. It does not exist. When my host became Burgemeester, the Zuider Zee became the IJssel Lake, and a fresh-water one at that.

But the stark fact in this year of grace, 1954, is that there is very little more land to be fished out of the sea and the Dutch people are increasing more vigorously than those of any other European nation. At the moment they are running at about 10,500,000: in 1970, say the pundits, they will, God willing, reach the 12,000,000 mark. Their total land area is now about 11,500 square miles. During the past fifty

years they have added 1,400 square miles of agricultural land, and it is calculated that to accommodate the extra 2,000,000 people they must have another 2,000 square miles.

And there is another aspect of the problem. The Dutch are essentially a farming people. They are proud of their land and of what they can do with it. Farmers' sons tend to want to be farmers—and, as you know, the average Dutch farmer has more sons than the average English farmer. What can he do for them? That itself is a pressing problem.

My host, the Burgemeester of the Wieringermeer, told me that when they were raising that eighteen-mile enclosing dam across the mouth of the Zuider Zee—and that, by the way, is an epic story—and the people knew there would shortly be 50,000 acres of good farm land available, no fewer than 8,000 farmers applied: 8,000 farmers for 511 farms.

What especially interests me about this new land, the polders, as they call them, is this. Under the circumstances (and there were plenty

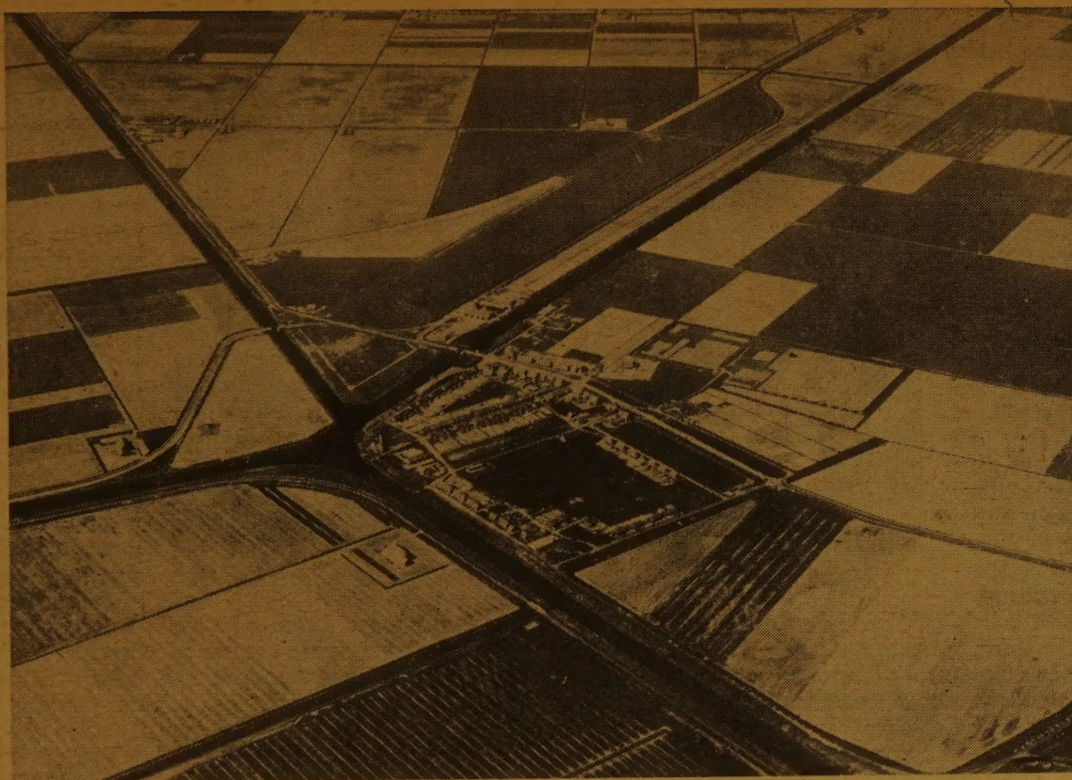
of accommodating ones) the whole show had to be under government ownership and management. The capital outlay, in the first place, was far too big for even a combination of private enterprises. The state reclaimed the land to the tune of about £45,000,000, it planned it into farm holdings, into villages, a state architect designed all the buildings and the state was to remain landlord. In view of this there was no call for a sort of Kansas - Nebraska rush of squatters to the new land. The pioneers would be virtually civil servants and they would have to satisfy a selection board

that they would treat the new farms as the new farms deserved.

In other words, here in a country of rock-ribbed individualists was to begin an experiment in agrarian socialism for the express purpose of increasing food production for a rising population in an uncertain world.

The Wieringermeer part of the experiment was twenty-one years old in 1953. It was and is, I suppose, the pilot experiment: the first 50,000 acres out of a total of just over 540,000 to come from the old sea bottom. I felt it was an auspicious time to go and see for myself how it was developing. On the face of it, the Dutch Government had an almost utopian opportunity. They chose their 511 from those 8,000 or so applicants. They were all graduates of agricultural colleges, they had all passed a pretty stiff medical test, they were all young. Now comes the difficulty. Holland is a parliamentary democracy, roughly like Great Britain. New land means new constituencies. Was the Government to leave it to chance and choose the farmers only by their skill, health, and youth? The Dutch people are very fiercely divided in their loyalties, and fiercest of all is the division of religion. It is, in fact, on religion more than anything else that their party system hinges. Protestants—who hold a fair working majority—do not, so to speak, hold with Catholics and their ways and look on their rapid increase with acute anxiety. Catholics stick tighter there than here and, from long years of rivalry and competition, have taken on many of the puritanical 'mores' of the protestants. Protestants are largely Calvinists and the Calvinists are fiercely divided between the extreme fundamentalists and the more liberal orthodox.

Under the circumstances the



Polders in the Wieringermeer, northern Holland, from the air; in the centre is one of the villages. The long, dark lines are canals

Government knew its duty. As far as possible the farmers and their supporting population would be chosen so that their religio-political complexion would be the same as that in the national parliament. And it was advisable to avoid bringing those of the same party - cum - church from the same background. Perhaps in this way they could form a sort of spear-head of progressive reconciliation through the common bond of good farming and new roots.

How is it working out? Primarily, of course, the new land is for landless farmers and more Dutch food. I will say a word or two, then, about the farming. The Wier-

ingermeer soil is not as good as that of the latest polder, the north-east, which is very good indeed; in fact I am told that when all the Zuider Zee polders are functioning, it will be the least fertile. But about half of it is high-class arable. Two tons of wheat per acre is the rule rather than the exception, whereas our own national average is only just over one ton. The average size of the arable farms is about 100 acres and of the dairy farms on the northern and less fertile section a good bit smaller. No one owns his farm and I did not meet one who wanted to. Rents are adjusted year by year according to quality of harvest, prices, and costs as calculated by farm accountants farming on the spot for that very purpose. Certain prices are guaranteed, but most are subject to

normal fluctuations. Houses are kept in running repair by the state and, as they are good to look at and most comfortable, why should anyone complain?

One can hardly remain unimpressed by the efficiency of farm management, though one could expect no less from people with such backgrounds. They are very lucky, of course, to have land that is basically disease free and pest free. For instance, one reason they get huge potato yields is that they have none of the eel-worm which bedevils our Lincolnshire fields. This enables them to grow so much for seed and thus get specially high prices on the world market. On the other hand, they take nothing for granted; they are much stricter than our arable farmers about rotation and employ thorough safeguards against the disease and pests which might visit them from the older lands. And the advice they get from state experimental farms nearby is most gratefully received and acted upon. As for profits: I was told an arable farmer on 100 acres nets from £1,500 to £2,000 annually. On the dairying section,



Harvest in the Wieringermeer, where 'two tons of wheat per acre is the rule rather than the exception'

where farms are smaller and the soil not so good, profits are smaller though, in the nature of things, a good bit surer. It should be needless to say that the very highest standards of Dutch ley-farming are maintained here. In such a closely knit agrarian community I could not see how a farmer could farm badly and not sink through the ground in shame.

You might gather from this that the people on this fertile new land are contented. They have got everything; they are doing a vital job well; they are a credit to Holland. Undoubtedly, they are proud and grateful. They gave touching proof of this when they contributed more generously to the relief of flood victims in the south last winter than any other comparable community. But remember their principles: remember religio-politics. As an experiment in some sort of 'ism' or other the Wieringermeer with only Calvinists or only Catholics would already be an unqualified success. But, as I have said, such a monopoly would not have been democratic. As it is, the going is very sticky. One instance: the Catholics have their own farm co-operatives and so do the two main types of Protestant. This is sheer bad economics. But it is Dutch principle. Take the schools question. When the state built primary schools in the villages they hoped children of all creeds would attend. But resistance was such that now the state has provided schools for all three, handed them over to the clergy and laity to administer, but continues to put up the money.

The effort of all churchmen not to let their side down can be felt in many facets of their community existence. Their hard work, their excellent health I attribute partly to this. Divorce is almost unheard of; there has been no case of 'drunk and disorderly'. I asked the Burgemeester what they used the police for and he said: 'Tracing lost property and minor bicycling offences'. A suggestion was made some time ago in the local council that a swimming bath would be a good thing. Protestants on the council agreed, as long as there was no swimming on Sundays; the Catholics, as long as there was no mixed bathing. The swimming bath is still one of the Burgemeester's dreams.

I am afraid I put it down to church-political rivalry as well as to material prosperity that the arts get such a poor showing up here. There is, for instance, virtually no musical education; I was told there was just one piano teacher for the whole polder. The drama is not a going concern. I got to know a schoolmaster who produced an annual play in his village, but he complained that many of the best plays were



The village of Wieringerwerf: houses 'good to look at and most comfortable'

unacceptable because they would be thought to have a bad influence on morals.

It is only fair to say that many are acutely aware of this spiritual dullness in their midst and that one organisation at least, the equivalent of the Women's Institute, is trying nobly to introduce good things to the community. The Dutch, we all know, have a glorious cultural tradition. Surely this state of affairs is merely a sign of rawness in a young, unintegrated community? I really could not say. It was suggested to me that it might be due to the fact that Catholics are rapidly catching up the Protestants in numbers. It may be that agrarian socialism or new conservatism imposes a uniformity, a cog-wheel consciousness which inhibits unorthodoxy and eccentricity.

One day, after a fifteen-mile walk, I thought of another contributing cause: the unutterable flatness and bareness of the landscape. In 1945 the Germans blew the dyke and inundated the whole polder, thus killing almost every tree. The quickest growing trees are poplars, but they are without character. So are the rows of alders along the canals and ditches. I may be prejudiced, but I do not see how country-folk in a climate so much like our own can feel at peace with the world without at least a token sprinkling of oak, ash, beech, and birch. Long, dead-straight, flat roads, farm buildings at regular intervals—lovely buildings, I admit; pretty gardens, I admit. Everything neat, trim, lush, rectangular. I heard curlews calling from time to time. Once I became almost obsessed with the notion that the Government had allocated curlews, but that some civil servant had forgotten thrushes and black-birds. I never saw one the whole time I was up there.

They erected a hill near the middle of the polder. It is a blister about the size of a suburban back-garden. I suppose it is about fifteen feet high at the top, that is to say, still not quite up to sea level. You can stand on it and survey the whole polder: a wonderful product of Dutch genius and perseverance. I stood and surveyed and marvelled and felt very humble. But before the lump got too big for my throat, 'I had an idea', as Richard Murdoch would say, and you must not take it any more seriously than you take Richard Murdoch in 'Much-Binding'. It is this: to make the experiment the triumphant success it fully deserves to be, ship in a boat-load of crazy Irishmen and stand by for some much needed blarney. I think Dutch-Irish would be an unbeatable mixture anywhere—but most emphatically on the Wieringermeer.—*Home Service*

Can Britain's Fuel Problem Be Solved?

By W. R. HAWTHORNE

OF all the important raw materials used by British industry, only one is entirely home produced. That one is coal. And yet winter after winter industry is liable to stop—and we ourselves to shiver—for lack of this one vital commodity. Why is this and what is to be done about it?

The main reason for the coal shortage is the great increase in industrial activity and fuel consumption in the past fifteen years. If this increase is maintained—and it must be if we are to prosper—our coal resources will prove inadequate for our needs, at least for some time. Our comparatively good coal position this winter is due partly to the mild weather, but mainly to the fact that industrial activity slackened in 1951. Now it is again increasing, and with it the prospect of a more serious coal shortage next winter. Predictions of our future position are obtained by relating probable supply to probable demand. To calculate likely supply we must estimate how much the Coal Board can

produce, how much coal we need to export, and what quantity of other fuels, such as oil, can be used in the place of coal.

There is no prospect of a sudden increase in the production of coal. During their first six years, the National Coal Board installed machinery and equipment devised to get quick returns in greater coal output from the mines. There was a handsome increase in yearly output of over 30,000,000 tons of deep-mined coal—from 181,000,000 tons in 1946 to 214,000,000 in 1952. Now that the most promising of these short-term projects are accomplished, results of the Board's longer-term plans (such as sinking new pits) will be slower to mature; they certainly will not be in time to alter the situation fundamentally in the next few years.

If we stopped all exports of coal, we could of course increase our inland supply. But we have lost too much of this valuable foreign trade already and cannot afford to lose any more. Today we export only about 15,000,000 tons annually compared to at least twice that much before

the war. There is a profitable market abroad for considerably more than we now export; we should make every effort to supply it, in order to earn the currency we need to pay for our imports.

One substitute for coal is oil, which is an economical fuel for medium-scale or intermittent use, as in industrial-heating furnaces and central-heating systems. Where it has such technical advantages, its use will undoubtedly increase; it is estimated that oil consumption will probably double by 1960. Even then, coal will have to provide almost ninety per cent. of our energy requirements. Consideration of other sources of power, such as water, wind and tide, nuclear energy and the energy in sunshine, shows that we cannot count on much additional help from them by 1960. For the next few years, therefore, we cannot expect any very large increase in our fuel supplies.

If Coal Rationing Were Removed . . .

Estimates of demand are far less easy to make. We know that at the moment it exceeds supply. It is believed that if rationing were removed, householders would burn about 4,000,000 more tons of coal a year, even allowing for reduced consumption of gas and electricity. Industrial demand is strongly related to industrial activity, which is difficult to predict. Estimates must allow for improvements in efficiency, because ever since Watt patented his new steam engine in 1769 and took as a royalty one-third of the fuel that it saved, engineers have been continually improving the efficiency with which fuel can be used.

We may sum up the probable trends of supply and demand by saying that, even when allowance is made for a steady improvement in efficiency, supplies are not likely to increase rapidly enough to meet the expected growth in industrial demand. This, then, is Britain's fuel problem.

The obvious solution to a problem of scarcity is the more efficient use of one's resources. The fact that fuel is wasted by inefficient use almost everywhere has been repeatedly demonstrated. Industry is one of the worst offenders. It uses more coal and wastes more coal with less economic excuse than any other consumer. The excellent work of the Ministry of Fuel and Power's fuel efficiency service shows that often fuel savings of fifteen to twenty per cent. are easily possible. It is true that some firms have been most enterprising and have given others a lead by showing that they can make a profit by saving fuel. Industry has now formed its own national fuel efficiency service to help and persuade its members to achieve this saving. But although the Government has offered loans on favourable terms for fuel-saving schemes, surprisingly few firms have applied for them.

Another black spot in our fuel situation is the misuse of fuel by our railways. Our railway engines have efficiencies which range from two to nine per cent. only. Or, put another way, less than one in every ten shovelfuls of coal which the fireman throws into the boiler is used to drive the train forward. The rest go to heat the countryside. Our engines burn 14,000,000 tons of especially scarce, high-grade coal a year. They look magnificent, they are relatively cheap to make and run, and they last for forty years. The railways are conscious of the importance of efficiency and are trying to improve it. Diesels are replacing steam shunting engines; gas turbines are being tried out; railway electrification schemes are being developed. But changes to more efficient locomotives will involve heavy capital expenditure. In fact, British Railways calculate that it still pays them at present coal prices to build about 400 steam locomotives a year. This illustrates a difficulty which often bedevils our attempt to save fuel. To buy the necessary equipment costs more than the value of the fuel saved. The railways might have to raise their fares to pay for more efficient locomotives, and their conclusion—that it would be better to continue to use wasteful steam engines—is certainly good business sense.

Wasteful Use of Electricity

The way in which we use our electricity also wastes coal. We have to make our generating plant powerful enough to meet the maximum demand at any instant. We use very little electricity at night and make large demands during certain hours of the day. To provide supplies at these peak hours, old, inefficient plant is kept in operation. If these demands were spread uniformly over day and night throughout the year, we should need only half the power stations now used and could dispense with the inefficient ones, thereby saving about 4,000,000 tons of coal a year. The main reason why we do not use our expensive generating plant more fully is that our industry works only about one quarter of the time. To improve this we should have to spread the working hours

in our factories more evenly. Although this is normally done in some industries, it is not very popular. We would have to change the pattern of our lives to solve this aspect of the fuel problem.

Another waste is occurring because our power stations are ejecting enough heat into the atmosphere and the rivers to heat about one-third of our houses. Some of this heat is being saved at Battersea power station where, as an experiment, hot water has been piped across the river to heat blocks of flats in Pimlico. But only in a few congested dwelling areas is the cost of the necessary piping likely to be low enough to make such schemes attractive. The British Electricity Authority is here in the same dilemma as British Railways. Many technically feasible schemes for saving fuel are economically unattractive at the present price of coal. This lack of economic advantage explains why fuel-conscious nationalised industries continue to behave in a manner which may sooner or later provoke a fuel crisis.

A black cloud of inefficiency and discomfort hangs over our houses, whose many ineffective heating appliances so amaze visitors from abroad. More first-class research has been done by our fuel and building research laboratories on how to heat houses than in any other country. We now know how to heat houses properly, but we do not generally apply our knowledge even in our new buildings. Tradition, inertia, and capital cost all play their part here. All builders and local authorities should insist that this new knowledge is incorporated in their buildings.

Some Future Possibilities

There is a theoretical limit to the efficiency with which we can use coal, and although it will be a long time before we reach it, it is interesting to look at some of the possibilities. If we were able to turn all the energy in our coal into power and heat in the most efficient manner possible, we should probably need less than 70,000,000 tons of coal a year rather than about 230,000,000. There are two devices which will enable us to approach much nearer to theoretical perfection than we do at present. In the first, known as the fuel cell, the chemical energy in a fuel is directly converted into electrical energy without the use of any intermediate engines. No fuel cell which will work with coal has yet been produced, but a hydrogen-oxygen fuel cell is working in the laboratory, and research on coal fuel cells is going on. The second device, the heat pump, works on the same principle as a refrigerator. Heat and cold are generated in both processes, but whereas the refrigerator utilises the cold, the heat pump harnesses the heat. Heat pumps are already in existence; one has been used in warming the Royal Festival Hall. If we could combine fuel cells for generating electricity and heat pumps for heating our houses, our winter consumption of coal for house heating could be reduced to less than one-third the amount now used with the best modern heating systems.

But we cannot afford to wait until science eventually provides the ideal solution. By vigorously attacking the more glaring misuses of our coal, we must so increase fuel efficiency that we shall save enough coal to supply the increased demands of industry. Indifference, inertia, traditional prejudices and lack of economic incentive are preventing us from acting effectively now. To overcome them we must use as many incentives as possible. It is most important that coal should not be under-valued in terms of other commodities, for this leads to its wasteful use. It is no good saying in one breath that coal is a national asset as valuable as gold, and in another complaining that it is too expensive. This is why a sound price policy is essential, since it is by its price that everyone can judge just how valuable coal—and each individual type of coal—really is. Other incentives are also desirable: advice and information on fuel and power, fuel-saving loans to industry, encouragement of the production of better domestic grates, taxation of inefficient devices, and so forth.

More research is important, but it is vital to make quick use of the results of research. In the aircraft industry, for instance, new schemes are continually being worked out in response to new discoveries and new requirements. An equally dynamic process is needed in the nationalised industries; they should consider increasing the breadth and energy of their back-room engineering effort. They should create for their own benefit a joint technical planning staff. Such a staff, devoting itself to the planning and analysis of future projects, would provide the intelligence necessary to guide future policy.

So I suggest that, complex as our fuel problems are, they need not defeat us. We are careless and inefficient, we do not value our coal properly, and we do not put enough effort into working out possible answers to our problems. There is no panacea, but there is a great deal we can do about them.—*Home Service*

Benelux: Success or Failure?

By BERTRAM MYCOCK, B.B.C. industrial correspondent

IT is now more than five years since three small countries in western Europe got together in a tariff community which they called Benelux. And since then the affairs of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg have been closely watched by the politicians and the economists. What do we write down about this bold experiment—'success' or 'failure'?

I have just returned from a tour of the three countries, where I tried to find the answer to that question. At the moment, I doubt if there is an answer. Everyone whom I met—members of governments, industrialists, and permanent officials alike—protested their optimism. Everyone admitted that there are still difficulties but no one would say that his country ought to pull out of the experiment and go its way alone. To that extent, I suppose, you can write 'success' as the answer to the question. But in some important things, success is not the word that springs to mind. Let us for the moment leave the question with the answer which I got from Luxembourg's Foreign Minister, Dr. Bech, whose broad and genial figure seemed so completely at home in the ornate, overheated, eighteenth-century salon just across the street from the ducal palace. He said: 'There are problems. They are not insurmountable; but the solution is not for tomorrow'.

In a way, one could hardly do worse than start in the city of Luxembourg to get at the heart of the industrial and economic strength of Benelux. Here is a capital in two parts—the one a deep gorge with ancient fortifications frowning down into it on all sides; the other an ordinary small industrial town with tramcars and buses and a comic, apologetic little train that comes in from the wine-growing hills of the Moselle and, borrowing the tramlines, puffs its way among the cars and taxis and bicycles right through the new city and up the steep hill into the old one. And between new and old, there is a third city. It has its being in a large building where many languages are spoken and where M. Jean Monnet presides over another great experiment in integration, the Schuman Plan for European Coal and Steel. But that is another story.

Let us, then, leave Luxembourg, and try Amsterdam, looking at it not as the lovely city that it is, but as one of the headquarters of shipbuilding in the Netherlands which helps the prosperity of that country and spells serious competition for people who build ships on the Clyde, the Mersey, Tyne and Tees, and Belfast Lough. There is a special significance about the shipyard which lies across the North Sea canal from the heart of Amsterdam. You see at once, as you approach, that almost everything about the place is brand new. It had to be. The Germans did a thorough job of destroying practically everything they could before they pulled out of Holland. And so, today, the five slipways are magnificent concrete structures; the cranes (without which ships cannot be built) are all as new as can be; most of the workshops and all the machinery came there since the war.

Another thing that came after the Germans left was a brand-new technique. The old way of riveting ships plate by plate out in the open air was abandoned, and in its place came prefabrication by welding. By this technique you make your ship, for the most part, indoors. You build up the sections and then lift them on to railway bogeys which take them to the slipways, where they are lifted into place and welded together. You save time, because you can work indoors in comfort in any weather, and because it is easier to handle sections already built than it is to put single plates into position one by one. And you save metal, because it takes less steel to build a welded ship than it does to build a riveted one. Painted on the side of one of the workshops for

all to see is the programme for the next four years: thirty-five ships, most of them big tankers. It works out at one ship every seven or eight weeks.

It was in this shipyard that I first became aware of one great difference between labour in the Netherlands and labour in Britain. I went into the carpenters' shop and found that metal and wood were being worked at the same time. From that I learned that one trade union organises this shipyard and that any man, no matter what his job, will take on any kind of work he is capable of, whether by trade he is a worker in metal or wood, an electrician, a welder, or an engineer. 'Demarcation', which is the bugbear in so many industrial plants in Britain, is not a problem in the

Netherlands. If the joiner is asked to do metal work, he does it. Whether you like this idea or not, it seems to make for flexibility in the handling of labour.

Amsterdam is not the only place in the Low Countries where the war brought some long-term advantages. I went to Antwerp and saw how, in making good the losses by bombing and the removal of equipment by the Germans, the Belgians have given themselves a much finer and better-equipped port than they had before the war. I saw the great lock which is being built to give another access to the river and so to the North Sea. Antwerp is developing a reputation for speed in the handling of ships—a reputation which cannot fail to benefit from the work that is still going on. Rotterdam is a Dutch example of a city and a port rising from the ashes of the war. It is the scene, these days, of great activity. All the damage has been made good in the port installations; a great oil port and refinery has grown up since the war; and in the heart of the city, which was torn out by the German bombers, a fine new commercial centre is rising.

It is as well to remember that something has happened in the last few years which makes nonsense of the dictum of our schooldays, that Belgium is the most densely populated country in the world. It used to be true, but it is true no longer. The birth rate in Belgium is slowing down, and in the Netherlands it is rising so fast that the population has doubled in the last fifty years and is now the densest in the world.



Luxembourg: besides the 'deep gorge with ancient fortifications frowning down into it on all sides', there is also the ordinary, small industrial town

Moreover, the loss of the East Indies took away one of the outlets for the surplus population of the Netherlands, and so, although emigration is going on at a considerable rate, with North America and Australia as the main outlets, the Dutch are facing the problem of how to industrialise the nation fast enough to absorb all the working population.

So if you visualise the Dutch as a nation of farmers in wooden clogs and baggy trousers, working in the shadow of hundreds of windmills—and I think many of us still believe that to be the picture—you must think again. Even as long ago as 1950, only one in six of the working population was on the farms, and since then jobs have had to be found in industry for at least 40,000 people every year. So the Government has encouraged new industries to come into the country, and a good deal of foreign capital has been invested in enterprises to absorb the surplus labour. More than 100 new factories have been set up with American co-operation. In many ways, the proposition has been attractive for these new industries. Wage levels are lower in the Netherlands than they are in Belgium. They are lower, in fact, by a quarter or a third; and they are, too, certainly lower than wages in the United States, and probably appreciably lower than those in Britain. For a nation with very little raw material, except a small coal industry, the Netherlands is making a great bid for industrialisation.

It is not surprising to find that the Benelux countries are all intensely interested in this post-war word 'productivity'. Like Britain they have sent out some of their best industrial observers to the United States to bring back the American 'know-how'. I was told in Brussels—and this was confirmed in the Netherlands by productivity enthusiasts in The Hague and Utrecht—that it is not so much a question of technique but of attitude. We have been told so often in Britain that what makes the American worker tick is the fact that he can transfer high earnings into cars and refrigerators and clothes and good food in a way that was not possible for British workers in the years just after the war. But it was possible in Belgium where, even before the war ended in Europe, a boom time had set in, because the nation was earning millions of dollars and pounds in supporting the Allied Forces in the eastward advance.

So when the productivity people in Belgium talk about attitude, they mean something different. They mean that a great many employers are content to keep output down if they can keep the price high; and the worker is often stubborn because of the fear that he could work himself out of a job. The fact that one worker in ten in Belgium is unemployed at the moment makes this fear understandable. In the Netherlands, the trade unions are solidly behind the productivity drive. They take, in fact, much the same view of it that the Trades Union Congress does in Britain. For many months now there has been a mobile exhibition on productivity going around the canals of the country. Two 600-ton ships have been rigged out as a touring show, complete with a cinema holding 100 people, and they have tied up at the towpath near to every industrial centre, large or small, in the country. I saw the show at Utrecht, and saw parties of workers being



Modern flats and bank offices in Rotterdam

shown round by fluent and authoritative guides. They call the exhibition 'All hands on deck'. The Chairman of the Productivity Council made a remarkable assessment of the value of the movement when he told me: 'The capital value of the increased productivity already obtained and still to be obtained is more than the value of grants and loans to the Netherlands under the Marshall Plan'.

Trade across the frontiers of the three countries is now virtually free from import duties, and to this extent Benelux as an idea is succeeding. There are important exceptions, however. The main one comes in the field of agricultural produce. It is generally admitted that the Dutch farmer grows a better product more cheaply than his neighbour in Belgium or his rival in Luxembourg. In Belgium and Luxembourg there is peasant farming with the two-horse plough and an air of casualness which may account for the fact that Belgium admits the Netherlands to be one-third more productive in farming. So, amid all this breaking down of tariff barriers, they have had to make a little barrier to keep the Belgian peasant in business. A minimum price is fixed in Belgium—say, fifteen francs a kilo for tomatoes. The selling price in the market may be seventeen francs, and the Dutch (with lower wages and better farming) could afford to sell at twelve. So at the Belgian frontier there is a tax of three francs on incoming Dutch tomatoes which brings the price up to the Belgian minimum of fifteen. This tends to force down the price in Belgium, but whenever it falls below the official minimum—which would still give the Dutch farmer a handsome profit—the frontier is automatically closed to Dutch products. In some manufacturing trades, too, the Belgians have complained about competition from cheaper goods from the Netherlands, arguing that prices and wages were being kept artificially low by the Dutch Government. There was pressure on the Netherlands to allow rent, prices, and wages to rise, and the Dutch resisted this pressure strongly. But although agreement has still to be reached on fundamental points like this, the fact is that more than nine-tenths of the trade between the Benelux countries goes on without any limitations.

When individual interests look like getting hurt in the working out of a big idea, those interests are apt to squeal, and you get pressure groups and propaganda. Moreover, they have yet to harmonise foreign trade and financial policies; resolve the differences in taxation burdens and in standards of living; and, perhaps as important as any, achieve a complete freedom of movement for capital. 'We should not', the Dutch Minister for Economic Affairs told me, 'compare the present with a state of complete and unhampered freedom. We should compare it rather with things as they were before the war. And that comparison does show that considerable progress has been made towards the ideal of complete economic union. But', he added, 'compare today with the blueprint of 1944 and you see that there is still much to be done'.

So to the question, 'success or failure?' perhaps the answer is that so far Benelux holds together, and that every succeeding year it goes on holding together, the mortar will have set firmer in this new edifice in western Europe.

—General Overseas Service



Antwerp: the building on the right is the Steen Museum

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on President Eisenhower's message

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Our 25th Birthday

A QUARTER of a century, whatever it may be in the life of a weekly journal, is in the context of history as the twinkling of an eye. Yet much may happen in twenty-five years and indeed much has happened since THE LISTENER made its first appearance on January 16, 1929. The world in those days wore a different face. The League of Nations was still in the ascendant and the prospect of a second world war was not very seriously regarded. Moreover, whatever men's hopes and fears may have been, we had not entered the atomic age, and broadcasting itself was more or less in its infancy. 'We hope', declared our first editorial, 'that in these pages, with their catholicity of interests—studies, hobbies, recreations—everyone will find at least some congenial feature, and also some new means of extending and developing the enjoyment of broadcast programmes'. This is a hope we can, and do, echo today—though in these sterner times and with the greatly extended service now offered to listeners and viewers, we may trust that our pages make a rather wider appeal than that suggested by 'studies, hobbies, recreations'. And while we are speaking of THE LISTENER's early days (which, as many may remember, were not altogether untroubled) it is fitting that tribute should be paid to those who presided over its birth and particularly to R. S. Lambert, who as editor steered the paper's course for the first ten years of its life.

To mark our present anniversary we place before our readers a number which we hope will appeal to them both in content and appearance. There is John Farleigh's imaginative cover: there is an article by Sir Harold Nicolson whose judgment on us will please or irritate readers according to their taste. We include, too, a selection of cover designs and some poems and talks that have appeared in our columns over the years. The broadcast talk is, of course, the basis of our existence, and while the selection reproduced here has been made not by any means at random, on the other hand it advances no claim to be anything like representative: otherwise talks on all sorts of subjects—art, architecture, religion, music, and the rest—would *per impossibile* have had to be included. Whatever may be said about the talks we have reproduced, they certainly in our view merit re-reading.

This is hardly the time or place, and in any event it is a bit late in the day, to discuss the arguments for and against the spoken word appearing in print. A famous broadcaster and organiser of broadcasting once said to the present Editor: 'Your paper ought not to exist, but I can't do without it'—and we may perhaps be forgiven here and now for leaving the question at that. However, as one looks towards the future one cannot help wondering what it holds for a publication like ours, and more particularly what the growth and development of television is going to mean for us; for in our experience the spoken word as conveyed on the television screen is—understandably and rightly from the point of view of that visual medium—more often than not unsuitable for transference to the printed page. It may not always be so: who can tell? In any event one can hardly believe that the 'set piece' delivered by someone who has something worth while to impart has no future in broadcasting, and so long as that is so, there will without doubt be a place for THE LISTENER. Thus, in making our bow on this our twenty-fifth birthday, we do so with a full sense of gratitude for the opportunities hitherto afforded us of giving permanence to so many winged words, and also in the confident expectation that whatever new means of communication may be in store for us all in the future, reading will still continue to be what for many it has always been—one of life's major and abiding pleasures.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S MESSAGE to Congress was the main subject of comment last week. Reaction from the U.S.A. itself was one of warm approval. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as remarking that the programme outlined in the message was keyed to the mood and necessities of the time. It went on:

We earnestly hope that Congress will proceed in an orderly way to consider the recommendations expressed here. The result can be a striking proof to the world that America's house is in order and its free institutions are working smoothly. The result can be also what the President called a better and stronger America—a nation whose every citizen has good reason for bold hope; where effort is rewarded and prosperity is shared: where freedom expands and peace is secure.

Commentators in the Commonwealth countries and western Europe particularly welcomed the President's words about an extension of international trade. The left-wing Independent *Franco-Tireur* was quoted as welcoming the President's confidence that U.S. economic prosperity would be maintained. There is every reason to believe, it said, that the federal government would be able to offset any downward economic trends. The Independent left-wing *Combat* was more critical. It was quoted as saying that the President had allowed Congress to impose upon him. The first communist broadcast reaction came from the 'Russian Hour' of Vienna Radio:

Eisenhower stated that the U.S. would negotiate from a position of strength—that is, in the spirit of the same policy which, until now, has formed the basis of the cold war and of war incendiarism in the Far East and in Europe...

On January 5, Moscow Radio broadcast the text of the Soviet Note confirming that the four-power Foreign Ministers' conference in Berlin should begin on January 25. A Moscow broadcast quoting *New Times*, pointing out that the New Year had opened with the prospect of important diplomatic talks between the great powers, said that these talks had been literally wrested by the peoples from those western politicians who continue to base their policies on the cold war and on fomenting international tension. Another Moscow broadcast, quoting *Pravda*, asserted that the events of 1953 had made it clear that the key to Europe's security lay in the hands of the peoples themselves—first and foremost in France. Far-sighted Frenchmen today realised that the most decisive barrier against German aggression lay in French-Russian collaboration. General de Gaulle himself had pointed out (it continued) that whenever this collaboration weakened, European security was immediately endangered. All European peoples today realise that their security could be assured only through stable collaboration between all the European countries, not by fickle coalitions on the Locarno pattern.

Broadcasts from east Germany, as well as from its communist neighbours, insisted on the necessity of representatives from both east and west Germany being allowed to put their points of view to the Berlin conference. As part of its advanced propaganda on the Berlin conference, the east German radio publicised the 'alarming news' that Major-General Oliver had been appointed British commandant of Berlin:

Head-hunters are coming to Berlin, for both Oliver and Templar intend to continue here what they began in Malaya—a war. The people of Berlin and the whole of Germany must anticipate them. At the four-power conference, the peace treaty with Germany must be prepared and the withdrawal of the occupation forces fixed. The people of Berlin do not want head-hunters within the walls of their city.

From the United States *The New York Times* was quoted for the following comment on the Berlin conference:

On the basis of past experience, there is no reason for rosy optimism concerning this meeting. One conference will not solve the problems and even sober and earnest effort on both sides cannot bridge the gulf that separates a free from a slave world. . . . Nevertheless, even the discussion of some of our differences in a limited field is better than no effort. . . . Our basic problem remains that of making an accommodation of some sort without a compromise of principle. . . . We do not expect to give up our dedicated belief in the right of human beings to make their own choices as to their political and social conditions of living. This is true in respect of Germany and Austria, just as it is true about Korea, S.E. Asia, or Eastern Europe. If we are asked to discard this principle, we will be obliged to be unyielding. We should look forward to this meeting . . . with neither false hope nor dark desperation. We will do what can be done, and we can and must do it with our eyes open.

'The Listener' after Twenty-five Years

By SIR HAROLD NICOLSON

THOSE of us who are busy, or perhaps even a little overworked, are aware of the different effects produced by the arrival of the morning's post. If there are some twenty to thirty letters, then a feeling of nausea sweeps round us at the thought of how many people there are in the world who desire other people to deliver lectures, or to read their manuscripts, or to listen to reminiscences of the years they spent in the Far East. If there are only three or four letters, then the heart sinks at the realisation that we have become back numbers, that the hungry generations have begun already to tread us thoughtlessly down. Towards the periodicals that arrive in tidy wrappers our feelings vary from distaste to anticipatory pleasure. Some of them arouse within us the feeling of defeat which comes when we know we ought to read something and also know that we have not got the time. We are aware that these learned reviews will for a month or so encumber our tables, gathering dust and remorse, and that in the end we shall throw them into the waste, conscious that once again we have been beaten by the pressure of time.

No Sadness on the Train

Now when I observe among the morning mail the neat wrapper of THE LISTENER, I feel no sadness at all; I know that I shall read the thing 'from cover', as they say, 'to cover', in the train going home. I know that I shall derive from such reading, much pleasure, little irritation, and some instruction. I know that this reading will take me through the time required by British Railways to transport me from London to Tonbridge. Thus when I see THE LISTENER among my letters I feel pleased. There are reasons why I feel pleased. In the first place this periodical includes many things that arouse my interest and excludes the things by which I am bored. I am conscious that, if I turn on the wireless carelessly, I often hear music or entertainments that appear to me dull. This creates a sense of defeat and not of victory; I do not feel superior, I just feel out of gear. Now THE LISTENER does not reprint these incidental items of what is, I understand, called 'Variety'. I am spared my sadness.

It may seem strange, and slightly affected, for a busy man to be depressed at his inability to be always amused. But, believe me, this is quite a general experience. It is a mistake to assume, as many assume, that the intellectual derives satisfaction from his dislike of the jokes, songs, and entertainments that please the uneducated. On the contrary, whereas the latter are often amused by things that they do not understand, the former is saddened when unable to share the laughter of his kind. Often have I heard upon the wireless the cachinnations of some studio audience when regaled by a flat witticism, and have sighed at my inability to be amused. Few things, we are assured, are as infectious as healthy laughter. When we fail to catch the infection, we feel lonely as the savage unable to join the tribal war-dance, forced to slink away into the shadow of the miombas, an outcast doomed to become a taboo. So little sense of superiority is there in such exclusion, so little conceit or even vanity, that at moments we simulate amusement, chuckling falsely rather than be edged away from the crowd. This is a pitiful experience to any man of sensibility or honour. I am glad therefore that THE LISTENER, in that it makes no reference to such tribal orgies, and selects carefully what it prints, does not remind us of these transitory pains.

In the second place, for people who are impatient by nature and often pressed for time, the written is preferable to the spoken word. I should say that it takes me two full minutes to listen to a man reading a page of his script into a microphone; the same 300-odd words could be read, without skipping, in ninety seconds. If, when reading a talk in print, I come upon an argument of unconvincing logic, or a sentence of magnificence or beauty, I enjoy being able to read the passage all over again and to reflect upon its meaning or style. But if the significance of the spoken word escapes us for one second, then we have no time to ponder, since the succeeding sentences thunder past us with the sound of race-horses at Goodwood, and we become bewildered and lost. I notice this disadvantage especially when it comes to the

reading of poetry upon the wireless. It is rewarding, provided the reader does not put on a poetic voice when he recites poetry, to hear well-known poems or passages read aloud. Often, aspects of the poem are emphasised that had not occurred to us before. But no person could enjoy listening to poetry recited unless he either knew the poem by heart already, or knew exactly where to find it on his own book-shelves in order, immediately after the recitation, to read it again. The spoken word, I contend, is not a substitute for the written word, but an expansion or illustration of it. The spoken word is certainly the best medium for conversation; but it is not a literary medium, since literature should be written down, printed, and read and re-read frequently. For this reason also I enjoy THE LISTENER, because it gives me words I have heard spoken, in the form in which I can read them with my eyes.

Sensitive though I be to the beauty of the human voice, I do not think that it is always a true interpreter of the character or intelligence of its owner. A philosopher is no less a philosopher because he speaks with a strong cockney accent, nor need a critic be less generous if his intonation suggests the Combination Room at King's. I am aware also that the microphone is apt to distort, or caricature, the voices of those who confide in it and even to add to them inflexions that are inaudible in real life. How frequently, when listening on the wireless to a talk by some relation or friend, do we recognise in his broadcast voice strains and echoes that are not those of real life, but which remind us that he had an Australian grandfather, or was educated at Milan, or merely that his aunt talked just like that. There are those again who, although living lives of the utmost austerity, are apt to slur their consonants, a defect which the microphone magnifies unfairly, conveying the impression that the speaker has had much too much to drink. I could myself in conversation employ a difficult word, such as 'irreparable', without for one moment suggesting inebriety; yet were I so imprudent as to use such a word upon the wireless many a listener would regret that inveterate alcoholism had come to degrade my later years.

There are, I know, some men, such as Lord Samuel or Bertrand Russell, whose voices do in fact convey the strength and precision of their thoughts. But often people of the most massive intelligence have voices that suggest distressed gentlewomen, bargees, telephone operators, or choristers who were choristers in 1912. A critic such as Mr. Pryce-Jones can by his intonation convey to an audience the charity of his nature and the breadth of his erudition. But other critics, however benevolent they may be, sound discontented when they get to the microphone, or downright cross. It is a relief, therefore, when a voice conveys disapprobation or wails whiningly to be able to turn it off, conscious that it will be better, far better, to read the talk when it appears, stripped of all atmospherics, in nice uniform print on Thursday next.

A Consoling Reflection

It is evident also that no man, unless he be invalid, can listen to the wireless all the time. He probably is able to hear only ten per cent. of the talks that arouse his interest. For him it is a constant consolation to reflect that in THE LISTENER he will find reprinted in most convenient form all the important talks that he has missed. For these reasons this periodical is indispensable: so also is the telephone directory and the A.B.C.: why is it also so interesting?

The obvious answer to such a question is that the B.B.C. possesses such prestige and power that a man who might hesitate to write an article for a weekly is perfectly prepared to give a talk. In that THE LISTENER is in the position to publish these talks, it has at its disposal contributors for whom the editors of other periodicals might fish in vain. I am not suggesting that eminent men and women are attracted to the microphone rather than to the weekly article owing to the great publicity which the former affords. Eminent people, in my experience (provided they be really eminent), dislike publicity very much indeed. But they do enjoy communication; they do derive pleasure, and quite

justified pleasure, from feeling that their message or lesson is conveyed, without further trouble on their part, to an audience more numerous than any other medium can command. The fact that THE LISTENER is a reputable paper renders them quite willing that their talks should be reprinted. Thus THE LISTENER is able to provide its readers with much of what is best in contemporary thought or experience and this in itself renders it a most interesting paper to read. But that is not the only answer.

Personality and Diversity

Every newspaper has a personality and a good newspaper has a forceful personality. It is not only that THE LISTENER has a prior claim to certain types of material, it is also that, having no political doctrine to inculcate, it can concentrate on the quality, the seriousness, and the variety of the stuff it prints. Not having to rely for its circulation on any form of popular appeal, it can afford to print articles that are of interest to a minority only. It can even (and here it performs a most valuable service) find space to print some original poetry each week. Another periodical that published in the same number articles on the Acts of the Apostles, basket making in the Andaman Islands, the mosaics of San Vitale, Signor Pella's childhood, Anselm's attitude to contemporary scholasticism, and field sports in New England, might run the risk of losing, amid the diversity of its subjects, the central personality which any newspaper must preserve. But THE LISTENER cannot lose its personality, since its personality is unique, solid, and indeed hierophantic, being based upon the central need that it serves. One may like or dislike this periodical, but one cannot say that it lacks character since its identity is as distinct and impressive as that of the B.B.C. itself.

It is not the subject-matter of THE LISTENER alone that is of interest and importance: there is also the curious question of its style. I have always felt that the style of broadcasting should be conversational rather than literary. The broadcaster should endeavour to convey to his audience the impression that he is speaking to him eye to eye and striving, with such faculties of persuasion as he may possess, to communicate either information or an idea. I believe that the essence of good broadcasting is this very 'desire to communicate'; and, owing to the nature of the medium employed, the communication must be oral and not written. The style of conversation is evidently different from that of rhetoric on the one hand, and literature on the other. A broadcast talk that sounds like a public speech is seldom efficacious, one that is read aloud like a prize essay quickly ceases to command attention. The ideal broadcaster is one who can convey the impression that he is speaking to a single interlocutor, or to a very narrow circle, quite easily, quite fluently, and with persuasion. It is a difficult thing to convey that impression naturally. A friend once repeated to me a criticism made by Max Beerbohm of my own method of broadcasting. 'We all', said Sir Max, 'are permitted to hesitate before a word when broadcasting, so as to give it emphasis. But Harold hesitates as if he were *searching* for the word; and that's not playing the game, my boy'. I was unconscious of any such deliberate act of deception; but I agree with Sir Max that to pretend that one is performing with absolute spontaneity an action that is in no way spontaneous, is to behave with falsity. My confidence in my own capacity as a broadcaster has since then been shattered.

But the fact remains that broadcasting must be conversational in method. It is for this reason that we write our broadcast scripts in a style different from that in which we should write a book or an article. We allow repetitions, interrupted phrases or colloquial terms; we avoid too close a sequence of argument, long words, or cadences that, although pleasant when half-heard in reading, are irritating when wholly heard through the spoken voice. It is not that we write our broadcast scripts carelessly or indolently; it is that we write them in a different sort of style. Desmond MacCarthy—perhaps the consummate broadcaster of the age—did not like seeing his own broadcasts in print, since the style he used in conversation was different from the precise style that he used when he wrote prose. Reading any current copy of THE LISTENER one certainly acquires the impression that the talks that read best as articles may well have sounded worst.

Does that mean that broadcasting will have a degrading influence on our literary style and that in a few years even the greatest stylists will merely write as they talk? I think the wireless may banish grandiloquence from British prose, but it will certainly not banish style. The whole pleasure of writing—and as a pleasure it is eternal—is in the conveyance of meaning and the mystery of words. We shall continue

to write our broadcasts, not as little poems in prose, but as excellent conversation. And, if they are good, THE LISTENER will publish them on Thursday, and we can obtain a copy at any bookseller for the sum of three pence.

It has been said that, whereas THE LISTENER has every right to serve as the organ of Broadcasting House and thus to print a selection of talks delivered during the week, it is committing a misdemeanour when it goes outside this function and enters into competition with other periodicals in printing independent material. I have heard it argued that it is unfair on the part of THE LISTENER both to enjoy the advantage indirectly obtained through a monopoly and to enter into competition with rival weeklies on their own ground. Why, it has been asked, should THE LISTENER print reviews, correspondence, and other notes that have never been broadcast and thus trespass on the territory of other weeklies who do not possess its privileges? I suppose there is something in this argument. I suppose it is rather unnecessary for THE LISTENER to devote a section of its space to reviews which, excellent though they be, have never been let loose upon the ether, if only for the reason that Broadcasting House is frightened of allowing people regularly to review books.

Yet I do not really blame THE LISTENER for its literary pages, first because they are very excellent pages edited with distinction, and secondly because if THE LISTENER did not mention literature, there would be mighty little literature left in Langham Place.

So I accord praise to this periodical on its twenty-fifth birthday, feeling that it is with dignity and honour that it leaves the meadows of adolescence and enters the ravine of adult life.

The Yield

The yield of yesteryear

I gather at the heart's harvest!
Cornflower smile and thistle tear,
Breath that blew the blow-clock to
Love's hour shall not be lost,
And with the sweat and pain it cost
I load a laugh with luxuries,
The wheat that makes the golden bread,
The apple from the springing tree,
The dream unwounded and unshed.

Wine I've pressed from lips of grape

I hold up to the evening light
And see again the summer shape
Full flesh ripe in the burning eye
Of sun, grain gold and garnered green;
Old men unmeaning but to lean
Against the comfort of their years
Make pipe peace with what they think,
And furred and feathered lovers go
Down to the pure pool to drink.

Galloping on Hope's high horse,

Spurred and booted in my faith,
I race the river down its course
To where the sea of Time defends
My island from the unknown foe;
On my face I feel the blow
Of the word's wind from lips of gods
Conversing through infinity,
And the spat spray stings my eyes to tears
For salted with love is the sea.

Wine-washed my tongue tastes truth

And drunk on deeply I become,
Crier at the fairground booth
Extolling wonder of the world,
Heretic priest who prays
Night into a tower of days,
Fool singing winter into spring,
Sower of the sullen seeds
That in some distant spring will leap
Passionately to flowers of deeds.

HARRY C. HAINES

Did You Hear That?

WHERE THE REFORM BILL WAS HATCHED

HOLLAND HOUSE, one of the great houses of England, standing in its own spacious grounds in Kensington, is now being demolished. The oldest parts of the building date from 1607, and for some three centuries it was the home of the Holland family, many of whom played important parts in English history. In 1940 it was badly damaged by incendiary bombs, and now its long life is nearly over. The original ground plan is to be maintained in outline, and its gardens will become a public park, part of which is already opened. HESKETH PEARSON spoke about its history in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The famous whig politician, Charles James Fox', he said, 'was the Third Lord Holland's uncle, and the house quickly became a centre of whiggery. Everyone who hoped for preferment in a whig government and everyone who displayed intelligence of a whiggish tinge, was bound to be invited sooner or later to Holland House. It was the party of progress and attracted all the clever young men who coveted good jobs in a better world. It is broadly true to say that the Reform Bill of 1832, which changed the social and political life of Great Britain, was hatched in the atmosphere of Holland House. The greatest of English wits, Sydney Smith, wrote to Lady Holland: "I do not believe all Europe can produce as much knowledge, wit, and worth as passes in and out of your door under the nose of Thomas the porter".'

'To mention the names of frequent visitors during those forty years when Holland House was, as Macaulay said, "celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilised world", would be to catalogue most of the notable figures of the period. Byron was often to be seen at Holland House, where adoring women were kept at bay by the sharp tongue of their hostess. Sheridan drank less than usual under her watchful eye. Lord Chancellor Brougham's boisterousness was held in check. And even Macaulay had to cut short his otherwise continuous stream of conversation. Celebrated foreigners like Talleyrand and Metternich were a little nervous in her presence. The one man she could not frighten was Sydney Smith, who sometimes made her the target of his wit. Dickens liked her, and so did Sir Walter Scott, who was delighted by the countrified appearance of the place. It might have been twenty miles from a town, said Scott, who added: "It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down and give way to rows and crescents".'

'It is good to know that Scott's prophecy is not to be fulfilled, and that if the old house cannot continue to stand, at least its place will be taken by a perpetuation of that "countrified" appearance'.

GRASSHOPPER GLACIER

For centuries past a glacier, remote in the mountains of Montana, has had the peculiar property of being a trap for grasshoppers. Its existence has been known for only about fifty years and it has earned its name of 'Grasshopper Glacier' because large swarms of these insects fall on its surface at irregular intervals and become embedded in the ice.

CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Investigation has shown', he said,

'that layers of these frozen grasshoppers exist throughout the whole thickness of the glacier from top to bottom. One explorer has said that the glacier ends in a fifty-foot-high cliff, striped with dark bands of grasshopper deposits, and that at the bottom of this cliff the melting ice has left a small lake where fish and birds feed greedily on grasshopper remains. One visitor to the glacier found that the insects had been washed down and over the face of the glacier by melting ice, into piles



Holland House, from a print of 1817

which were two to four feet deep, piles which he described as "smelling to high heaven".'

'The first question was why this glacier had such a magnetic effect on the insects. It seems that the ice field from which it originates is a saddle between high peaks, and that moving air currents are funnelled between the peaks and over the glacier. The flying insects are carried upwards and onwards by these air currents, until they become chilled just above the ice; and since migrating grasshoppers like to fly only when the air is warm, they immediately settle and the warmth of their bodies sinks them into an icy grave. Sudden mountain weather changes, from sunshine to snowstorms, might have the same effect.

'Scientific investigators first thought that the grasshopper deposits in this glacier might go back several thousand years to the Ice Age, or just after it. However, recent scientific tests have shown that, on the contrary, the glacier is a very recent one. These tests were carried out on the bodies of frozen grasshoppers by what is known as the "carbon fourteen" method. Carbon fourteen is a substance that decays at a known rate, and the quantity of it present in any organic substance gives a clue to the age of that substance. This test showed that the grasshoppers taken from the lowest levels of the glacier are between 600 and 300 years old.

'Investigation of the deposits has, however, been of great value to the biologists. It has fairly recently been discovered that a few



A print of 1846 showing the Gilt Room at Holland House

Illustrations: W. T. Spencer

species of grasshoppers have an ability, every so many generations, to change their colour and other physical characteristics, including the length of their wings. This leads to phases in their race history when the grasshoppers take wing and migrate in huge hordes, becoming to the farmers whose produce they then devour, typical plagues of locusts'.

AN UNUSUAL SHIP

An expedition has just sailed from Melbourne for the Australian Antarctic, with the aim of setting up a permanent base there for the Australian Government. The expedition, consisting of ten men, is aboard a Danish ice-breaker, and the men will spend this year building huts and setting up radio stations. This ship, the *Kista Dan*, was built last year for cruising in Antarctic waters, and has sailed under charter to the Government of Australia. ALFRED PHILLIPS spoke about her in a broadcast in the Overseas Service from Melbourne.

'For the past six years Australia has maintained two scientific stations in island possessions on the fringe of the Antarctic: one at Macquarie Island, which lies south-eastward of Tasmania, and the other much further south at Heard Island, south-westward of Perth. The *Kista Dan*'s first job will be to take a party to windswept Macquarie Island, to relieve the men who have spent a year there. When she returns she will set out on her main job, taking the expedition this month to the Antarctic, and dropping a relief party at Heard Island on the way. The two stations on Macquarie and Heard Islands have already done useful research work in meteorology, in cosmic rays, and in various branches of physics. The Antarctic station will extend this work and will also explore the Australian sector and its mineral possibilities.

'This 1,200-ton motor ship has a heavy hull to resist thick ice, and strong shell plating. Her stem curves sharply inward below the water line so that the ship's bow can ride up on to the ice field and crush it with the ship's weight. Three horizontal fins on each side of the propeller force the ice away from the screw. If the ship goes astern in ice, a heavy, steel, horn-shaped ice cutter prevents the ice from damaging the rudder. The propeller has a variable pitch, which enables the engine to deliver its full forward thrust when the vessel is slowed up by exceptionally thick ice. The crow's nest is high on the foremast overlooking the water immediately forward of the stem, so that the navigator can more easily detect submerged parts of icebergs. Two men can sit here, and they have sufficient nautical instruments to enable them to navigate the vessel direct from the crow's nest'.

EXCURSION WITH THE ENTHUSIASTS

'There is an Enthusiasts' Club', said R. H. WARD in a Home Service talk. 'Its members are not professedly enthusiastic about life in general, however: the Enthusiasts' Club is enthusiastic about railways.

'I was rather taken with a yellow-and-green placard which appeared not long ago on my local station. It announced that the Enthusiasts' Club was organising a grand railway excursion in my part of Surrey and Hampshire; an excursion which would take any member of the public, who cared to spend a few shillings on a ticket, over certain stretches of railway-line which have been closed to all but goods traffic for the best part of twenty years. On the appointed day I joined the excursion-train at Guildford. On the front of the engine was a handsome plate, with flags atop, proclaiming us the Enthusiasts' Special, and, for those who care to know about such things, our "loco" was the last of

the L.12 class, No. 30434, and our rolling-stock "an ex-L.S.W.R. corridor set".'

'There were already a great many Enthusiasts aboard, as well as a number of hangers-on like myself. We were a predominantly male company, and most of the Enthusiasts themselves were young, even very young: youths under twenty-five. One of these, pale and earnest-looking, was already gloriously mounted on the foot-plate at Guildford. There were besides a few parsons, distinguishable by their clerical collars, and a few schoolmasters distinguishable by nothing at all yet somehow entirely distinguishable. Most of us carried maps, lunch-bags, cameras, and we had all been issued with a gay, yellow-covered booklet, most neatly duplicated, setting out for us the route, the timing of the stops, and points of interest on the way—"line from Aldershot bears in from the west"; "Bordon signal-box is virtually an enlarged ground-frame of twenty levers"—and so forth. For British people we were all remarkably friendly and talkative.

'In a pleasant glow of excited importance, we whistled our way out of Guildford station. Our "special" was due to make its first stop at Wainborough, but owing to some little misunderstanding between the engine-driver and the guard, it didn't—and two agonised Enthusiasts, expecting to join it there, were left appalled and gesticulating on the platform. However, we reversed to the station, and picked them up.

'Not long after Wainborough we slowed to a standstill in the wooded cutting and under a bridge near my home. Now came, for me, the day's big thrill. With many "after you's" and "excuse me's" Enthusiasts got their heads, sometimes several at once, out of the windows. A red flag was hanging out of the junction signal-box. We waited, in that peculiar stillness and silence, broken by bird-song, which descends upon a stopped train in the countryside. Then at last we began to move again. Cautiously, as if into the dangers of unknown territory, we left



Kista Dan, the ship in which an Australian expedition is sailing for the Antarctic

the main double track, passed the signal-box with a salute from and to the signalman, and entered the branch-line's narrower cutting.

'Now we were actually on the Tongham Branch, opened to passenger traffic on October 1, 1849, closed to passenger traffic since July 4, 1937. Soon we stopped at Ash Green Halt. I had often looked down from the road on to this little station, its pretty yellow-brick building now a dwelling house, its overgrown platforms a playground for the children living there. Many Enthusiasts alighted; not for sixteen years had passengers alighted at Ash Green Halt. When the guard had got them into the train again, the whistle blew once more and on we went to Tongham. Here we received a kind of miniature civic welcome.

'After that, things were rather tamer for a while, and most people began to eat their sandwiches; for we now had a forty-five minutes' run from Guildford to Ash, round the Aldershot Loop, and through Aldershot and Farnham, until the next big moment—getting off the main line again at Bentley Junction and on to the Bordon Branch (opened December 11, 1905), which skirts Alice Holt forest, and passes through some beautiful country.

'Our first stop was Kingsley Halt, our next Bordon itself. Here we changed trains. We were taken over by the R.E.s, who, it seems, have a Railway Club of their own in connection with the Longmoor Military Railway; this club's officials were our guides. The L.M.R. rolling-stock (for your information) was saloon coaches, painted white inside and rather reminiscent of the kind you travel in in the Near East, and the locomotive was a 2-8-0 No. 401, Major-General McMullen. It is dreadfully unenthusiastic to say so, but I was almost relieved when we entrained again for Guildford and the great excursion was over'.

Individuality in Modern Physics

By O. R. FRISCH

NO two things are completely alike, or so we are used to think. Your twin brother may be very much like you, but there is no doubt which is which: you are both individuals. Even two pennies fresh from the mint are different, though you may need a microscope to see that. Yet in modern physics the claim is made that two atoms of the same kind are completely alike, with no difference whatsoever.

An Ideal Rubber Ball

One doubt comes immediately to mind: even if two atoms had been created completely alike, would they stay alike? We know that they collide with their neighbours millions of times every second; would they not get scratched and dented, just like pennies? There is an important difference between atoms and pennies. A penny can get scratched and dented in many ways and many places; put another way, we may say that a penny can get into a large number of states different from its original state and still remain a penny. But an atom, according to the quantum theory, has only a limited number of states; and if we enquire about states that differ only slightly from the normal state, there are none at all. The collisions with its neighbours, at room temperature, are not very violent, and the atom simply stays in its normal state. It behaves rather like an ideal rubber ball—it gets slightly deformed during a collision and then goes back to its normal shape. At high temperatures, when collisions are more violent, an atom may find itself in a different state after a collision, but it will not stay there long; it will get rid of its excess energy by sending out a brief flash of radiation and fall back to its normal state of lowest energy.

Thus, an atom differs from a penny in two ways: it behaves like a completely elastic body in collisions that are not too violent, and when it suffers a bruise it quickly heals again and is as good as new. So if two atoms were created completely alike, the laws of the quantum theory guarantee that they stay alike. But how can we be sure that they were alike to begin with? If there were minute differences between atoms of a kind, would we be able to tell?

Let me make a fresh start. When Rutherford first conceived the idea of an atom as a miniature solar system, with electrons circling round the nucleus just as the planets circle round the sun, it was soon suggested by some bold spirit that perhaps the electrons were planets, with atmospheres, mountains, and oceans, some even perhaps inhabited. They would in turn consist of atoms on a vastly smaller scale, which in turn might be planetary systems, and so on; as in the well-known verse: 'Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite them; the little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*'.

But if that were so, if each electron were a complex object like a planet, then electrons would not be all alike. Jupiter is many times heavier than the Earth, and Mercury is many times lighter. Electrons are certainly much more nearly alike than that. Otherwise television would not be possible: if electrons varied in weight, even by a few per cent., we could never get a sharp picture on the screen. One can, in fact, make very accurate tests based on that principle, and in this way one can ascertain that electrons do not differ in weight by more than one part in 100,000; and the same is true for, say, gold atoms, or aluminium atoms, or what you like.

But, of course, no such tests could ever prove complete identity; we could never be sure that an even more accurate measurement would not reveal some minute difference. So it would seem that the question, whether two atoms are completely alike, is indeed completely academic since it can never be decided. But that is not so. In the quantum theory, the behaviour of a pair of objects is profoundly dependent on whether the two are completely alike or not: an oxygen molecule, which consists of two *equal* oxygen atoms, behaves differently from one in which the two atoms are different isotopes of oxygen, though only differing in weight by a few per cent. Let me explain how this comes about.

You almost certainly know that according to modern physics a moving particle behaves in some ways like a wave. When a particle runs in a circle the wave must also follow that circle, and it must join up

smoothly. You know those dinner plates where a pattern repeats itself along the edge. If they are carelessly made the pattern often does not fit where it joins up. But nature does not tolerate such careless wave patterns. In consequence the wavelength—the distance between two successive crests—must be equal to the circumference of the circle divided by a whole number, the number of waves on the circle. The wavelength can, for instance, be a seventh or an eighth of the circumference, but nothing in between.

The wavelength depends on the speed of the particle; so a particle running on a circle has certain definite speeds to choose from, but cannot go at an intermediate speed. Now let us take a molecule of hydrochloric acid, consisting of one atom of hydrogen and one of chlorine. The hydrogen atom is much lighter and tends to swing in a circle round the heavier chlorine atom which remains almost stationary—like a grown-up swinging a child round and round. Now we can apply what I said about a particle running on a circle: it has only certain speeds to choose from, and the quantum theory allows us to calculate those speeds. And, what is more, we can also measure them in the laboratory. The details are quite complicated. It is done with the help of a spectroscope, by studying the so-called band-spectra. Anyhow, the speed at which the hydrogen atom swings round can be measured, and it turns out that all the speeds that are permitted by the quantum theory do indeed occur, and no others.

By contrast, let us examine a molecule consisting of two equal atoms, say two oxygen atoms. In such an oxygen molecule the two atoms swing round each other like two children dancing 'ring-a-ring o' roses'. The atoms chase each other round the same circle, keeping 180 degrees apart all the time. If those two atoms were different each would have its own wave pattern, and it is again easy to calculate the corresponding speeds. But when you measure the speed you find that not all the allowed values occur: every other value is missing. This is exactly what must happen if the two atoms are completely alike. In that case it makes no difference if we turn the molecule by 180 degrees, and the same must be true of the wave pattern. A pattern with an even number of waves, turned through 180 degrees, presents the same appearance as before; but if the number of waves is odd, crests will be replaced by troughs; if you turn the pattern, so the appearance will be changed. We see then that the wave pattern of our oxygen molecule must have an even number of waves round the circle; patterns with an odd number cannot occur, and that accounts just for those speed values that our measurements showed to be absent.

The Likeness of Atoms

The test I have just described is quite different from an accurate comparison between two atoms. The result here is not that the difference between the two oxygen atoms is smaller than, say, one part in 1,000,000, but that there is no difference whatever, in any respect. If there were any difference at all, of whatever kind, then a rotation of the molecule by 180 degrees could be detected, and then wave patterns with an odd number of waves would be possible. We can in fact make oxygen molecules in which the two atoms are slightly different, one being an ordinary oxygen atom of atomic weight sixteen, the other being the rare oxygen isotope which is about six per cent. heavier. Despite that small difference, if we now measure the speeds of the atoms we find that all the allowed values occur, and indeed that odd and even values occur with equal abundance. We have every reason to think that this would be so, however small the difference.

There are several other ways of finding out whether two particles are really alike, and the answer is always the same: they are completely alike unless they are obviously different. There are none of the fine shades by which ordinary objects can differ almost imperceptibly; the atomic world is one of hard, glaring contrasts.

One might next ask, why is that so? Why could not there be oxygen atoms that differ just slightly in some respect? It must mean that the parts of which two oxygen atoms are made are the same. An atom of oxygen is made up of eight electrons arranged round a nucleus which

in turn consists of a definite number of protons and neutrons; if these bricks—the electrons, protons, and neutrons—are properly standardised, the laws of quantum theory will guarantee that they arrange themselves always in exactly the same way. So the fundamental question is: why are all electrons alike, and similarly all protons, and all neutrons?

I will admit at once that present-day physics has no answer to that question. The theoretical physicist can do amazing things: for instance, from nothing but the number of electrons in an atom of some chemical element he can work out many properties, physical and chemical, of that element; he could work out all of them in principle, only the mathematical labour would be enormous. But before he can begin to calculate he must assume that electrons have certain properties; why they have them and why they are all alike, that he cannot explain, as yet. An important clue is that new electrons are created when gamma rays pass through matter, and such freshly created electrons are exactly like ordinary ones. So there must be some law of nature which assures that whenever an electron is created it becomes just like the others; something like an invisible mould in which electrons are cast. Of course, that picture of an invisible mould is purely imaginary; perhaps a better analogy is a dripping tap, producing drops that are all alike.

But the laws of nature as we know them give no clue as to why electrons should be all the same size; we could imagine a scale model of an electron, scaled up or down by an arbitrary factor, and the known laws of nature would not object to its actual existence. The possibility of making or imagining scale models of things is fundamental; otherwise we could not use the very idea of size as something separate from the nature of an object. A change of scale can be applied, not only to geometrical size but also to other measurable quantities, for instance, electric voltage. 1,000,000 volts is technically much more difficult to handle than 100 volts, but the physical laws are the same in both cases; and we can, for instance, apply low voltage to a high-voltage machine in order to study questions of electric charge distribution. The answer we get will be independent of the voltage used, with one proviso: the voltage gradient, the rate at which the voltage varies from point to point, must not be too high, otherwise we get a spark or a glow discharge; in other words, we get an electric breakdown.

Now this idea of electric breakdown, in a more subtle form, is at the basis of all attempts to explain why electrons are all the same size. For instance, in the immediate neighbourhood of an electron the voltage gradient is 1,000,000,000,000 times greater than anything that can be studied experimentally, and it has been suggested that at such

an enormous voltage gradient the laws of electricity themselves break down. Professor Max Born explored that particular suggestion in 1923. He did not assume a sudden dramatic breakdown of the laws of electricity, but he modified them so that they gradually change as one goes to higher and higher voltage gradients. For the comparatively feeble gradients that an engineer can produce, the difference between the old and the new laws is far too small to be detected, but in the immediate vicinity of an electron there are big differences.

And now the crucial point is this: the modified laws are designed to remain valid however closely you approach the centre of the electron. In a sense, you may say, there is no longer an electron, but merely a point with a strong electric field around it. Such a point is called a singular point, or a singularity, and Professor Born can show mathematically that only one kind of singularity is possible in his theory, so that all singular points that do occur must be completely alike.

So, you see, that theory explains why all electrons are alike. But it is too narrow: it does not account for the existence of protons, neutrons, or the various mesons that have lately been discovered in the cosmic radiation. Furthermore, the theory is mathematically very difficult to handle: the reason is precisely its salient feature, namely, that the equations do not permit a change of scale. They are, in the mathematicians' language, non-linear equations. That difficulty cannot be evaded: in order to understand why certain particles are all alike we must discover some non-linear equation for them—though perhaps not the one that Professor Born invented. The mathematicians are trying hard to discover better ways for dealing with non-linear equations; that problem must be faced and will, I am sure, be solved.

To those who have hoped one day to understand the nature of matter and of its ultimate particles it must seem very disappointing that just when final success appears to be in sight the problem has to be handed over to the mathematicians. But I think it is unavoidable. Anyway, there is no lack of precedent: for instance, when Kepler discovered the nature of planetary orbits, he had to use the best mathematical tools of his age. Furthermore, we may draw some consolation from the thought that future generations will know much more mathematics than we do. In Kepler's day an ellipse was a difficult mathematical concept; today even schoolchildren know what an ellipse is, and that planets run in ellipses. Finally, mathematics deals with symbols, and symbols have no individuality. If we are allowed to consider all electrons as embodying the same symbols, then we can understand that they are completely alike, with no difference whatsoever.—*Third Programme*

The World of the Early Masters

JOHN WHITE gives the first of three talks on Flemish painting

ALMOST the first picture that you will see as you enter the exhibition of Flemish art at the Royal Academy is a triptych of 'The Entombment', painted by the Master of Flemalle. The landscape in the left-hand panel is delicate with foreground flowers, with shrub-like trees and rounded hills that seem not so much to recede as to climb back into the distance. The sky itself to which these hills ascend, and which so sharply silhouettes the agitated contours of the figures in the central panel, is no painter's sky, not a cool, ethereal, distant blue, but an embossed and solid golden sky, alive with a delicate writhing interlace of vines. Such details bring the art of the illuminator to mind; an art reflected in this exhibition by a magnificent series of manuscripts that stretches back to the late thirteenth century. It is here alone that we can see in little how the fourteenth-century dominance of France gives way first to a distinctive Franco-Flemish, and finally to a purely Flemish style.

The triptych of 'The Entombment' itself was probably painted in the years between 1415 and 1420, and despite the echoes of French origins and of the art of the manuscript illuminator, it is in every sense both a full-scale painting and a truly Flemish work. There is nothing in it of late Gothic courtly elegance. It has no suavity of line, no purely decorative interplay of gentle, softly sweeping curves. The heavy, richly coloured draperies, browns and greens, deep blues, contrasted reds and yellows, fall and crumple in abrupt and broken folds. The fierce emotions frozen in the agony of every glance burst out in

sudden angularities and sharp, contorted movement. It is only in the distant hills, and the rapt figure of the donor praying in the foreground, that closed and quiet contours can be found. The very forms express a fierce awareness of the tragedy which centres on the stiff, emaciated body of the Saviour.

Behind pictures such as this there lies the whole late medieval emphasis on the suffering of Christ's Passion, the long line of the Marian laments, of writings like the *Meditationes Virgine Christi*, in which every effort is made by means of dialogue and by detailed description to bring the narrative to life before the reader's eyes. There is a reflection of the ever-present knowledge of the imminence of death, and the reality not merely of the visible world but of the world of judgment and damnation: a reflection of the longing for salvation and of the great waves of religious emotion which swept through whole towns as people listened in their thousands to the great itinerant preachers of the day. This vivid sense of the actuality, the very interpenetration, of heaven and earth, of sacred history and daily life, is one of the outstanding qualities of early Flemish art. You will find it everywhere you turn, not only in this exhibition, and not merely in the passionate emotion of such works as the triptych of 'The Entombment'. It also inspired the Master of Flemalle to the National Gallery's gentler vision of the Virgin seated in a quiet room in Flanders with a fire-screen for a halo, and a Flemish town alive in every small, insistent detail glimpsed through an open window. It is



Triptych painted by Hans Memling for Sir John Donne '1468,

Piers Plowman's 'Jesus jouster' going out to battle for the souls of men. It is a true familiarity.

This penetrating awareness of the physical and spiritual world is also reflected in the tasks of observation pure and simple. You can see it in Jan van Eyck's small portrait of Margaret, his wife. He painted her in 1439. And this small picture stands in this exhibition as a symbol of a revolution in the art of painting which can all too easily pass unnoticed in the simple act of walking the few paces from the Master of Flemalle's 'Entombment'. All that the exploitation of the new oil medium meant for Flemish and for European art is to be seen in this restricted compass. There is the subdued and glowing richness of the colour, whether in the muted reds of her dress or the rich green of her belt. There is the anonymous perfection of technique, the subtlety of every almost imperceptible gradation of reflected light: and, out of this new liquid luminosity of oil, the definition of every variation in the texture of the visual world.

On the back wall of the National Gallery's 'Arnolfini Wedding' we can read the words *Johannes de Eyck fuit hic*. And in this painting at the Academy, Margaret his wife appears to answer somewhat tartly, 'Here I am. My age is thirty-three', though only the latter remark is actually inscribed. To think of this rather plain woman, with her thin lips, her air of determination and composure, who sits there and sums us up and faintly disapproves of what she sees in us—to think of her as actually being present is not altogether a conceit. It is the artist's own intention. The desire for actuality has led not merely to the development of new techniques but to a change in the whole conception of the meaning of a picture. It has ceased to be merely an object, a piece of wood adorned with symbols and taking on significance like a jewel. The embossed and patterned solid golden ground of 'The Entombment' has given way to the idea of the picture as a view through, an extension of the spectator's own world. The flat surface has become an open window looking out upon a new reality.

The mirror in the back wall of the National Gallery's 'Arnolfini Wedding' still reflects the images of other witnesses who once stood just as we stand, looking on. The lower border of the original frame of the alter-piece of Canon van der Paele in Bruges, which still survives, is actually a window-ledge, the lines of which run on exactly into those of the patterned marble church floor into which it leads the eye, although this subtlety is lost in the modern frame of the fine copy present in this exhibition. Even the imitation marble of the frame through which Margaret van Eyck stares coolly back at us tells us the same story. It emphasises the fact that the many superb original frames at the Academy are not mere decorative adjuncts but essential elements of the

pictures which they as it were reveal to us.

Looking at the directness, the penetrating realism, of this portrait of a faithful wife who gave Jan van Eyck ten children, it is with a real sense of shock that one suddenly realises that, like Rubens and Van Dyck, this artist too was a court painter. He was even on occasion a special envoy for the Duke of Burgundy, whose duchy spread from Flanders in the north in a great arc to Dijon and beyond, its power rivalling that of France and the splendour of its court unequalled anywhere in Europe. It is the patronage of the great dukedoms of Berri, and above all of Burgundy, which in the first years of

the fifteenth century set in motion the whole upsurge of the arts in Flanders. It was to these great centres of magnificence that the artists came from the growing commercial cities of the north. It was from them that they went home to satisfy the prelate princes and the new-rich burghers of the towns. In these surroundings anything and everything was fit material for the exuberance of art. The greatest artists worked on shields and banners, and thought up ingenious machines for drenching ladies as they strolled amongst the gardens. The creation of mechanical dragons went on side by side with work on monumental sculpture, and all was painted to the last resplendent detail.

The technical mastery which is so characteristic not only of the work of Jan van Eyck himself but of the whole Flemish school of painting was evolved as a response to a long-standing demand for such vivid detail. Once achieved, this led in its own turn to a further emphasis upon the multitudinous particularities of the natural world; until what had seemed a miracle to the Italian Bartolommeo Facio, one of the earliest commentators upon Flemish art who wrote some time before 1457, became for Michelangelo's generation its chief fault. And whether or not this detail is for us a source of unmixed admiration and delight, I think that it is important to remember that it is the perfect expression of an age, that it has meaning far beyond the aesthetic pleasure that it gives.

The whole of one side of late medieval thought is a process of



'Winter Landscape', by Peter Brueghel (1565)

crystallisation. Every smallest daily action, every flower and colour, every household article, has its meaning, its fixed place in the whole scheme of heaven and earth and in the great edifice of man's salvation: and, consequently, its own beauty too. These are the conceptions that illuminate for us such works as Gerard David's wings for his altarpiece of 'The Baptism of Christ', in which each hair is numbered, every leaf on every tree is in its own exquisite, unobtrusive relationship to the whole.

Conversely, the abstractions of belief have their visible form and tangible reality. Faith walks the streets, stands in a niche, has form and presence just as real to the late-medieval mind as any of the characters who still live on for us so vividly in the chronicles of Froissart and of Chastelain. The heroic age of chivalry was gone, the *Roman de la Rose* was long since told. But chivalry and love as well as faith were crystallised into a ritual and acted out in every splendid detail. It was a ritual which lost the battles fought in the cold reality of new tactics. It was one which gave way in a moment to extremes of violence and of cruelty. Yet this determination to live out a dream is a measure of the strength, the paradoxical reality, of this ideal of beauty which played so great a part in the history of the later middle ages.

Its reality is the counterpart of that familiarity and actuality of religious life which brings St. Catherine and St. Barbara walking, dressed in the very height of modern fashion, into the triptych Memlinc painted for Sir John Donne in the late fourteen-sixties. It is a familiarity which allows Sir John, his wife and daughters, to kneel quietly in full stature, and taken to the life, in the very foreground of that quiet, softly lit interior—and even lets the painter himself peer round a background column, walking, perhaps a little hesitantly still, into this world of his own creation.

This process of the crystallisation of belief is balanced by the growth, particularly in the northern provinces, of congregations which developed a conservative mysticism based, in the first instance, on the sanctity of daily toil. Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* owes much of its timeless quality to these most important currents in fifteenth-century religious life, currents which, opposed though they were to the whole idea of the representational arts, may yet have affected them profoundly. It is the subsequent proliferation and the growing extremism of such mystical communities, both orthodox and heretical, which is the constant background to the turmoil of the early sixteenth century. It is the prelude and the accompaniment to the great upheaval of the Reformation. This also is the moment when political manoeuvrings, and the spread of printed books, and the new knowledge of antiquity, send the art of the Renaissance flooding in upon the north.

In 1508, Jan Gossaert went south with an embassy from Margaret of Austria, Regent of the Netherlands, and the great nude figures of his 'Adam and Eve' dominate the second gallery in the present exhibition. Yet, as we look at these muscular, wire-drawn figures, at the proportions of their bodies and the gleaming polish of their flesh, we realise that, as with so many of the Italianate artists of the early sixteenth century, the immediate inspiration is not Italy at all. In Gossaert's case it is only through the expatriate Jacopo de' Barbari, court painter to the Archduchess Margaret herself, and through the prints of Dürer who, in 1519, journeyed to the Netherlands, that he has been able to assimilate his own experience of Italy. It is symptomatic that for the majority of these artists the Renaissance architectural forms are freely interchangeable with the most extravagant convolutions of late Gothic style.

Nevertheless, the little panel of 'St. Mary Magdalen' by Quentin Matsys shows the heights that could be reached when the vision of Italian forms was strong enough to inspire but not to overpower. The sad and pensive mood is caught by the soft-pinkish browns and delicate blues, by the unposed quietness and ease of movement as she meditates, and lifts the alabaster lid from her now empty jar of precious ointment. The skill with which the arches of the vaulting overhead are blended with the curvature of the round-headed frame, the firm horizontal base of the right arm on which the gentle figure pyramid is so securely placed, have the finality of the highest art.



'The Magdalen', by Quentin Matsys

Who, one might ask, would look for source and influence in such a picture? And yet, once realised, how can one forget that here for a moment is the heir of Leonardo, Raphael's equal?

It was in 1553 that Peter Brueghel made the, by then, almost mandatory journey south. And although his one surviving drawing of Rome itself is shown at the Academy, it is only in his luminous drawings of mountain scenery that the first full impact of this great experience can be seen. And, luckily, some of these may soon be visible in the exhibition of Flemish drawings on view in the British Museum this month. Indeed, it is only the subject matter, which is accurately drawn from Ovid's text, that is specifically southern in the two copies of the early 'Fall of Icarus', which can now, for the first time, be seen together. Here is perhaps the perfect illustration of Brueghel's personal vision of the unchanging character of man, and of the nature and inevitability of his triumphs and his sufferings. It is almost impossible to catch in words even a glimpse of such achievement. But I think W. H. Auden has done this and something more in his poem 'Musée des Beaux Arts', where he observes:

In Brueghel's Icarus for instance; how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

Yet these dispassionate, and sun-drenched visions are replaced in 1562 by Brueghel's great panel of the 'Dulle Griet', which hangs between them on the wall—Mad Margaret striding through the gates of hell. Against a canopy of flame we see a teeming world, part proverb and part medieval nightmare, in which terrible, inanimate forms sprout into semi-human, half reptilian shapes. And yet, despite this harking back to the art of Jerom Bosch, which probably reflects the violent turn-of-the-century mysticism of the Adamite sect, Brueghel himself seems rather to have been connected with the tolerant Libertins of his own day. His art more often reflects a contact with those men for whom the idea of God had become inseparable from the universe which in an earlier, Catholic age, He had controlled. 'The Flight into Egypt' has become in Brueghel's eyes landscape-with-figures; small figures hurrying down into a landscape which, in breadth and grandeur, seems to span the world. The seasons pass, and man grows and dies by the same inexorable laws as the living landscape which surrounds him.

It is this later vision of the unity of all nature which illuminates Brueghel's little 'Winter Landscape' at the Academy. Man no longer fills the foreground, but takes up his natural place in an impartial universe. This changing framework of belief is such that it gives new significance to precisely that same concentration on the detail of the natural world which characterised the Flemish painting of the fifteenth century. But once again it is only by the development of new painterly techniques that Brueghel has been able to give revolutionary vividness to this expression of a unity that transcends the detail out of which it is composed. The artist has become the ironical observer of his own and the world's folly. The individual brush stroke sheds its anonymity, and here leaps into life within the bounds of every smallest detail.

The measure of the artist's genius can as well be taken in the flickering, grey grandeur of 'The Dormition of the Virgin', where a panel only fourteen inches high takes on the vastness of a fresco. It is typical of the paradox of Brueghel, and of his greatness, that it is only in his latest works, to which this painting points the way, that he feels able to express his full experience of the art of Michelangelo. This very fact reflects the integrity and the discipline of a painter who moved freely in the most learned circles of his day, and who so faithfully observed his common fellow man in panels that were painted for the cabinets of princes. Indeed, it is only in the paradox of Brueghel's work and personality that we see in full both the transformation and the fundamental continuity of Flemish art.—*Third Programme*

The Art of Utamaro

ARTHUR WALEY on the exhibition at the British Museum

I MUST say at the outset that I am not an authority upon either Utamaro, or his period. My only qualification for writing this notice is that I have dearly loved his prints for almost half a century. Utamaro is almost the only Japanese artist who has, as one might say, made the encyclopedia level in Europe. There are all sorts of subsidiary reasons for this, one of which is that his typical half-length figures, with their big, flat surfaces, reproduce well. But I think the main reason why westerners, and particularly western painters, have singled him out, is that he expresses his own sensibility far more directly than any other comparable Japanese artist.

The popular art of Japan in the eighteenth century was overlaid by an immense complexity of *clichés*, comicalities and allusions. It was continually invaded by the sister-art of popular literature—a literature of a highly topical and ephemeral kind. In Utamaro's prints this literary side (which has so greatly taxed the wits and scholarship of his German interpreters) has in it a strong element of spoof. When, for example, he draws (as he several times did) a series of women in various attitudes and employments, and labels them as studies in phrenology, signing them 'Utamaro the Phrenologist', and equipping each picture with a phrenological disquisition, I fancy he is only doing what Satie did when he burlesqued himself as 'le grand musicologue'. The pictures have not anything to do with the text. It was surely, too, in the same mood that when he went off on a jaunt to Enoshima, leaving unfinished an album of erotic paintings, he wrote to his publisher a letter purporting to come from Mrs. Utamaro, explaining that she had ventured to put the finishing touches herself, a thing (considering the improper nature of the drawings) very unsuitable for a woman to do, but 'does not the proverb say that *Satan's wife must be a Satan too?*' It is almost certain that he was at the time a widower and that the 'wife' was completely fictitious.

Utamaro was pre-eminently a portrayer of women, and the women he knew best were the ladies of the prostitute quarter. Like the *devadasi* in India, they were highly educated, particularly in music and poetry. They were sometimes even 'bookish'; there is a print showing a courtesan called Hana-murasaki carrying on a learned research, with a

number of books scattered at her feet and a maid at her side staggering under the weight of twenty-five volumes! But perhaps more memorable than any of his courtesan-studies are his depictions of a strange mythological theme — Yamauba, the wild-haired goddess of the mountains and her hero-child Kintoki (reproduced here). But apart from the elegant ladies of pleasure and this haunting nature-spirit there are many pictures of a purely domestic character, such as the charming 'Girl with a scarf between her teeth' (also reproduced here). The women in Utamaro's



Kintoki dancing to Yamauba's music (c. 1799)



A girl of the Yoshiwara holding the end of her head-scarf between her teeth (c. 1795)

pictures do indeed tend, if not themselves giving suck, to hold something (a loose end of clothing, a writing-brush, a tooth-pick) between their lips, as though pensively longing for motherhood.

To a quite different realm of his art belong the nature-studies, such as the shell-book, and the insect-book, the latter acquired by an English naturalist during the painter's life-time and possessed by the British Museum since 1820.

About the life of Utamaro we know little beyond the fact that he was born in 1753 and died in 1806. He is supposed to have been imprisoned in 1804 for an offence

against the censorship regulations, and you will see in Case H of this exhibition in the Print Room of the British Museum a print bearing his signature in which the Shogun Hideyoshi is shown disporting himself with a boy-favourite. But the accounts of this episode seem to have telescoped a whole series of events into a single judicial episode. In any case the affair, which happened only a short while before he died, has only a slender bearing on his artistic career.

The British Museum collection of Utamaro's is, judged by European standards, a very fine one. How rich it is can be judged by the fact that what is being shown now is only a small proportion of what the Museum possesses. A helpful and judicious typed introduction to the show is at the disposal of visitors.

The Monuments of Hiroshima

The roughly estimated ones, who do not sort well
with our common phrases,
Who are by no means eating roots of dandelion,
or pushing up the daisies.

The more or less anonymous, to whom no human idiom
can apply,
Who neither passed away, or on,
nor went before, nor vanished on a sigh.

Little of peace for them to rest in, less of them
to rest in peace:
Dust to dust a swift transition, ashes to ash
with awful ease.

Their only monument will be of others' casting—
A Tower of Peace, a Hall of Peace, a Bridge of Peace
—who might have wished for something lasting,
Like a wooden box.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Law in Action

The Matrimonial Home

By A BARRISTER

THERE must be millions of married men who think that they are the sole owners of the houses they live in, and millions of wives who have no suspicion that their husbands may be wrong. Yet, in different ways, two recent decisions of the Court of Appeal have done much to upset this masculine complacency. In *Bendall v. McWhirter* the essential question was whether the wife had any legal right to remain in occupation of the matrimonial home after her husband had deserted her. In *Rimmer v. Rimmer* the wife had contributed to the purchase price of the house, and when it was sold the issue was what share of the proceeds of sale she could claim. Although each decision resolved the actual point before the court, each raised a number of other problems of some difficulty and considerable interest.

Rights of a Deserted Wife

The facts in *Bendall v. McWhirter* were simple. The owner of a house deserted his wife, saying to her: 'You can have the house and furniture. I am not coming back'. The wife remained in the house, and later the husband became bankrupt. His property duly passed to his trustee in bankruptcy, who then sued the wife for possession of the house in order to sell it, but the Court of Appeal held that the action must fail. All three members of the court concurred in the view that although the wife was not a tenant of the house, she nevertheless occupied it under a licence from her husband which he was powerless to revoke. By statute, a husband cannot sue his wife in tort, and as an action for possession seems to be an action in tort, it was said that this disabled him from effectively revoking his licence to her.

But did this disability apply to his trustee in bankruptcy? The unanimous answer was that it did, though differing reasons were given: Lord Justice Romer put it on the footing that as the husband's proprietary rights were subject to the 'clog or fetter' of his inability to eject his wife, his trustee in bankruptcy was equally clogged or fettered, for he was in the special position of being able to claim no better title to the house than the husband had; and Lord Justice Somervell agreed. Lord Justice Denning, on the other hand, put the wife's rights on a broader and more far-reaching basis. He held that the wife's right was an equity, which, like other equities, bound the trustee in bankruptcy. Put rather differently, the essence of the divergence in the two views was whether the wife's right gave rise to a mere personal obligation of the husband, binding only on him and those who inherited his disabilities, or whether it was an equitable proprietary right in the house itself. The importance of the distinction is shown by considering how far the wife's right would bind third parties, such as a purchaser or mortgagee. If the right was merely personal, they would not be affected by it, but if it was a right of property, they would be bound by it, unless they could show that they had acquired the house without notice of the wife's claim.

It is this view that the wife's right is an equity which is so interesting. No marriage ceremony is accompanied by the express grant of any such right by the husband to the wife, and nobody has yet suggested that such a grant is effected by the hallowed phrase 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow'. Any equity of this nature must spring into existence by implication of law. But when? Does it arise on marriage, or on entry into the matrimonial home after marriage, or on desertion? Has a happily undeserted wife an unseen equity about her, or must she wait until she is deserted before her potential rights crystallise into an equity? The point is of great practical importance in determining whether the wife's right prevails against a person who becomes a purchaser or mortgagee of the house after the marriage but before the desertion. This, fortunately, is one of the numerous difficulties of *Bendall v. McWhirter* which has now been resolved. In *Lloyds Bank Ltd. v. Oliver's Trustee*, decided less than two months ago, Mr. Justice Upjohn held that the earliest moment at which a wife's *Bendall v. McWhirter* rights could arise was when her husband deserted her. Accordingly, if between marriage and desertion the husband mortgaged the house, the mortgagee was not bound by any right of

occupation which the wife had, for his right arose before hers and so had priority.

But what if the husband is guilty of what is called 'constructive desertion'? If he makes matrimonial life so intolerable that his wife is forced to leave him, it is the husband and not the wife who in law is the deserter, even though it is the wife who has physically departed from the matrimonial home. In such a case, does the wife take with her an irrevocable licence to occupy the home? If so, a purchaser from a married man whose wife has left him may not be safe in buying the house unless he first investigates the state of the marriage in order to discover who in law was the deserter.

Again, what of matrimonial offences other than desertion? Does the wife receive an irrevocable licence to occupy the home if her husband, instead of deserting her, is guilty of adultery or cruelty? It is not easy to see why a cruel adulterer should be able to sell the matrimonial home over his wife's head so as to leave her homeless while a simple deserter cannot. Yet again, is the wife's right a mere passive right to resist eviction, or is it an active right which she can assert even after she has lost possession of the house? And does the irrevocable licence extend to the furniture? If not, a husband who owns the furniture can remove it all, and leave his wife to the comfortless enjoyment of a barren house. Yet if the licence does extend to the furniture, can the wife prevent the husband removing even his personal belongings, such as his desk or wardrobe, or will some person or court (and if so, which) divide the furniture?

You will see that *Bendall v. McWhirter* has set problems a-plenty for future litigants to solve. You will also see the sort of difficulties which arise when the courts bring into being a new right which until some ten years ago revealed no sign of existence. One view, indeed, is that such a right ought not to be evolved by the courts, but left for parliament: for statute can provide for so many of the points necessarily left unresolved by a court which merely has to decide an individual case. On the other hand, it goes against the grain to allow a husband to use his rights of property so as to spite his deserted wife. This is particularly striking where the husband, instead of owning the house, is merely the tenant of it. It was in a series of cases of this kind (starting in 1949 with *Old Gate Estates Ltd. v. Alexander*) that the doctrine of the wife's irrevocable right to occupy the matrimonial home had its real origin. If the husband no longer wants the tenancy, and out of malice tries to surrender it to the landlord so as to have his wife turned out, ought not the court to protect her against this dog-in-the-manger attitude? Again, if this doctrine prevents a husband from evicting his wife, is it not right that the wife should be protected against a purchaser from the husband? Otherwise the husband may make a collusive and colourable sale to a friend of his so as to enable the friend to carry out the eviction the husband cannot make, an object which in *Ferris v. Weaven* was held to be defeated by the doctrine.

Uneasy Tug-of-war

The ultimate result is an uneasy tug-of-war between justice in the individual case and legal coherence: in order to achieve justice in those cases which have so far come before them, the courts have evolved a doctrine which has set them far greater problems than it has solved. An uncertain number of wives now hold a licence, uncertain in time and extent, and of an uncertain ambit, to occupy the matrimonial home. And, of course, there is the minor problem whether the doctrine works in reverse: has a deserted husband any right to occupy a matrimonial home owned by his wife? For what it is worth, I will hazard the guess that not all the difficulties implicit in the *Bendall v. McWhirter* doctrine were in the minds of the judges deciding the cases. Further, I will venture the prophecy that while the courts are digesting the doctrine there will be a tendency to confine rather than extend its scope. Indeed, there are already instances of this tendency, such as the *Lloyds Bank Case*, and *Bradley-Hole v. Cusen*, where the Court of Appeal unanimously took the view that the wife's right was no equity, but merely a personal obligation of the husband.

In Australia, divergent views have appeared. In one case in 1953, the New South Wales Supreme Court somewhat unenthusiastically bowed to the authority of the cases supporting the doctrine, and held that the wife was protected against her errant husband's landlord. This ill accords with a subsequent case in Victoria, in which Mr. Justice Sholl subjected the cases to a long and detailed scrutiny. After some decorous but cogent criticisms, he held that a purchaser from the husband took free from any claims of the wife, even though the house had been sold expressly subject to any rights which she might have. Yet even if the husband's obligation is merely personal, it is far-reaching: the general duty of a husband to provide a home for his wife has been translated into a specific right attached to specific property. It is hardly surprising that such a process should be attended by growing pains. The courts have gone as far as they can (some would say too far), and it seems high time that parliament intervened to put coherence into a subject which interests most lawyers but satisfies none.

Joint Purchase and Sale

I now turn to my other main topic. A husband and wife each contribute, though unequally, to the purchase price of the matrimonial home. Later, the marriage breaks up and the house is sold: how must the proceeds of sale be divided? This question arose in 1952 in *Rimmer v. Rimmer*. Briefly (and I will simplify the case a little) the facts were that before the war the husband purchased a house for £500. The wife provided the deposit of £50 out of savings made from her earnings before marriage, and the remaining £450 was raised by a building society mortgage under which the husband was solely liable. In due course, the £450 was repaid to the building society. £150 came from savings by the wife out of housekeeping money provided by the husband, which in law was his property; and the remaining £300 was contributed by the wife out of money earned by her while the husband was absent on war service. When the marriage broke up in 1951, the husband sold the house for £2,000, and the question was how the money ought to be divided. Under section 17 of the Married Women's Property Act, 1882, in such disputes between husband and wife, the judge may make 'such order . . . as he thinks fit'. As the case passed through the courts, three possible solutions were discussed:

(1) The first solution would be to divide the money in simple mathematical proportions: the wife had provided £350, the husband £150, therefore divide the £2,000 in the same proportions of seven to three. On this basis, the wife would win by more than two to one.

(2) The second solution would be first to repay to the wife the £300 she had contributed towards discharging the mortgage, thus treating it as a kind of loan by her. The remaining £1,700 would then be divided in the proportions that the £50 deposit paid by the wife bore to the mortgage liability of £450 undertaken by the husband. This produced a result of more than three to one in the husband's favour.

(3) The third, and simplest, solution would be to divide the money equally, applying the maxim 'equality in equity'.

'Palm Tree Justice'

These three answers were those in fact respectively given by the Registrar, the County Court judge, and the Court of Appeal. Several elements contributed to the Court of Appeal's solution of equality. Thus the war played a substantial part. It had quadrupled the value of the house, and so introduced an element of 'windfall' into the case. Again, it was the war which led to so much of the mortgage debt being discharged by the wife, for it was the husband's absence on war service, and the allowance which he sent her, which set her free to earn, and thus to save so extensively out of her earnings. But the main consideration was that in settling disputes between husband and wife about property, the broad standards of what has been called 'palm tree justice' ought to be applied. Instead of invoking those strict and mathematical considerations of property rights which apply to disputes between strangers, the Court should make such order as appears to be fair and just in the special circumstances of the case.

What is perhaps the most interesting point appears when the question of ownership is traced backwards. If the husband and wife are to share the proceeds of sale in equal shares, then presumably they were entitled in equal shares to the house itself before it was sold. Going back one step further, if they had each saved up unequal amounts towards the purchase of the house, but the marriage had broken up before the house had been bought, would it be said that they must share those savings equally? If the answer is 'No', then it seems that the purchase of the house brings about a change from unequal to equal property rights. On the other hand, if the answer is 'Yes', then the

way is open for holding that there is some system of community of property between husband and wife. Indeed, if each is entitled to half of the savings of the other, it is no great step towards holding that each is entitled to half the earnings of the other; and this would indeed effect a social revolution.

For myself, I think it improbable that the courts would allow the doctrine of equality to reach back as far as this. But where is the line to be drawn? In *Jones v. Maynard* a husband and wife had operated a common banking account before their marriage came to grief. Despite the inequality of their contributions to the account, the principle of equal division prevailed, both as to the balance remaining in the account and as to the investments which the husband had made from time to time with money drawn from the account. Taken with *Rimmer v. Rimmer*, this suggests the proper boundaries of equality. Once husband and wife have contributed to a common venture, whether the purchase of a house or the operation of a joint bank account, then the guiding principle is equality rather than dissection on a mathematical basis. On the other hand, until they embark upon such a venture, it seems likely that the property rights of each will remain unaffected. The purchase of the house in *Rimmer v. Rimmer* thus improved the husband's position, for he contributed less than his wife: the establishment of a joint bank account in *Jones v. Maynard* benefited the wife, for she paid in much less than her husband: yet in each case the principle of equality prevailed.

What lessons can we learn from these two lines of cases? First, they illustrate the law in one of its most characteristic activities, that of regulating the rights of people on matters which were probably never even in their minds at the time of the transaction in question. When a husband deserts his wife, he may have many tumultuous thoughts, but only rarely will he be considering whether or not he is conferring on his wife an irrevocable licence to occupy their home, or whether that licence is an equity which will hamper him in disposing of the house.

Lesson for the Calculating Spouse

Again, when a husband and wife together purchase a house or open a joint bank account, they will often have no thought that one of them may thereby be making a substantial gift to the other. As one commentator said: 'Happily married couples tend to think in terms of their joint means, and although astute as to the most which they can together wrest from the world, they do not manoeuvre *inter se* as to whose should be the hand that receives and saves the most, nor do they account strictly to each other for their earnings and expenditure'. Nevertheless, the calculating spouse who always has in mind the possibility of matrimonial disaster may do much to improve his or her ultimate financial position by bearing in mind the lesson of *Rimmer v. Rimmer*.

Secondly, the cases emphasise the division between contract and property in the sphere of matrimony. The courts will not enforce mere domestic agreements between husband and wife on matters such as housekeeping allowances. In the words of Lord Justice Atkin:

Agreements such as these are outside the realm of contracts altogether. The common law does not regulate the form of agreements between spouses. Their promises are not sealed with seals and sealing wax. The consideration that really obtains for them is that natural love and affection which counts for so little in these cold courts. The terms may be repudiated, varied or renewed as performance proceeds or as disagreements develop, and the principles of the common law as to exoneration and discharge and accord and satisfaction are such as find no place in the domestic code. The parties themselves are advocates, judges, courts, sheriff's officer and reporter. In respect of these promises each house is a domain into which the King's writ does not seek to run, and to which his officers do not seek to be admitted.

In matters of property, on the other hand, the courts have not adopted the easy solution of turning a blind eye to the whole transaction. Indeed, they have gone the other way. Acts which at first sight appear to have little or no connection with the alteration of property rights between the spouses have been endowed with an unexpected puissance. Without any visible sign such as an order of the court or a settlement, husband and wife may find that the balance of property rights between them has been drastically affected by some act such as desertion or a joint venture. It is no disrespect to the courts to say that the consequences of these developments have by no means been fully explored, and that many difficulties remain. But if I can put before you no solution of these difficulties, at least they have kept us engaged for a while on pleasant flights of speculation.

—Third Programme

An Author's Adventure in Publishing

By J. L. HODSON

IT began in this way: I was wandering round the public library and saw on the shelf, to my surprise, a copy of *Grey Dawn—Red Night*, a book I wrote a generation ago. I was surprised because it has long been out of print. I took it down to see if anybody reads it nowadays—for it deals with the first world war. Again to my surprise, I found it was read last year oftener than once a fortnight; quite as often as any of my books written more recently, and oftener than some. This is in London: and it set me thinking. Could it be happening elsewhere? I wrote to a librarian in Lancashire. He also had an old copy, second-hand, issued twenty-five times in the year. All library copies of this book must, of course, be second-hand, because they wear out in a few years.

Difficulties of Reprinting

I was delighted with my discovery and began to wonder if the book would justify reprinting, and I asked the original publisher about it. The book ran through a good many editions when it first came out. But he did not think it was a feasible proposition for him. I was not altogether surprised. I knew that reprints in these days are difficult: costs are up two or three times while the selling price has not risen to keep pace. In the old days the reprint and the cheap edition were quite a standby for the elderly author—a modest old-age pension for him—but they are not any longer. The publishers often think they are not worth bothering about. But what about the author? Can he do anything about it? Or must he reconcile himself to his book being for ever unobtainable—even when people want to read it? For any author, an important question.

So I decided to go into it a little further. I now wrote to a score of public libraries, and I sounded two or three commercial libraries and a few booksellers. All but one of the public librarians said they would be very glad if the book were reprinted—I had mentioned the price of 7s. 6d.—and they said they would want altogether between 300 and 400 copies. I thought this encouraging. But the commercial libraries and booksellers were more cautious; their replies varied much more. While one of them thought he could take 100 and my sales ought to reach 10,000, others were extremely doubtful—warned me not to do it, or did not think there would be much demand, and reminded me of the gigantic stream of new books pouring out every year. But all were alike in wishing me well and giving me the best advice they could.

This was good as far as it went, but I still felt rather in the dark. I decided to try an even wider range of public libraries, for this is where books are kept in existence which otherwise would be dead; and one in every four of us uses those libraries. So I wrote to several hundred public librarians, some of them responsible for one branch, some for a large number. I had the letters cyclostyled and I asked the post office to stamp them. (I had to assure the post office that I was not writing about lotteries, or moneylending, or contraband articles, or illegal betting.) I signed every letter and made it a personal one. The librarians did not all answer, but three out of four did. With rare exceptions, they were all pleased at the prospect of having the book once more available. Nearly fifty replied the first morning. Opening them was exciting. Here are some quotations: 'We have two copies and they have been issued ninety times since they were rebound. Still a keen interest in the first war and still a demand even for books on the Boer War'. That comes from Scotland. Another from Pembrokeshire: 'There is room for more co-operation between authors and libraries'. A third from Cheshire: 'Am more than pleased some of the older books may be reprinted by their authors'. From a London borough: 'Publishers seem quite unaware of the potential demand for books now unobtainable. Hope other authors will follow your example'. From Buckinghamshire: '*Grey Dawn* is being read twice every three weeks. *The Cruel Sea* can do no more. And the book *War Birds* is as popular as *Kon Tiki*'. From Lancashire: 'Would that other authors had taken similar action long ago, for we are handicapped by not having standard novels for which people legitimately ask'.

These letters—close on 300 of them—were good enough to say how

many copies they would order. They range from one copy to 100, and average five—in all, 1,450 copies wanted. I decided this was enough backing to go ahead on, and to this extent it is fair to say the reprint of the book has been underwritten by the public libraries.

The next steps were to see about the reprinting and distribution. First, I spoke to a wholesale distributor. He, like all others I have dealt with, was most helpful; he remembered the book well and said at once: 'This takes me back twenty years. Yes, I think we should do well with it. Print 3,000'. And now the printing: among the valuable advice from librarians was to print the book by photography from the original edition. But I could only do this by permission of the book's publisher. So I asked him. He answered right away: 'Certainly, it goes without saying'. I then sought, from the firm which bound the book, a quotation for binding the reprint. They gave me that but also asked if I would like a quotation for handling the whole job—printing as well as binding. This I was glad to have: it reduced my own work. Finally, we found what seemed to us the right paper, binding, and printing for a reprint of this kind, and I gave the instruction to go ahead. My own financial risk is between £350 and £400, but this takes no account of payment for my time, thought, and energy.

How is the printing and binding done? I was curious about this and spent an hour or two the other morning finding out. First, the printing: had I been compelled to reset the book in type, it would have cost me probably about 1s. a copy more; so that the economy of printing by photography is important; moreover, this edition will have the advantage of closely resembling the first edition, for which I have an affection—the same type, the same number of pages, the same colour of binding. What happens in the printing is this: eight pages—or multiples of eight—of the original book are mounted at a time on a square sheet and are then photographed straight on to paper. The paper is developed in a room which, with its red lamps and smell of developer, reminded me of a newspaper's photographic department; after this, the large photographed page is transferred on to a zinc plate: arc-lamps are used in this process which takes about seven to ten minutes. The zinc plate is finally fitted to the roller of the printing machine. I am giving a sketchy and simplified description, but broadly this is what is done. I imagined, in my ignorance, that this process is fairly new, but this firm has been doing it for over thirty years; today they print the Bible in 170 languages by this means. They can print a book in a day or two—once its place in the queue is reached.

Binding the Book

My next journey was to the bookbinders' factory. Here the large sheets of print each containing sixty-four pages of the book will arrive at the door and begin their move round the shop until they are turned into the book, the pages sewn, glued, bound, and the book put into its jacket ready for the shop window or the librarian's table. On scores of occasions in my life I have watched technicians and manual workers performing their tasks with a dexterity and precision I could never approach; and so it was here. I was confirmed in one thing: that when I start a new hobby it will be the binding of books. A good book, finely bound in a design of your own—what a delight that would be! Since that visit I have designed the book jacket, choosing a part of the type and what the jacket holds in the shape of letter-press. Here, too, I have had advice from the wholesaler and from a book production expert.

Now a further word about the economics of the business: the retail price will be 7s. 6d. Suppose I split it into three half-crowns. The first half-crown, or very nearly, goes in producing the book—the printing, binding, jacketing; of the next half-crown, roughly 1s. 9d. goes to me for writing the book, reissuing it, and finding the capital; and the other 9d. pays the distributor his charge for wholesaling it; the third half-crown goes to the bookseller, with this proviso, that when he is buying on behalf of a public library he will usually give the library ten per cent. discount. All this holds good for sales in Britain. On export sales

(continued on page 72)

Sherlock Holmes and the Detective Story*

By M. R. RIDLEY

THE detective story—and I mean detective story, nothing else; not, and very much not, including with it the 'thriller': the two things are chalk-from-cheese different, and the people who confuse them, who get the same kind of rather vague pleasure from both, deserve to be penalised by being forbidden to read either. A thriller may be an excellent piece of work. For example, John Buchan's *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, and even more perhaps his *Greenmantle*, are obviously far more finished pieces of craftsmanship than plenty of inferior 'tects'. But they are not 'tects'. The business of the thriller is to excite, and it does this by a series of tense episodes, well or ill strung together on the thread of some sort of plot. It makes no demand at all on the intellect of the reader. But any 'tec', even the poorest, makes some such demand, or at least issues an invitation or challenge to the use of one's wits.

This, I suppose, is in any case part of the reason why the shelves of circulating libraries in university cities so overflow with 'tects', to satisfy the voracious appetites of academic readers from distinguished professors downwards. A man who spends a great deal of his waking time in the use of his mind sometimes looks for relaxation in fiction, and he is apt to want either a quite first-rate novel—and the supply of first-rate novels is limited—or else something which will keep the engine of his mind still ticking over.

But this highly popular literary form is a comparatively new thing. There are isolated examples of it, of course, as far back as the Bible and Greek legend, but, as a form, it hardly emerged until half-way through the last century, with Poe and his detective Dupin. Poe was followed some twenty years later, in French, by Gaboriau with his *Lecoq*, and twenty years later again by Conan Doyle. Conan Doyle, as far as this country was concerned, firmly established it, and for long after influenced all his successors.

In the interval between Poe and Conan Doyle came Wilkie Collins, and we are sometimes asked to accept *The Moonstone* as the first detective story in English. One critic, herself a distinguished writer of detective stories, Miss Sayers, goes as far as to say that *The Moonstone* is probably the very finest detective story ever written. But it is not. Or, at any rate, that is not what its author intended it to be. He saw it as a novel. And as a novel his readers clearly accepted it. *The Moonstone* is an admirable piece of work, and it has, in its leisurely way, some excellent detection in it, but it is rather the forerunner of later 'novels with a detective interest' than a detective story.

So let us start with Conan Doyle. His earlier efforts were not wholly satisfactory. *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Valley of Fear*, and even *The Sign of Four* have some telling detection, but also, judged by his own later standards, a great deal too much narrative of preceding events. But with the Sherlock Holmes short stories he came into his own with a vengeance. To begin with, he created, with the able assistance of his first illustrator, a figure who was soon a household word. And he did it by following the Dickens recipe—the one, that is, which Dickens followed for his most 'Dickensian' characters. Do not aim at a rounded human character; select a quite limited number of well-marked and

easily recognisable idiosyncrasies, whether of phrase or habit, and embody them in a figure which is *externally* a man; but at all costs do not confuse the issue by any delicacies of character shading. Sherlock Holmes is a Persian slipper with shag tobacco in it, a forearm marked by cocaine injections; a keen face, a deerstalker hat; a love of music and of his own violin. He is also 'deep water, Watson'; 'you know my methods'; 'elementary, my dear Watson'. Apart from those things he is not a complete human being; he is an incarnate analytical intellect, and little more. Conan Doyle also created the first of a long line of

Watsons. But I do not know that it is always observed with what adroit judgment he created him. He saw that when you have two characters so closely linked, of whom one is to be the foil to the other, you cannot employ the same technique for both. So Watson is a much more complete figure, though much more pedestrian than Holmes. He is by no means wholly a fool; he has plenty of sound, though slow, common sense, and admirable tenacity; he has had, and has, a life of his own.

Many writers since have tried to create their own Holmes and Watsons, and almost none has succeeded. (Van Dine's Philo Vance, irritating fellow though he is, comes nearer than most, and Agatha Christie's Miss Marple, oddly enough, I think, a good deal nearer than Poirot.) Now the modern writers, of course, suffer from one handicap that they cannot do anything about, namely, that there are too many of them, and so too many detectives; whereas Holmes had the field more or less to himself. But many of them fail, I think, because they use the Dickens-Doyle trick but use it the wrong way round. Their detectives are too human and their foils not human enough. Agatha Christie's Poirot, for example, has his marked idiosyncrasies, but ordinary human kindness is for ever—and very likeably—breaking in, whereas his foil, the imbecile Hastings, and A. E. W. Mason's even more in-

furiating Ricardo, are mere embodiments of asininity.

Anyway, by whatever methods, Conan Doyle produced a number of short stories of which at least the first two series are still classics of their kind, and one longer one, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, which still takes a deal of beating. But they were all, admittedly, a dry wine, rigidly economical, with hardly a word and never an episode wasted, pure detection. And it was clear that mere imitation, no more than the same type of wine but of inferior vintages, was not going to appeal to readers indefinitely. A change was bound to come, and in the past twenty years it has been both rapid and varied.

The first change, I think, was simply towards fuller treatment, with all the main characters drawn more in the round. The first notable example of this, a good deal more than twenty years ago, was, I fancy, E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case*. When it appeared, in 1912, it was greeted with rapturous applause. It gave us something new, and welcome. It was, to begin with, written with real distinction of style: the detection, when we were allowed to watch the processes of it, was of the highest order; it had at least four characters who were well drawn and interesting in themselves, as people, not as pawns in the game. But I think that the applause was largely due to novelty. I had

Sherlock Holmes (standing) and Dr. Watson: an illustration by Sidney Paget, Conan Doyle's original illustrator, to *A Scandal in Bohemia* (1891)



* It has been deduced that Sherlock Holmes was born 100 years ago

now that every time I read it I admire it more as a piece of writing and less as a 'tec'. It has a strong love interest, which to the real addict is anathema; what is worse, the love interest, though most tellingly handled, is almost wholly irrelevant; and what is much worse, the reader has hardly a chance. He does not, for example, know what it is that interests Trent about the dress shoes. This liking of the public for something new, the novel with a detective interest rather than the honest-to-goodness 'tec', was brilliantly exploited by A. E. W. Mason in several novels, and his *House of the Arrow* very narrowly misses bringing off the almost impossible double, of being an excellent novel and a first-rate 'tec'. And it misses it only because Mr. Mason, like Mr. Bentley, keeps his reader too much in the dark. And this drift away from the straight 'tec' is very clearly epitomised in Miss Sayers' progress as a detective writer.

Her first book, *Whose Body?*, was hailed with a sigh of relief by all good 'tec' readers. Here at last was again the real *vin sec*, a straight 'whodunit' with no side issues and at least one of the old fixings, in the shape of the silly inspector. She followed this up with two or three more of the same kind, though rather more finished in style, and with the writing already shadowy on the wall as her detective began to develop and become more rounded. But in her later books, on which I take it her reputation in this field mainly rests—a reputation I think most fully deserved—in these books a change came. The detection is no longer the only, not even the main, interest. In *Murder Must Advertise*, for example, the background of the advertising firm is so brilliantly sketched and so diverting that it distracts attention from the detection of the crime. *Gaudy Night* is mainly devoted to developing the Peter-Harriet situation against a background of Oxford which could hardly be better done; and in *Busman's Honeymoon* the honeymoon is vastly more important than the bus. Or take *The Nine Tailors*—I am ashamed to say, or, to be honest, I'm not in the least ashamed to say—how often I have read it, and I expect, and trust, that plenty of other readers are in the same galley. But do we any of us read it for the detection? That side of it is dull and confusing. We read the book for the background, the village community, which Miss Sayers draws with the vividness of knowledge, for the bell-ringing, and for the superb final description of the floods in the Fen country. Add to Miss Sayers' later work almost all of Margery Allingham and many others, and it

is clear how far we have moved from *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

There have been other changes. It is of the essence of the 'tec' that the writer says in effect, like the setter of crosswords, 'Can you solve it?' or perhaps, 'Could you, in your best form, solve it?' Now if that challenge is to be at all fair, the nearer the detective is to the general run of us the better: i.e., when he is a real amateur, and not a semi-amateur, like Peter Wimsey or Philip Macdonald's Colonel Gethryn, who can call in the resources of Scotland Yard when they need them. Nor should he have specialised advantages. Few of us have the scientific knowledge to emulate Austin Freeman's Doctor Thorndyke. Hence, there has been a tendency to make the detective an unprofessional one like Trent or Crispin's Gervase Fen. And on this ground I should put A. A. Milne's *The Red House Mystery* very high on my list of merit.

And, lastly, since we live in a psychological or pseudo-psychological age, the straight 'whodunit' is apparently less satisfying than it was, and there has been a clearly marked trend towards the 'Why-whodunit' or even not 'Why?'—i.e., motive—but rather 'Which of the suspects has the psychological make-up to make this particular murder possible for him?' A first-rate example of this is the end of Van Dine's *The Canary Murder Case*, where the final clinching of the solution depends on the behaviour of three or four men in a poker game. And this type tends to hold the field because most specimens of the other, the 'straight' type are rather undistinguished. Freeman Wills Crofts, for example, is always completely reliable, and completely fair; but he is a bit pedestrian. And several others are the same, like John Rhode, always quite readable, but with not much kick in them.

But after all the attempts at variety I am inclined to think that the wheel has just about come full circle, and that a really well written and exciting 'whodunit', with less psychology and fewer characters—in fact, another *Hound of the Baskervilles*, might in its turn, by sheer novelty, sweep the board, if anyone had both the courage and the ability to write it. What is wanted is that one or two first-rate practitioners should give up this hankering to write something different, a novel, and accept the fact that the real detective story is a legitimate and exacting form in its own right. Philip Macdonald almost—perhaps quite—brought it off years ago in *The Rasp*; and I wish that with thirty years more experience behind him, he would do it again.—*Home Service*

'Girls Will Be Girls'

By ARTHUR MARSHALL

IN case your surprised eyebrows should rise uncomfortably high at the prospect of being addressed on fiction for girls by a man, I had better explain my limited qualifications. For the past eighteen years, a weekly magazine whose name you would know well has kindly asked me to review each year a large Christmas batch of stories for girls. In this way I have been able to read much that is best of Angela Brazil, Dorita Fairlie Bruce, Winifred Darch, Bessie Marchant, May Wynne, and many others. I have read their works with absorption, amazement, delight, and with a reasonably straight face. I have lived with the characters and shared their emotions. I have shivered in my shoes when Mona Beaseley has gone shinning up the church spire; I have been as appalled as Miss Fortescue when the music master was discovered to be definitely in the pay of a Balkan Power; I have giggled at Mademoiselle as blithely as any junior; I have been as breathless as Matron herself that day when circumstances forced her to trudgeon through the mill-race when Felicity Brownlow's water-wings got a puncture.

Of recent years, two increasingly popular subjects have complicated the lives of many fictional schoolgirls. They are both methods of locomotion. One is ponies, the other space-ships: of these two ways of getting about, by far the more elaborate and unsatisfactory is pony-travel. Of course, there is much to be gained. Proficiency astride a pony leads in the end to the intoxicating day of the gymkhana when, in the upper-crust world inevitably connected with quadrupeds, Gloria Castleton gets rosette after rosette dished out to her by a titled lady, vporting for the occasion a dashing pair of cerise jodhpurs. But what

a lot Gloria has to go through before she reaches that supreme moment. The details must baffle any but the most horsey reader. Gloria has to know just what and where are lunge reins, half passes, snaffles, dressage, and pelhams. She has to know what to do for the best with curry combs, saddle soap, dandy brushes, and cheek-straps. Did you know that a grey gelding of fourteen hands could possibly suffer from sweet-itch? Before so much as mounting her mettlesome steed, Gloria has to soak her tack in neat's-foot oil and be able to throw off sentences such as 'She has a lovely sloping shoulder, good withers and nice clean legs', or 'His impulsion is tremendous and I note that he's building up condition on his hocks'.

And, then, the ponies themselves. Heaven knows what disasters cannot befall them! They can develop a thing called warbles, they can forget to change legs, they can be entered for the Handy Hunter Class and then run full tilt into a double-oxer. They can get their curb chains twisted clockwise, which appears to be fatal, they can work up a lather at a most awkward moment, they can get their bridoon tangled in their girths. Of course, Gloria and Snowball together manage all this successfully in the end, but the emotional strain on the reader is very great.

With space-ships, however, all is different. The important thing about these new-fangled contraptions is that nothing by any chance ever goes wrong. After a hearty, unhurried breakfast, Beryl and Brenda climb the ladder to the gleaming monster and step confidently inside. For the trip, they are usually tastefully arrayed in the latest thing in space-wear: a one-piece, fawn coverall in a high-grade Shetland, with little ruchings here and there to ease the hardness of the lines. Sometimes they travel

to the Moon just as they are in their gym-tunics, perhaps slipping on a pressure coatee to lessen the jolt at taking-off-time.

A quick glance round the dials, an exploratory touch of the steering-wheel just to get the feel of the thing, and then we are ready. Brenda closes the door, Beryl sets the fins after a lightning peep at her logarithm tables, and then together they smartly press a button marked 'To Start, Press The Button'. A shudder, a roar, and before they know where they are, they are gazing down at Bognor Regis from a height of 85,000 miles. The first thing to do is to call up Mums on the radio telephone, dialling Birmingham 459668. Mums never appears to be for one moment anxious. 'Have fun, darlings', she screams, or 'Pop on an extra woolly if it's chilly'. What Dads is thinking seldom emerges: quite a lot, I should imagine.

Arrival at the Moon presents no sort of trouble. With their plastic breathing apparatuses working to perfection, Brenda and Beryl step lithely out, plant the school flag on the nearest eminence, collect some specimens for Miss Prendergast's geology class, take a snap or two, decide that the earth looks the living image of the globe in the dear old Upper Fourth, step back into the giant machine, and re-set the fins, and they are home in time for cocoa, ginger biscuits, and the Archers.

All very well, but the thing that I miss in space stories is drama. There is never the smallest chance that Brenda and Beryl will have a furious squabble in mid-space, pull each other's plaits, pinch each other black and blue, drill lethal holes in each other's moon suits, or try to abandon each other upon some distant planet. As they zoom along at 30,000 miles an hour, it would be stimulating to find one accusing the other of cheating at halma, of sucking up to Miss Proudfoot, of taking more than her fair share of vitamin globules.

It is clear that in future self-respecting schools will have to make an addition to their prospectuses: 'Well-equipped stables are provided, and an extensive rocket-launching ground adjoins the playing-fields. Girls are encouraged to visit Mars but must be back in time for lock-up'.

A Small Voice in Miss Pritchard's Bathroom

In addition to these newer attractions, the ideal school of fiction has other and older points that it must observe. It must at all costs be near the sea, preferably standing at the top of precipitous cliffs. The cliffs can either be fallen down, climbed up, or stuck on halfway. Stuck on halfway is best, for the agonising wait enables Thirza to find the old smugglers' cave and the underground passage and to come bursting back through a secret door right into Miss Pritchard's bathroom at a moment when Miss Pritchard is least expecting her.

Came the whine of rusty hinges, the creak of ancient woodwork, and an odour of musty, forgotten things. Smoothly a portion of the linen-fold panelling slid gently sideways to reveal a dusty, towlsed head.

Then: 'It's me', said a small voice.

Miss Pritchard gasped. 'Good gracious, Thirza, how you startled me', and her dripping loofah fell back with a splash into the foaming suds.

The school grounds must contain a disused well, down which one of the new girls falls, a tidal river down which one of the new girls is swept away, and a potting shed, inside which the school smart set gives sherbet parties. Within the school there must be a boot-hole, for it is here that a really wicked girl can smoke an occasional cigarette, or put a dab of forbidden powder on her nose or a smear of *Nuit de Penzance* behind her ears.

It is essential that fictional fire arrangements should be of the flimsiest and most makeshift kind. It is no sort of fun at all if, when the stairs are found to be blazing, Mademoiselle can make an easy way down. No: after screeching from her window in a glorious mixture of imperfect English and troubled French, she must then clamber on to the windowsill and take a spirited header into a laurel bush, emerging with nothing worse than assorted bruises and one or two simple fractures. It is the least we expect of her. Incidentally, how badly in fiction is the *entente cordiale* preserved. Poor Mademoiselle! Her French-speaking table in the dining-room is a riot of second-rate behaviour and dexterously aimed bread-pellets; the stairs outside her bedroom are relentlessly buttered and she comes purler after purler. White mice rush squeaking from any desk that she happens to open, and she cannot go within fifty yards of the cricket-field without receiving a wristy full-toss on a spot where she would least have wished to receive it. Her life is spent uttering a string of '*Mon Dieu! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Ah non! Zeeees is intolérable*', surrounded by a positive Sherwood Forest of exclamation marks.

I am happy to tell you that the presence of ponies and space-ships has not made a ha'porth of difference to Headmistresses. They are still in command of every situation, prowling about upon their stout brogues and sensibly encased in tweed costumes of severe cut. Their hair is iron grey and has never known the expensive agony of a perm. They still turn up at the very worst moment, just when greedy little Mona is half-way through the larder window with the major part of next day's lunch tucked temporarily into her bloomer-elastic. They still give forth telling sentences, such as: 'Blanche Merridew, that was a deliberate sneak. Leave the cricketing field instantly. A cold supper will be brought to you in your cubicle and I shall telephone your father after the nine o'clock news'.

I have left till last the most important ingredient in stories for girls. It is important, too, in stories for women—Rivalry. If Muriel makes a hit at the school concert with her organ solo, pulling out every stop and thundering away on the Great until the bellows rattle, then Millicent must grasp her 'cello and scrape and twang her way to even louder applause. If Muriel, panting like a grampus, wins the 100-yard backstroke in the swimming-bath, then Millicent must seize up the discus and send a record throw whizzing into the chemistry lab. or, preferably, Mademoiselle. If Muriel gets ninety-eight per cent. for some complicated cube roots, then Millicent must score ninety-nine per cent. for her poem in the style of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It is, and must remain, diamond cut diamond until the very last page, when the two rivals can shake hands, give each other toothy smiles for the first time in 250 pages, and troop off to the grubber to seal their newly found friendship amid the heady haze of fizzy lemonade bubbles.

I have one regret. It is doubtless printing expenses that now largely deny us full-page colour illustrations of situations in the text. These used to be quite splendid, and a very few words underneath were enough to explain to the less nimble witted what was happening above. I have refreshed my memory with a few illustrations from the past. There is one labelled 'Run For It' which shows two girls scrabbling through the thickest imaginable hedge, pursued by an enormous purple bull travelling, apparently, at the speed of sound. Another, called 'You've Only Yourself To Blame For This, Ethel', depicts an enraged and pince-nezed Headmistress snipping off Ethel Henderson's cherished hat-ribbon in the school colours, maroon, primrose, and gamboge. The text informs us that Ethel has been cheating at geography. Another picture shows Prudence Luard, arms and legs in all directions, being knocked down by a very primitive steam-roller, the explanatory caption just reading 'Ouch'. 'The Winning Hit' speaks for itself, and reveals Zoë Gosling making a gigantic sweep to leg with the pavy clock pointing at three minutes to six. But, alas, the ball appears to have landed tamely in a bed of stinging nettles, and there is no sign of Mademoiselle.—*Midland Home Service*

The Haunters and the Haunted

The park railings
Flicker, an iron ghost,
A presence moving on itself,
A phantom wall
Through which a screaming host
Of birds completely plunges

And is gone,
One loud ghost
Into a silent one.

My shadow flickers on
And through the screen of rust,
But darknesses remain
Outside, within myself, that goes
The separate ways of light and dust,
Accompanied by death alone.

Such ghosts are hope; and love, and trust,
That haunt still, because they must,
The ghosts their going makes of us.

JAMES KIRKUP

NEWS PICTURES



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with other members of the royal party, watching an active geyser near the Maori village of Whakarewarewa which they visited recently during their tour of North Island, New Zealand. On January 10 the Queen and the Duke flew to Wellington, the capital, where the following day Her Majesty opened a special session of the New Zealand parliament



Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer (left), at the opening of the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference in Sydney on January 8. Next to him is Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister. It was announced last week that Mr. Butler had been made a Companion of Honour



A Gloucestershire farmer driving his cows through the snow to be milked: a photograph taken near Cheltenham during last week's wintry weather



A scene from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera 'Le Coq d'Or' at Covent Garden, with Miss Mattiwilda Dobbs as the Queen of Shemakhan (centre)



Dr. Arthur Waley who has been awarded the 1953 Queen's Medal for Poetry for the exceptional merit displayed in his translations from the Chinese. Dr. Waley has been translating Chinese and Japanese poetry and prose for more than thirty-five years, bringing much of the literature of these countries to the western world for the first time



C. H. O'D. Alexander (Great Britain) photographed during the thirteen-hour chess match in which he beat D. Bronstein (Russia), one of the world's greatest players, at the Hastings Chess Congress last week



The 116-foot gallery of Lanhedbrook House, near Bodmin, Cornwall. The house, together with 366 acres of park and woodland, has been given to the National Trust by Viscount Clifden. Built in the seventeenth century, all but the north wing (containing the gallery) was damaged by fire in 1881 and rebuilt. The fine ceiling of the gallery is decorated with plasterwork reliefs representing incidents in the Old Testament. Another gift to the National Trust, announced this week, is that of Penhally Point, Tintagel, which has been given by Mr. W. Boney as a tribute to the memory of King George VI and to mark the accession of Queen Elizabeth II

News Diary: January 6-11

Wednesday, January 6

The Chancellor of the Exchequer arrives in Sydney for the conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers

M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister, defends his policy before the National Assembly which gives him a vote of confidence, by 319 votes to 249

British *Chargé d'Affaires* in Teheran has his first meeting with the Persian Prime Minister
Fifteen members of the R.A.F. are killed when a Valetta aircraft crashes in Hertfordshire

Thursday, January 7

President Eisenhower delivers his message to Congress on the state of the Union. He says that the major theme for American policy this year will be to hold the strategic initiative

Representatives of the four High Commissioners in Germany begin talks in Berlin about arrangements for the conference of Foreign Ministers later this month

Employers in the electrical industry announce that for every day a worker strikes during the

proposed 'token' strikes no work will be available for him on a further day

Friday, January 8

Conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers hold opening meeting under the presidency of Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister

President of the Electrical Trades Union announces that 2,000 electricians will be called on to strike at a number of contracting sites

Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is made a Companion of Honour

The British master, C. H. O'D. Alexander, ties with the Soviet master, Bronstein, in the Hastings Chess Congress

Saturday, January 9

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive in Wellington, capital of New Zealand
Chinese Prime Minister urges that the preliminary talks on the political conference on Korea shall be resumed

Mr. Stassen, director of U.S. Foreign Operations Administration, explains case for increased trade with countries behind the Iron Curtain

Sunday, January 10

A B.O.A.C. Comet jet airliner crashes after leaving Rome for London. Thirty-five persons feared lost including Chester Wilmot, former B.B.C. war correspondent

General Franchi, French commander in central Laos, claims that Viet-Minh offensive on Mekong river front has been stopped

British parliamentary delegation meet representatives of loyal Kikuyu in Kenya

Monday, January 11

Communists ask for resumption of meetings at Panmunjom. India proposes early summoning of U.N. General Assembly to discuss Korea

Death of Lord Simon, former Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, at age of eighty

President Eisenhower sends messages to Congress on agricultural and labour policy



Assembling the component parts of a Mullard thyatron.

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

THE utilisation factor of an electrically powered machine is often dependent upon the flexibility of its motor. Until quite recently all motors were controlled by conventional electro-mechanical equipment. To-day, however, an increasing number are controlled by an electronic valve known as a thyatron.

The thyatron is a device which can convert alternating current to direct current and, at the same time, can regulate the amount of current — and thus the amount of power — released to the motor.

The great advantage of the thyatron is its extreme flexibility which permits infinitely variable control of motor speed and direction. It thus enables full advantage to be taken of recent developments in the field of automatic control with all its attendant economies in overheads and manpower.

Mullard produce a wide range of thyatrons for a great variety of applications. In addition to motor control, Mullard thyatrons are today leading to increased efficiencies in lighting and heating systems, in servo-mechanisms, in resistance welders, relays and regulated voltage devices.

Mullard



MULLARD LIMITED, CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

Factories at: Blackburn · Fleetwood · Gillingham · Hove · Lytham-St. Anne's · Mitcham · Rawtenstall · Waddon · Wandsworth · Whyteleafe

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'The Changing Law'

Sir,—I find it puzzling to know what my friend Professor Hamson proposes. He frowns upon the traditional position of the present House of Lords, saying that 'it is the business of the judges to wash their own dirty linen and not to dump it into the lap of a parliament which is already overwhelmed'. But he immediately criticises the liberal attitude of Lord Justice Denning, because, according to Professor Hamson, the Lord Justice 'does not show that regard for authority and for the established order of things which I think a judge should show'. Professor Hamson calls these two criticisms an 'ambivalence', but others may look upon them as a self-contradiction. If he knows any middle way between slavishly following a precedent and refusing to follow it, he should tell us what this is.

Does the speaker really mean to inform us that the common law will change of itself provided that the judges do not change it? Perhaps his proposition is that the judges may lawfully change the law, but only by small successive steps; they may not arrive at the distant scene at a single bound. This overlooks the point that a judge does not choose the facts that come before him. If these facts raise an issue of principle *tout court*, the judge must either add to the bad precedents—(perhaps giving them a higher authority than anything they possessed before), or depart from them.

I may be permitted to express the hope that this broadcast (published in THE LISTENER of January 7) will not itself become a precedent—a precedent for generalised public criticisms of individual judges. Many of us would deplore such a departure from the English practice. The public interest can be well enough served by discussing concrete judicial decisions, and concrete criticisms can be concretely answered. There was nothing in Sir Alfred Denning's book, which Professor Hamson was reviewing, to call for generalisations upon the work of the Lord Justice—who, it must be remembered, is only one member of the Court of Appeal, and who is therefore never solely responsible for any of its decisions.—Yours, etc.,

University College GLANVILLE WILLIAMS
of London

Prospect of Britain

Sir,—May I be permitted to add one or two more remarks arising out of Mr. Salmon's talks? Not to attack him this time, for I do agree with his main thesis, that monetary gain is not nowadays the chief aim of work, but that social needs are also a powerful driving force (though I disagree with his tendency to sentimentalise about this).

What interests me greatly, and was not touched on by Mr. Salmon, is how women are affected by the need for social outlets—and I mean genuine social outlets, involving their work. The average married woman with young children is isolated from society to an unhealthy extent, though she works harder on the whole than her male counterpart. Her need for social life is inadequately met by sitters-in who occasionally permit her to have an evening out, and by popping in to see neighbours. Still less, I think, are such organisations as Women's Institutes and Church Clubs (though excellent in their way)

what she requires, as they offer her a sort of emotional charity which is not the same as giving her a status of her own among her like.

This need, rather than the monetary motive, is, I think, what makes many women take up work outside the home. (Though here again I think it is unwise to leave the monetary motive out of the picture entirely, for it is important to many women to earn money both for its own sake and for the feeling of independence it brings.) Those well-intentioned people who make moral pronouncements against mothers who go out to work misunderstand the situation to a degree which is almost cruel.

Of course, unmarried women suffer frustrations which are still more fundamental, and it seems to me that the whole question of women's position in society is immensely more complicated than the simple war-cry 'Equal Pay for Equal Work' would indicate.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham 29

JOAN M. WINTER

Sir,—I have no academic background, but instead, a half-century's experience of working inside a railway factory, so from that standpoint alone I have found 'Prospect of Britain' provocative. The Victorian industrialist may deserve all the strictures that Mr. Salmon heaps upon him, but in one phase of railway history I wish to put in a plea on his behalf.

When in the year 1843 the old G.W.R. Co. chose the site for their railway works in the valley one-and-a-half miles from the country town of Swindon, they were faced with the problem of housing their workers. Letchworth was still half a century in the future, and examples were rare, in fact—pulling a bow at a venture—non-existent. Yet in due time a model village built of local and Bath stone emerged, complete with church, school, and playing field, a Mechanics Institute which contained hall, stage, and dressing rooms, a library, reading room, and a games room. A small hospital was also built. At the works a messroom was incorporated in one block of buildings which enabled the workers to have their food cooked or heated as desired, with the result that 300 or 400 workers could dine in reasonable comfort.

A few years later washing and Turkish baths were constructed which functioned until the early 'nineties when a comprehensive scheme was undertaken which resulted in a group of buildings being constructed by the company on mortgage to the workers, who eventually became the owners by virtue of a few coppers a week membership fee. This building contained two swimming baths, washing and Turkish baths, a laundry, and, finally, a health centre. The health centre was staffed with eight doctors, and ancillary assistants. The members could then obtain all the benefits now provided by the present National Health Service. This centre was without comparison in the whole country and when it was taken over by the National Health Service in 1948 it became their prototype from which they intend to construct many examples in various districts spaced over the country. My membership fee was 8½d. per week, for which I and my family—seven persons—received medical, surgical, and hospital service. In addition, home nursing appliances, and, if necessary, artificial limbs—made by expert leather

craftsmen in the factory—were also provided.

A half-century has now elapsed since the fore-runner of the present staff association was inaugurated and during this period music, drama, arts and crafts, and indoor pastimes have been catered for. These activities are incorporated over the whole system. An athletic club takes care of all outdoor sports and games.

In his last talk (THE LISTENER, December 31), Mr. Salmon said that we had robbed the industrial workers of the brains they needed. This premise I contend contains a truth, but it is not wholly true, and in this contention I again fall back to the railways. If the old G.W.R. robbed its workers of their brains, the railway company certainly ploughed a considerable portion back into the industry with their system of appointing to executive positions members of their own personnel. From the primary schools of Swindon, and its railway workshops, railway executives can be traced throughout Britain.

Yours, etc.,

Purton

A. G. HARRIS

Christmas 1953

Sir,—I cannot help feeling somewhat uneasy about the line taken by Canon Sansbury in his letter published in THE LISTENER of January 7. He seems to be anxious to draw a hard and fast line between Christmas as a festival of human neighbourliness and goodwill, and Christmas as the Festival of the Incarnation.

Human neighbourliness, goodwill, and family love and affection are in the Christian view manifestations of the Divine Spirit. 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them'. Surely that may be really objectively true, even if the Divine presence is not recognised in ecclesiastical terms by those who are in fact united together in love and charity. May it not be Canon Sansbury who is bowing God out of part of his universe?

Canon Sansbury objects to the mention of the picturesque symbol of Father Christmas in close association with the historical person Jesus Christ. But can such associations be avoided? Historical fact and picturesque symbol are already mingled in the Church's own presentation of the Christian faith, and it can hardly be denied that many popular cults have been taken over and Christianised. The Church which makes great use of such figures of the creative popular imagination as St. George and the Dragon and a number of others, placing them in stained glass windows and elsewhere, in close association with representations of Jesus Christ, can hardly say 'This simply will not do' when the modern humanist brings together Father Christmas and Christian carols and hymns.

Christianity would be grievously impoverished if the poetical expression of it were excluded. Canon Sansbury would no doubt agree. The Little Flowers of St. Francis are not objective history; but they help us to understand St. Francis. Father Christmas is an imaginary figure, but he embodies an important part of the Christian spirit.

Those who speak disparagingly of 'merely human idealism' may be in danger of overlooking the truth of the Biblical saying 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord'.

Yours, etc.,

Peterborough

J. L. CARTWRIGHT

Buddhism and the Enlightenment of Man

Sir,—The talk on Buddhism by Professor Malalasekera, printed in *THE LISTENER* of January 7, opens with this sentence: 'Buddhism is the world's most ancient living religion. For more than 4,500 years its doctrines have remained essentially unchanged'. This sounds strange to western ears. Gotama, the Buddha, is stated to have been born probably in 563 B.C., i.e., about 2,500 years ago. The date of Moses is not accurately known; but he is believed to have lived about 1,000 years before that. Was then Gotama, in the speaker's opinion, not the founder of Buddhism? And was Moses not the founder of the religion of the Jews?

Yours, etc.,

Much Hadham R. C. NORMAN

[Several other letters have been received from readers pointing out that the correct figure should be 2,500 years.—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]

Human Nature in Politics

Sir,—Good historians, when they find a historical statement which at first surprises them, seek—before shouting about 'astounding ignorance' and 'grotesque misstatements'—to understand the meaning of the writer. May I recommend this course to your correspondent Dr. David Thomson? It is sometimes prudent as well as civil.

When I said that 'Marx, in the form of the June revolution, and Rousseau in the form of the Second Empire ('Third' was of course a slip) were enabled to bedevil, for a period, the development of France', I naturally did not mean that Marx or Rousseau personally or directly controlled these events. What I meant was that the insurgents of June 1848—revolutionary socialists commended by Marx and crying for the dictatorship of the proletariat—represented a utopian-Marxist rather than an empiricist philosophy, and that the Second Empire, being a plebiscitary dictatorship, was as good a practical expression of Rousseau's philosophy of the 'general will' (which bears no ascertainable relationship to the sum of particular wills) as can be found in French history. If Dr. Thomson disagrees with me, he should have submitted some reasons for his disagreement. I doubt if his mere authority is sufficient to convince your readers that all views except his own are 'astounding ignorance'.

Mr. Black misunderstands me. I do not mean that Toynbee, any more than Marx or Spengler, gives too few instances of illustrative detail. I mean that his general laws of universal history—e.g., that 'cultures' are organic; that ease is hostile to culture, and that European culture has been in decline since the end of the Middle Ages—are not based on any adequate scientific evidence. They are postulated as dogmas and then illustrated by a bewildering mass of suggestive historical speculation which proves nothing—for selection in Toynbee's manner can illustrate anything. For an interesting and, in my opinion, unanswerable criticism of Toynbee's 'method' I would refer to Professor P. Geyl's essay in his volume *From Ranke to Toynbee* (Northampton, Mass., 1952).—Yours, etc.,

Christ Church, HUGH TREVOR-ROPER
Oxford

The Whole Man Alive

Sir,—In his talk on 'The Whole Man Alive' (*THE LISTENER*, December 31) G. H. Bantock quotes D. H. Lawrence as saying: '... being a novelist I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog'.

The last word is significant, for that is precisely what D. H. Lawrence managed to depict—the animalistic man obsessed with himself and

sexuality, but not, as G. H. Bantock goes on to suggest, 'the whole man alive'. He never ventured, for instance, to write of the dedicated evolving man of our times, such as Gandhi or Schweitzer, and still less of the wholly evolved Perfect Man of the world-faiths, such as Gotama, Mahavira, and Jesus Christ. And this for the simple reason that these higher and most important aspects of man were beyond his unevolved line of vision, which was concerned solely with the animal man that Tolstoy rated below the social man in the scale of evolution. And by persuading his large, credulous public that this was the whole, or real *homo sapiens*, he did a disservice to mankind by blinding it to the possibility of spiritual evolution which primarily demands the renunciation of animalism, as Gandhi most explicitly taught.

And what, after all, did his gospel of free, ideal and uninhibited 'love' amount to in practice?

My collaborator, J. D. Beresford, told me that when he lent his house in Cornwall to the Lawrences, the local daily help afterwards reported her natural surprise and horror at discovering D.H. banging Frieda's head against the kitchen table. This may be the action of a mentally and physically ill, overwrought and uncontrolled man but not that of a saint nor of a philosopher at whose feet any reasonable man—or woman—would care to sit.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

John Ireland and the Piano

Sir,—To some extent Mr. Robert Elkin has taxed me justly: I have been less than fair to Cyril Scott. I do not know the Concerto which Mr. Scott failed to persuade Paderewski to play: and I should welcome a hearing of the Nativity Hymn to Crashaw's words which, I believe, won a Carnegie award. I know only one of his Sonatas; but that one seems to me the work of a man whose grasp of the larger forms is not adequate to his desire of expressing himself by their means, and therefore not of any greater moment than the sonatas of Grieg—still less, of course, than Ireland's.

The fact that Dr. Ireland has himself acknowledged an indebtedness to Mr. Scott is not really an indication of the latter's stature as a composer. After all, Wagner claimed to have been inspired by Weber, Bartók wrote enthusiastically of Liszt, and Ravel used terms of very high encomium about Debüsy. I do not wish to 'dismiss' Scott, but merely to indicate his calibre. I should not deny that his more familiar shorter pieces were, when they appeared, as refreshing in their way as those of Grieg—and very nearly as great a relief from Mr. Elkin's 'academic rut'; but I still think they are of less account in the long run. And my criticism was directed primarily towards the pianoforte *lyric*: the point I was trying to make was that Ireland is the only English composer to have put himself into the front rank by means of piano pieces in the smaller forms, and Mr. Elkin will perhaps admit that Scott never quite did that.—Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne NORMAN SUCKLING

Runcible Man

Sir,—The otherwise admirable scholarship of the study by Miss Honor Tracy of the character of Mr. Edward Lear is unfortunately marred by her uncritical use of the Larian adjective 'runcible' outside the field to which Mr. Lear carefully confined it. This is the more regrettable as the proper meaning of the word was, I submit, definitively established by Alfred Snell in an article in the Oxford periodical *Cherwell* just about twenty years ago. Unfortunately I have no copy of the article at hand but at the time I had many talks with Snell on his theory and

(at this distance of time and Snell himself being in Australia) I can safely claim some credit for persuading him to give to the world the result of his researches which, briefly, is as follows.

'Runcible' is a corruption of the French *Roncevalles*, a district noted for its edible peas. Now the characteristics of peas are that they are small, round, green, and move swiftly under the knife as you try to catch them and, by a well-known law of linguistics, these attributes become tacked on to the standard adjective descriptive of the object. 'Runcible', then, means 'small, round, green, and quick-moving'. Mr. Lear applies it to a hat (obviously a bowler), to a cat (and we have all known cats who sit rolled into a ball when not moving swiftly; this one was additionally unusual in that it had crimson whiskers and may well have been green as well) and to a spoon (probably of a kind used in *Roncevalles* to cook peas rather than to eat them) with a long handle and perforated bowl. Miss Tracy applies the adjective to 'man', meaning Mr. Lear, and this may be accepted in the light of his own self-portraits. But it will not do when applied to Mr. Lear as a husband, still less to marriage as an institution, for the 'quick-moving' aspect implies a sort of transitory or evanescent character that Mr. Lear would surely have deplored in marriage or husbands.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

E. M. HUGH-JONES

'That Great Luminary of Architecture'

Sir,—In his talk on Lord Burlington, which appeared in *THE LISTENER* of December 24, Professor Wittkower says that Isaac Ware was Clerk of the Works at the Tower 'by 1728'. This statement has been made by many eminent authorities, but it is clear from the books of the Office of Works that Ware was never Clerk at the Tower at any time.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.20

J. H. V. DAVIES

An Author's Adventure

(continued from page 64)

to the Dominions the wholesaler will normally sell not at 5s. a copy but at 3s. 9d., so that his own margin and mine on those sales will be cut considerably. However, if I manage to sell about 1,700 copies in Britain I shall not actually lose money. If I sell more than that I shall begin to pay myself a handsome royalty, but not till then, whereas, had a publisher reprinted, I should have drawn a small royalty from the very start. On the other hand, if I sell all the 3,000 I am printing, I shall make nearly twice as much money as if I had drawn a normal royalty on the whole 3,000—which is fair enough since the risk now is mine. For this adventure is essentially a gamble. Of course, I can make ends meet on a smaller sale than a publisher could, for he has overhead office expenses which I do not have.

My position is different in other ways, too. This book is important to me in a way it could never be to him. It tries to tell what happened to me and my comrades when we were soldiers; my youth and theirs is in it. In some ways my adventure cannot fail. The book will exist again—be alive. That, from my point of view, is the main thing. And I have enjoyed the business dealings; and in a few weeks' time I shall know whether it has won through or not. But I would emphasise what a small venture it really is: the book is known, this is merely a reprint, and I have had the advantage of photographing the original. But, even so, if what I have done does succeed, it may perhaps break a little new ground in this problem of bringing books back into print.—*Home Service*

THE LISTENER: 1929-1954

I—A selection of cover pictures

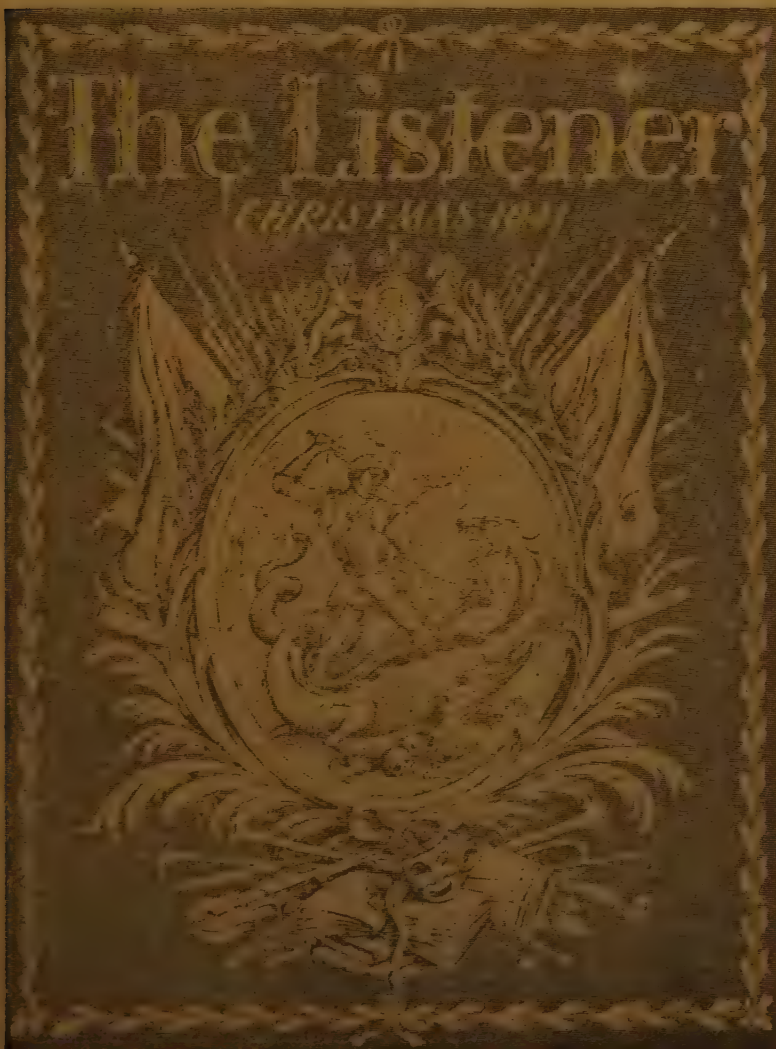
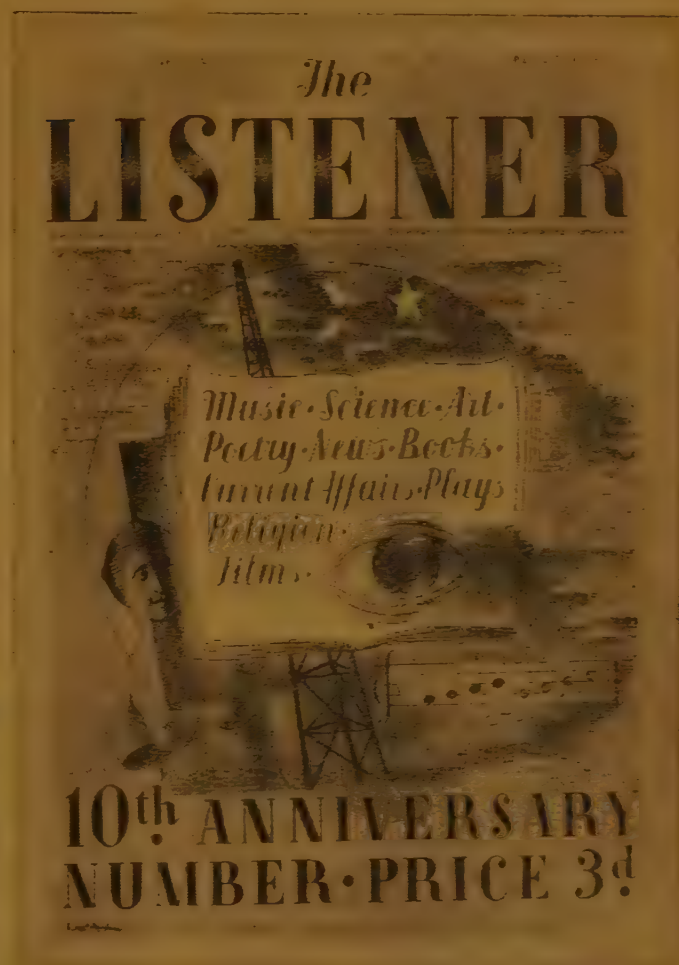


Left: our first illustrated cover, January 3, 1934: 'Boy with a Horse' by Picasso which had just been presented to the Tate Gallery (reproduced by courtesy of the trustees)

Right: 10th Birthday Number, January 19, 1939, (design by Barnett Freedman)

Below, left: Christmas, 1941 (design by the late Rex Whistler)

Below, right: New Year, 1947 (design by Eric Fraser)





Two covers designed for events of historic importance: above, left, Victory Day, June 8, 1946 (issue of June 6). Above, the atomic era: a series of eight broadcast talks on atomic energy were printed in our issue of March 11, 1947



Two of our book numbers: above, Spring Books, 1946 (design by Laurence Bradbury). Right, Autumn Books, 1951 (photograph by John Gay)

II—A selection of talks printed in THE LISTENER during the past twenty-five years

World Peace

By H. G. WELLS

(From THE LISTENER of July 17, 1929)

I HAVE been asked to talk tonight on the subject of World Peace. I had the honour of giving an address in the Reichstag in Berlin upon this subject a few weeks ago; the address attracted a certain amount of attention, it has been published in various languages, and the B.B.C. has afforded me this enviable opportunity of putting my ideas before you. I won't give you a repetition of the Berlin address, however, because it is a little too long for this occasion, but I will give you the gist of it and go on to discuss the hopes and possibilities of world peace of the present time.

My address was a plea for sincerity and reality in these matters. It involved a consideration of how far patriotism was compatible with our desire for peace on earth. That is the main question I would like to put to you tonight. How far is patriotism compatible with peace? How far can we go on being national and patriotic and all that, and still keep on the road to an enduring peace for the world?

A Growing Fashion

For the last year or so there has been a growing fashion for peace demonstrations and peace treaties. The lip service paid to peace is astounding. At times this once sinful planet looks like a grove of olive branches. You cannot even open a military tattoo nowadays without some pious invocation to the spirit of Peace among the nations. In form, at least, war has been abolished for nearly twelve months. It is over and done with and the millennium, we are assured, is here. We have had this Kellogg Pact by which all the governments in the world, all the governments that matter, have renounced war as an instrument of policy. And yet there are intimations that something still remains to be done. Amidst the olive branches the bayonets still gleam—thorns we have forgotten to remove.

The Kellogg Pact has been signed by Italy, and yet Italy has just launched a more efficient battleship than she has ever had before.

The Kellogg Pact has been signed by France, and yet if any young Frenchman thinks that will excuse him from the arduous of military service, the authorities teach him better.

We British have signed the Kellogg Pact, but nobody has told the Air Service, and every week or so the lives of two or three very carefully chosen and exceptionally sound young men are offered up by the chiefs of the Air Arm to the God of Battles.

In America I learn the prospects for an intelligent youngster are better in the Gas Warfare Department than in school teaching or medical work.

And the Germans, who have been restricted to battleships of 10,000 tons, have succeeded, they say, in producing a perfect gem of a battleship, a little perfect 10,000-ton miniature, which is going to put all our navy out of date.

At present we have in the world enough of the most beautiful and powerful apparatus you can imagine to crush, smash, drown, suffocate, poison, blister, scald, rip up and tear to pieces thirty or forty million people—in which thirty or forty millions quite a number of my hearers tonight may confidently count themselves. And every day men of the highest intelligence and the greatest energy are adding to that equipment. It can be replaced as it is used up. It can be extended.

Such considerations as these throw ever so faint a shadow, even in the most optimistic minds, upon the confidence we would all like to feel about that Kellogg Pact. I hate to suggest a doubt of my fellow-creatures but—did the governments that signed the Kellogg Pact really mean it when they signed it? Perhaps they did. The human mind is complex. But if they did it was a temporary exaltation of their minds. The growing armaments are the dominant fact of the situation.

For my own part I think our world is drifting very fast towards another great war, and I think it is doing so because—although most of us are really passionately anxious for peace—we find extraordinary difficulties in turning our feet towards the paths that will establish peace in the world. 'It is not an easy job'. All over current peace

discussions I would like to have it written, 'It is not an easy job. It is easy to go wrong. It is abominably easy to mistake shams for realities'. For most of us it demands very great mental and moral efforts. It demands a change in many of our habits and turns of expression that our habits and traditions dispose us to resist. Consequently very many of us resolve the conflict in our minds by merely talking and sentimentalising against war. We lull ourselves into a false security by following the wide, easy, and obvious paths that seem to lead away from war though, in fact, they do nothing of the kind. We humbug ourselves with peace demonstrations that demonstrate nothing. Because, you see, all these renunciations of war, all these declarations and promises not to go to war, amount to nothing of any practical value until some alternative way of settling the disputes and relieving the stresses between the different states of the world is established.

That's the crux. Nobody can be really blind to these stresses, these constant interferences of state with state. Nobody can really believe that states can dispense with war until they submit themselves absolutely to the direction of some overruling authority in the matters that lead to jars and stresses between them. But none of these treaties contains any provision whatever for such an overruling authority. At the end of the Great War there seemed to be a world-wide will for such an overruling authority. I think most of us common people in 1919 wanted a super-state ruling in the name of mankind. I think there may be still a majority of people today who want such an over-government in world affairs. Many of us thought the League of Nations would be a super-state—and it has turned out to be nothing of the kind. We hoped it would be equipped with armed forces of its own and entrusted with the administration of disputed and forfeited territories. We hoped it would control inter-state traffic. In all sorts of matters, world-health for example, it could have been given decisive powers. It turned out to be not a super-state but a debating society, and nobody believes today that with its present constitution it is or can be any effectual barrier to a great war.

The League of Nations as a practical proposal came from America. America delights in these large uplifting peace gestures. But the failure of the League of Nations to become much more than a debating society and a clearing house for decisions already arrived at by the Great Powers of Europe was due to America. It was due to America because, when put to the test, the Americans proved to be too intensely patriotic to allow the freedom of action of the United States in foreign affairs to be hampered in any way by an international control. They hadn't thought that out. Put to the test, America recoiled and the League was whittled down to what it is. We call it a League, but none of us in England believe or feel that we are leagued for anything. Nor do the French. We don't go to the League to accomplish any common human ends; we go to argue our national and imperial case.

Patriotism versus Pacifism

The world in 1918 wanted security against further wars with a passionate sincerity, but it did not understand the profound incompatibility between patriotism and world peace. It did not understand something which is now becoming the ruling fact in world affairs, and that is this, that the division of the world into separate independent sovereign states is drawing to an end. That has still to be understood. The patriotism of America, because America had not realised this fact, resented any control of its foreign affairs by a European assembly. Our imperialism was equally fierce to dominate the seas and to keep undivided control of our tropical and sub-tropical possessions, new or old. France was, if possible, fiercer. So it was the League of Nations was deprived of all power, all body, and became the amiable focus of peace talk it is today. Patriotism defeated the new pacifism.

Well, what about this patriotism?

I am one of those who think America and Great Britain and France and the other powers should have consented to a federal government with limited and definite world powers in 1919. Patriotism barred

FABER & FABER

Some books of twenty-five years *

Walter de la Mare

Collected Poems : Collected Rhymes and Verses : Peacock Pie : Love : Behold, this Dreamer : Early One Morning : Desert Islands : Collected Stories for Children.

T. S. Eliot

Collected Poems, 1909-1935 : Four Quartets : Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats : Murder in the Cathedral : The Family Reunion : The Cocktail Party : The Confidential Clerk (for Spring publication) : Selected Essays : The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism.

Ezra Pound

The Cantos : Personae—Collected Shorter Poems : The Translations : Literary Essays, edited and introduced by T. S. Eliot : A B C of Reading : The Letters, edited by D. D. Paige : The Poetry of Ezra Pound by Hugh Kenner.

James Joyce

Finnegans Wake : Pomes Penyeach : The Letters, edited by Stuart Gilbert (in active preparation) : A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake by J. Campbell & H. M. Robinson : James Joyce by Harry Levin : James Joyce's Ulysses by Stuart Gilbert.

Poetry & Drama

Publishers of W. H. Auden, George Barker, Roy Campbell, Ronald Duncan, Lawrence Durrell, W. S. Graham, Robert Lowell, Louis MacNeice, Marianne Moore, Edwin Muir, Norman Nicholson, Herbert Read, Stephen Spender, Wallace Stevens, Edward Thomas, Vernon Watkins.

Anthologies

The Faber Book of Modern Verse edited by Michael Roberts : The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse edited by John Heath-Stubbs & David Wright : A Little Book of Modern Verse edited by Anne Ridler : The Faber Book of Children's Verse edited by Janet Adam Smith : The Faber Book of Comic Verse edited by Michael Roberts.

General

Gwen Raverat Period Piece : Maurice Collis Siamese White etc : David Jones In Parenthesis and The Anathemata : Djuna Barnes Nightwood : Robert Graves The White Goddess : J. W. Dunne An Experiment with Time etc : C. A. F. Moberley & E. F. Jourdain An Adventure : Frank Morison Who Moved the Stone? : George Sava The Healing Knife etc : Paul Brickhill The Great Escape : B. H. Liddell Hart Strategy—The Indirect Approach etc : Margery Perham Colonial and Comparative Studies : Paul Rotha Documentary Film : Constant Lambert Music Ho! : Don Marquis Archy and Mehitabel etc : The Complete Nonsense of Edward Lear : Emmet Far Twittering etc : A. G. Street Farmer's Glory etc : George Henderson The Farming Ladder : Sir R. George Stapledon The Land : Now and Tomorrow etc : G. V. Jacks & R. O. Whyte The Rape of the Earth : Gayelord Hauser Look Younger, Live Longer etc : Jean Conil Haute Cuisine : Ely Culbertson Contract Bridge Complete etc : Edited by Sir Cecil Wakeley The Faber Medical Dictionary.

Fiction

Publishers of Peter Abrahams, Phyllis Bottome, Kay Boyle, J. Delves-Broughton, Alfred Duggan, Neil M. Gunn, Cyril Hare, Chris Massie, Christopher Morley, John O'Hara, Forrest Reid, Antonia Ridge, William Saroyan, Siegfried Sassoon, J. K. Stanford, A. G. Street, Charles Williams, Henry Williamson.

Biography & Memoirs

Edith Sitwell Victoria of England, Alexander Pope : Sacheverell Sitwell Splendours and Miseries etc : Enid Starkie A Lady's Child : Alison Uttley The Country Child etc : Herbert Read Annals of Innocence and Experience : Forrest Reid Apostate, Private Road : Somerset de Chair The Golden Carpet : Deneys Reitz Commando etc : James Laver Whistler : Paul Nash Outline : David Magarshack Chekhov : Philip Spencer Flaubert : J. C. Furnas Voyage to Windward : Robert Louis Stevenson : Laurence Irving Henry Irving : Frank Lloyd Wright An Autobiography.

Religion & Philosophy

C. E. M. Joad The Recovery of Belief etc : John Macmurray Freedom in the Modern World etc : M. C. D'Arcy The Mind and Heart of Love : Denis de Rougemont Passion and Society : Charles Williams The Descent of the Dove etc : A. G. Hebert Liturgy and Society etc : D. M. Baillie God Was in Christ : Sir Edwyn Hoskyns & F. Noel Davey The Fourth Gospel : Leslie Paul The English Philosophers : Elie Halévy The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism.

Books on the Arts

The Faber Gallery : The Faber Gallery of Oriental Art : The Faber Monographs on Pottery and Porcelain : Herbert Read The Meaning of Art, Art Now, The Philosophy of Modern Art, Education Through Art, Art and Industry : R. H. Wilenski English Painting, Dutch Painting, Modern French Painters, The Modern Movement in Art : Edited by Leigh Ashton The Art of India and Pakistan : Leigh Ashton & Basil Gray Chinese Art : Roger Hinks Caravaggio : Lawrence Gowing Vermeer : A. K. Snowman The Art of Carl Fabergé : Joan Evans A History of Jewellery 1100-1870 : Augustus John Drawings : Lillian Browse Degas Dancers : W. B. Honey European Ceramic Art : Bernard Leach A Potter's Book : Le Corbusier The Modulor (for spring publication) : Paul Klee Pedagogical Sketchbook : Oliver Simon Introduction to Typography.

Children's Books

Agnès Allen The Story of Your Home etc : Richard Armstrong Wanderlust : Virginia Lee Burton Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel etc : Alice M. Coats The Story of Horace : V. H. Drummond Miss Anna Truly etc : Edited by E. L. Fowler For Your Delight : Wanda Gag Millions of Cats etc : Harold Jones The Visit to the Farm etc : Dorothy Ann Lovell The Strange Adventures of Emma etc : William Nicholson The Pirate Twins : Sergei Prokofiev The Story of Peter and the Wolf : Virginia Pyc Half-Term Holiday etc : Diana Ross The Golden Hen etc : Diana Ross & Leslie Wood The Story of the Little Red Engine etc : Howard Spring Sampson's Circus etc : Jack Townend A Railway A B C : Alison Uttley—the Sam Pig books, A Traveller in Time etc : H. A. Wedgwood The Bird Talisman : Opal Wheeler & Sybil Deucher The Great Musicians series.

* all titles listed in this advertisement are in print

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS 24 RUSSELL SQUARE LONDON WC1

that. I think that patriotism was wrong. But a number of worthy people persuaded themselves that world peace *could* be secured without any infringement or modification or reduction of patriotism. That was the big mistake of 1919. The evidence that it was a mistake is the state of armaments, the fierce tariff walls and the mutterings of war—today. What are we going to do about this patriotism?

Now don't imagine that I am saying that patriotism and loyalty to one's nation and rulers is necessarily an evil thing. It has produced much splendid behaviour in the past. It has been the necessary cement of communities in the past. The method of managing human affairs in separate compartments called independent sovereign states, such as Britain and France, has worked quite well for many generations. But during the course of a lifetime or so there has been a great change in the conditions of human life that renders nice little separate sovereign states a less and less possible method of conducting human affairs, and that makes this patriotism of ours an inconvenience and a danger.

Extension of the Range of Living

What is the nature of that change in human affairs to which I have referred? It is essentially a great extension of the range of our living. It is fairly plain in its broad lines. Consider how people lived in England or France or any other country in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. They ate, they drank, they worked and played, they lived in houses that didn't look so very different from the houses we live in now, their furniture was similar to ours, they had clothes, sometimes more picturesque and elaborate, but otherwise very like the clothes we wear. But their food and drink—with the possible exception of a bottle of wine or so—was produced within a few miles; their tools and playthings were all made nearby; their houses were built of material found in the neighbourhood; their furniture and clothes were equally home products. In a prosperous English home then you might find nothing that came from outside the country except perhaps a little silk, some spice, a bit of gold or a precious stone. The country was a complete system in itself. If in those days England had been cut off completely from all other countries, if all the other countries had suddenly ceased to exist, had been entirely depopulated and cut off from England, people in England could have gone on eating, drinking, working and playing, sheltering themselves and clothing themselves in the way they were accustomed to, with only the slightest changes. And the size of the boundaries and the scope of governments of those days were adapted to that condition of things. England and France and Spain and Portugal were really independent of each other and could get along at a pinch without each other. Each was a little world in itself—into which patriotism fitted beautifully.

But today all that is changed—except that the size and boundaries of England, France, Spain, and Portugal remain almost the same.

Today a large part of our food and drink comes from countries beyond our boundaries and some of it comes from the ends of the earth. We have altered our way of living and become accustomed to a greater variety of foods and our populations have increased beyond the capacity of our national food supply. Need I recite a list of the familiar things that would vanish from our homes if suddenly all that we owe to importation were to disappear: tea, coffee, chocolate, oranges, lemons, bananas, most of our bread, most of our meat, and so on. And equally with our clothing. We should find ourselves half stripped. The car in the garage would become immobilised for want of petrol and our telephone useless for want of copper derived from imported ores. And no effort to adjust things and make our forty-odd million people suffice for themselves would save us. The crops in our fields would wither if the nourishment they had received through imported fertilisers were withdrawn. Seven-eighths of our industries would stop short, through the lack of this or that necessary ingredient, metal, fatty substance, oil, or what not. And that would throw most of our population out of employment. Everything would be dislocated.

You see, instead of belonging, as our great-great-grandparents did, to a comparatively simple local economic community, almost completely self-sustaining within its national boundaries, we have become members of a vaguely defined world-wide economic community. The other parts of the planet have become necessary to us as they were never necessary to our great-great-grandparents, and we and what we do and produce have become necessary to the other parts of the world. This process of the extension and intermingling of needs and interests is still going on very rapidly. We are rapidly becoming one world-wide community of interdependent human beings.

But—and this lies at the root of all this business of peace and war—the sovereign governments of the world have not been able to accommodate themselves stage by stage to this great change, this great fusion of once separate economic systems. They have felt the need, the urgency to do so, but they have not succeeded. The general history of international relations in the last two centuries, indeed, is a history of sovereign states all trying to keep pace with this continually extending range of our vital interests. It is the story of the sovereign states of Europe all thrusting out to get control of the minerals and metals, the tropical products, the food growing areas, necessary for their continuous development. Putting it compactly, every sovereign state in the world is now attempting to become—it is driven by the necessities of modern civilisation to this attempt to become—a world state. And—forgive me for telling you anything so obvious—in one world there can be only one world state.

Now there you have the basic fact of the peace problem before you in a nutshell. The development of human life is forcing us towards the realisation of a single world community. There are only two ways by which we can imagine that world community attained. Either we shall cling to the idea of sovereign independence of states and prepare for a future in which the existing governments of the world will compete and struggle together until only one survives, having destroyed, squeezed out or incorporated all the others in the process, or we shall set our faces resolutely to achieve amalgamations, unions, coalescences and world controls that will lead us to the same end. The former course means war. It means more wars. It means centuries of warfare. It will be like a tennis tournament in which competitor after competitor is eliminated. But the steady increase of destructiveness in war makes it highly probable that human civilisation will be eliminated before the tournament ends. That is the prospect before us if we insist upon developing on our present independent lines. But what of the method of coalescences? Suppose we swallow our patriotism, accept the horrid idea of sharing our government with foreigners and head for the world state. Plainly that means a diminishing use for war until at length the need for war disappears.

I do not think I am announcing any profound discovery in saying this. The facts as I have stated them seem plain before us on the face of modern history.

But do not miss the logic of the proposal. Peace has its price. The price of world peace is the abandonment of the ideas of sovereign independence and national competition. We have to adjust our minds and feelings to that. We have to see to it that our children do not grow up fierce and intolerant patriots. We have to see they grasp and are attuned to the new ideas and are no longer enslaved to the old. We have to think less and less as citizens of our country and more and more as citizens of the world. We have to cease to be national and become cosmopolitan. We have to consider the rulers and governments we have as mere trustees for this great amalgamation before mankind. We have to put world peace now before patriotism, and train ourselves to a new and wider loyalty. Make no mistake about the meaning of such an adjustment. It means a huge mental effort for all of us. It means a great and painful abandonment of many of our dearest habits of mind.

Super-National Controls

Are we making any such effort?

If the ideas I have put before you are sound, then the only method of permanent world peace is the establishment of super-national controls of the common interests of mankind, controls of world trade, world production, the distribution of raw produce among the populations of the earth. It means free trade and free movement about the world. Only in that way can we escape the conflicts that will arise from the otherwise uncontrollable expansive forces of these great separate governments, the United States, Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, our Empire, that now share our planet between them. They are fighting now. Don't be under any delusions about that. Their natures oblige them to fight. They are fighting by tariffs, by interference with free transport and with the free movement of people, and by a great variety of other methods, to thwart each other and protect their own systems. 'Thwart the other fellow', that is the guiding principle of every Foreign Office. It must be while there are Foreign Offices. All these great independent sovereign powers are preparing hard for the wars that must come as the culminating consequences of this incessant mutual jostling and pressure. That is the actual drift of things now. No shadow of an attempt is being made to impose a



On Lasting a Long Time

Among the sensible qualities of the British people is a respect for things that last. Time, we very properly feel, covers a multitude of sins, and longevity is its own recommendation.

The jests of Shakespeare and the rebellion of Shaw could be called in evidence. Three hundred and fifty years have given to the lusty quips that shook the wooden sides of the Globe, if not the odour of sanctity, at least the patina of respectability. And who can believe anything really subversive of a man who lives to be ninety-four?

Of course, nobody can pretend that twenty-five is a great age, but it is a very decent start, and we congratulate *The Listener* on having made it. So many journals and reviews devoted to the more sober aspects of life and literature have fallen by the wayside that we feel inclined to echo Kingsmill's parody of the 'Shropshire Lad' and say

What, still alive at twenty-two,
A clean, upstanding chap like you.

Fortunately, *The Listener* has not felt the romantic temptation of early demise. Instead, it has discovered the prime secret of survival. The recipe for making things last is to put nothing shoddy into them. We speak from experience.

For fifty-two years we have been making dry batteries and we have found that this is not an industry where the customers appreciate the modern principle of rapid obsolescence. People who buy batteries for their torches, radio sets, hearing aids or what-have-you want them to last, and we have put a deal of hard work into meeting this quite natural requirement.

As a result of much research (which goes on all the time) we can say that an Ever Ready battery is like a small edition of the sun held captive in a box. It is imprisoned power waiting for release — power that is as safe, certain and long-lasting as we can possibly make it.

We invite *The Listener* to grow old along with us. Why should either of us offer the public anything second-rate?



super-government upon these monstrous survivals of the political methods of the past. We can't bring ourselves to realise we have grown out of them. Nearly all the children in the world are still being trained sedulously in national patriotism and in devotion to these fighting patriotic sovereign governments that rule our destinies. And what I want to point out to you is that all this flying in the air, and running about the world, and talking of peace, on the part of Prime Ministers and Presidents and prominent people with a love for the limelight, effects nothing whatever until these gentlemen set themselves—and up to now they have given no signs of any disposition to set themselves—to the difficult, complex, and laborious task of welding the nations of the world together in the only system that can possibly hold them together and open a new and happier phase of human life—that is to say, in a system of world controls of what are now the common interests of mankind.

World controls of the common interests of mankind, world controls leading to a world government, to a world state, to Cosmopolis, that is the only way to enduring peace in the world. This means that for a great number of world interests—money, finance generally, seaborne trade, trade between nations, the movements of people, labour control, education, health—foreigners will have a say in what are now exclusively British affairs and that British people will have to take a share, and accept a responsibility, for these things all over the world. You have to scrap the delusion that the British Empire can go on as if the rest of the world didn't matter. If you are not prepared for that much, then you have not even taken the first step in your own mind towards world peace. All these pacts and gestures and demonstrations and celebrations about peace are just a passing fashion in public behaviour unless they lead towards that much cosmopolitanism. A passing fashion. And when these fashions change, as all fashions change, it is you and your children who will be in the storm. It is you who will provide the living stuff to be crushed, smashed, drowned, suffocated, poisoned, blistered, scalded, ripped up and torn to pieces by all the ingenious and admirable new war-material which is accumulating under your noses, paid for by the taxes you pay. You are paying for a mine under your homes, and when it blows up you will realise that you have got what you paid for. The destruction will be not merely material and bodily, but moral. These sons of yours will be debased,

they will be robbed of hope and generosity. Don't take that from me. Read the evidence of the soldiers who have fought. Read, for example, such a book as *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

What is there to be done?

At bottom all human affairs are mental. At bottom all this danger of war, this immense preoccupation with war, rests on the narrow patriotic idea—the old-fashioned and out-of-date narrow patriotic ideals. This is a very deeply rooted complex in the mind. But is it an ineradicable complex? No. People are not born combatant patriots. Patriotism is put into them. It is talked into them. It is taught them. Flags are waved at them. Everyone helps to suggest patriotism to them. But what is taught can to a certain extent be untaught. And teaching can be changed. Children can be taught that the conquest of knowledge, the establishment of world order, the attainment of human health and happiness, are finer ends than pulling down and tearing up one flag in order to hoist another. Alter ideas and you alter the world. And you cannot make the world of mankind budge an inch until you alter ideas.

So there our task is before us as plain as day—if peace is to be established on earth. Let us set our faces hard as learners, as teachers, as parents and rulers, as people who talk and influence others, against the teaching of patriotic histories that sustain and carry on the poisonous war-making tradition of the past. You need not go far to find an objective. And let us discourage the emotions and hysteria of patriotism. Let us check patriotic cant and bear ourselves with a certain critical detachment in the face of patriotic symbols. Let us do everything in our power to forward the new and nobler conception of life in this world as one great citizenship. At bottom—essentially—the peace of the world is an educational battle. The battle for the peace of the world is a battle for cosmopolitan ideas—more particularly in the minds of the young.

Well, the hands of the clock before me motion me to make an end of this talk. I thank everyone who is still listening, for the patience you have shown me, while I have been telling you what I believe to be the most important idea in the world today—the idea that nationalism and patriotism have to give place to cosmopolitanism if the world of mankind is to be saved from continually more destructive and dreadful conflicts. Patriotism has become the enemy of civilisation.

Saint Joan

By BERNARD SHAW

(From THE LISTENER of June 3, 1931: the five hundredth anniversary of the burning of Joan of Arc occurred on May 30, 1931)

I HAVE promised to give a chat here tonight about that very extraordinary young woman who was burnt 500 years ago. Now, when I say that I promised to give a chat, I really mean that I am playing the game quite strictly with you. I have not got a manuscript, mostly copied out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to read solemnly to you giving all the historical details about Joan of Arc. I am sitting here in London quite comfortably, and I shall say anything about her that comes into my head, quite obviously.

You know, of course, that Joan of Arc was a young girl who was burnt. But I want you to get that out of your head; it is not really a matter of very great consequence to us now, the particular way in which she died, and that fact that she was burnt does not distinguish her at all, and does not explain why we are talking about her here tonight, although hundreds of thousands of women have been burnt, just as she was burnt, and yet they are quite forgotten and nobody talks about them.

It was not that she was young, because after the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII, which began the burning of witches (and Joan was burnt because she was a witch), young girls were burnt; but also young children were burnt; quite beautiful young children were thrown into the flames. All that you read. She is only one of a great many people.

There is a parallel case really to Joan's which is very well known throughout all Christendom, and that is the case of the Founder of Christianity Himself, and I sometimes have to remind people that a belief in Christianity does not mean getting very excited in a sensa-

tional way about the very horrible way in which the Founder of Christianity was executed. I think of all the hymns in the English Hymnal the one that I dislike the most is 'When I survey the wondrous Cross'. When people sing that I always feel inclined to say, 'Will you please stop surveying the wondrous Cross, which is not an emblem of Christianity but an emblem of what the Romans called justice, a very cruel, unchristian and horrible thing, and I am sorry to say that we still call exactly the same sort of thing justice'. Not very long before Jesus Christ was crucified 60,000 persons were crucified because they had revolted against their conditions as slaves and gladiators, and they all suffered in the same way that Jesus suffered. And, therefore, in talking of people like Joan and of Jesus Christ you must not think of Jesus Christ as the Crucified One, because there were a great many crucified ones, and the two who were crucified with Him were not persons of very respectable character.

What we have to consider then is, simply, what manner of persons these executed people were that we should, 500 years and 1,900 years after their execution, be still talking about them. And I want particularly to insist on this in the case of Joan, because people think it is such a romantic thing to be burnt, and to be a young woman being burnt, that they begin to insist on the young woman being a beautiful young woman and they begin to imagine that she must have had some very touching and charming love-affairs in her life. Now, I am sorry to disappoint those of my hearers who have that particular romantic turn, but it is a perfectly well-established fact that Joan was not beautiful. It is not merely that people have not mentioned whether she was beautiful or not, but it has been placed on record by her military com-

rades, by the officers with whom she worked in battle and also by the men, who adored her and believed her to be something divine. These officers liked her very much, always remembered her with affection as a comrade, and the men, as I have said, worshipped her; but they all expressly—those of them whose testimony we have still got—explicitly said that the reason, or one of the reasons, why they believed her to be divine was that, although she was a woman, she had none of what our American friends in Hollywood and elsewhere call 'sex appeal'. She was outside that. They felt towards her as they felt towards the Saints and towards the Blessed Virgin; but all that romantic kind of thing was out of the way, was a thing almost blasphemous. And so you must make up your minds to Joan

of Arc as being a person who was not beautiful, who was not romantic, but who, as I said, was a very extraordinary person.

Now, she was burned by a Christian Tribunal. You hear people occasionally discussing whether the French burned her or whether the English burned her and who was to blame in the matter. You need not worry about that. The really significant thing for us today is that she was burnt by a Tribunal which represented Christianity in the world. She was burnt by a Catholic Tribunal, one which at that time really represented the whole Christian feeling of the world. And, furthermore, they gave her a very long, a very careful, and a very conscientious trial; they found her guilty on all the counts of the indictment that was made against her, and she was guilty on every one of those counts according to the ideas of those people, and, I may say, probably according to the ideas of a great many of you ladies and gentlemen whom I am now addressing. She was found guilty of heresy; she was found guilty of witchcraft; she was found guilty of homicidal soldiering, which was a horrible sin for a woman; and she was found guilty of a blasphemous habit of wearing men's attire, which also was considered a very grave and frightful thing for a woman to do. But I may say that the reason it was called blasphemous was, that she not only wore men's dress and insisted on wearing it, but she said that she had been ordered to do it by St. Margaret and by St. Catherine, and that was an appalling blasphemy in those days, and I think it may possibly shock one or two of those whom I am now addressing.

You cannot deny that all these accusations were true accusations. To begin with the heresy. At a time when the whole world was Catholic and when the Reformation had not yet taken place, she was a Protestant; that is to say, she said that God came first with her. He came before the Church; and when she was asked, 'Will you not accept the Church's interpretation of God for you?' she said, 'No; God must come first'. That was heresy. That was about the most shocking thing that could be said to a true Catholic by a true Catholic. And she said this quite naturally. She was not a person who had studied the works of Wycliffe or any of the early Reformers or their precursors. She said that as a mere obvious matter of course. She was so ignorant of the fact that she was a Protestant—she had never heard the word—that she actually proposed to go and lead a Crusade against the Bohemian Protestants, against the followers of John Huss—as we call them. Hussites: and she was quite ready to lead a Crusade to fight and suppress those people, not knowing that she herself was uttering precisely the thing for which the Church had quarrelled with them. They tried her quite mercifully, they did everything they possibly could when they were trying her to get her to take that back; they implored her to consider what she was saying, but she did not realise herself its gravity; it seemed to her to be the perfectly natural thing. She could not understand that the 'men of the Church', as she spoke of them, rather slightly, although she was such a devout Catholic, as she believed—she could not understand how anybody could propose to come between her and God. In that way she was guilty of heresy, in a manner of speaking the most shocking heresy, the most terrible thing that you could be guilty of



Bernard Shaw broadcasting on St. Joan, May 30, 1931

in those days, the crime for which people were burnt; and it was that mainly for which she was burnt.

Furthermore, she was guilty of witchcraft in the sense of the Tribunal before which she was standing, because she declared that her inspiration had been conveyed to her by voices and by visions. In particular, there were three saints—St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Michael—and these, she said, visited her, spoke to her, told her what to do, and she undoubtedly honestly believed that these voices that came to her did come from these saints. Now, the main sin of witchcraft in these days was having intercourse with spirits, and the Church told her that those spirits were evil spirits come to tempt her to damnation. As I have just told you, she said that one of the things that they told

her to do was to dress like a man and, furthermore, to take a sword and go and slay men, and to take part in war. In saying that, in claiming it proudly as being her justification, she was condemning herself to execution for the crime of witchcraft. There was no question of trapping her into these admissions. They did not try to trap her. On the contrary, they really did their best, as you will find, if you read the accounts of the trial; they did all that could be expected of them to make her withdraw them. But she was perfectly steadfast in these statements.

As for the soldiering, that was considered a dreadful thing for a woman to undertake; and I think we who are now speaking to one another may say that it is a shocking thing to think of a woman going out to kill, and risking being killed; I happen to think that it is an equally shocking thing for a man to do, and perhaps some of you will agree with me. But there are certain people who have the misfortune to be born with a talent for soldiering, and there is no doubt that Joan was an inveterate soldier. Whenever there was a battle within her reach Joan got into the thick of it. She fought as a company officer; when her men were flinching or faltering she threw herself into battle, she led them into danger, right up to the danger point. When they were storming a fort she was the first officer at the fort wall and made them come after her. Even when her battles had been successful, to such a point that many of the statesmen and soldiers of her time wanted to stop the fighting, she wanted to go on with it, and, as I told you, even when there was no more fighting to be done in France, she was looking forward to having some more fighting in Bohemia, by conducting a Crusade against the Hussites in that country.

I have already spoken to you about the male attire. So that you see on these counts—heresy, witchcraft, homicidal soldiering, male attire—Joan was guilty. If you consider that sort of conduct guilty, she was unquestionably and on her own confession guilty. She was accordingly sentenced to be burnt to death, that being the usual punishment, the allotted punishment, by the custom of the time, and practically by the rules of the Inquisition, because although the Catholic Church and the Inquisition would not kill anybody directly, they nevertheless handed the condemned person over to what they called the secular arm—that is to say, the military or the civil power—knowing perfectly well the result would be that the person would be burnt to death.

On that particular point of the burning, I want to remind you of one thing. Joan chose to be burnt. She could have escaped being burnt. She tried to escape being burnt by recanting. When they told her that she would be burnt if she persisted, she then said, very well, she did not want to be burnt; she was a very sensible kind of woman and she said, 'Since you say so, I do not want to be burnt; I will take it all back and I will sign a recantation'. She signed a recantation and then it became impossible to burn her. But when she learned that she was not going to be set free, but that she was to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment, she then deliberately withdrew her recantation; she put on her man's dress again, she reaffirmed that her voices, her saints, were saints and not devils, and that she was going to obey their instructions; she relapsed, as they called it, completely into her heresy, and

by her own deliberate choice was burnt instead of being perpetually imprisoned. Now, I recommend that to all of you who are listening to me; because in almost all your criminal codes, here in England, in America, in Italy, in France, we are always condemning people for crimes to this very punishment of imprisonment, of long terms of imprisonment, sometimes of solitary imprisonment, and in that we are using a crueller punishment than burning, according to the judgment of this woman who had her open choice between the two. That is something for you to think about. I will not dwell any more on it.

Now let me say a word as to Joan's life and her abilities. She was, unquestionably, an exceptionally and extraordinarily able woman. She was a farmer's daughter, with no special advantages of education. She could not read and she could not write, although she could dictate letters and did. She had, unquestionably, military ability. In her campaign, the campaign by which she brought King Charles to the throne, she knew exactly what to do at the time when the military commanders of her time were muddling, were hesitating, were wasting their forces in all directions. She concentrated them, she knew how to make soldiers fight, which they did not; she made them fight, she made them conquer soldiers by whom they were accustomed to be conquered. She had great political ability. She saw exactly what was needed to strike the imagination of the French people in getting the Dauphin crowned in the cathedral at Rheims, and she fought her way and made him fight his way to that cathedral and that place, and saw that he was consecrated with the holy oil. She knew that that was the way in which you could swing the political feeling in France to his side as being the anointed King. She had tremendous parliamentary ability. Her trial was a very long business, in which she had to discuss, dispute, argue, and debate with very clever persons. And there she was in a very desperate situation, as she very well knew, and she held her own with all of them.

The trial is very curious. It is not so much the trial of judges who are speaking from the height of their position to a culprit. The whole thing became something like a parliamentary argument, of which she very often got the best, or the better. I cannot elaborate that because my time has drawn to an end. I want only to tell you this: that although the burning of Joan was an inexcusable thing, because it was a uselessly cruel thing, the question arises whether she was not a dangerous woman.

That question arises with almost every person of distinguished or extraordinary ability. Let us take an example from our own times. After the late war the late Marshal Foch was asked by somebody, 'How would Napoleon have fought this war?' Foch answered, 'Oh! he would have fought it magnificently, superbly. But', he said, 'what on earth should we have done with him afterwards?' Now, that question arose in Joan's case. I want to bring it close to the present day. It is arising today in the case of a very extraordinary man, a man whose name is Leon Trotsky. Leon Trotsky's military exploits will probably rank with those of the greatest commanders in future history. The history of Trotsky's train—the railway train in which for a couple of years he practically lived while he threw back the whole forces of Europe, at a time when the condition of his country seemed desperate—that was a military exploit which we are too close to appreciate, but there is no doubt whatever as to what history will say about him; it will rank him along with the greatest commanders. But he is just in the position of Napoleon: when the question arose what was to be done with him afterwards, his own country, Russia, banished him. They banished him to a place at first very much like St. Helena, which we put Napoleon into because we believed it would kill him, and it did kill him. Trot-

sky was put in a very unpleasant place. He is now in Turkey, under happier circumstances. But the question arises there. We are all very much afraid of him: we dare not allow him to come to England, not so much because we are afraid of him making war here, but because his own country is so afraid of him that we feel that any hospitality that we extended to him would be almost interpreted as an attack on the Russian Government. You may think of Trotsky as being a sort of male St. Joan, in his day, who has not been burnt. You may connect him, again, as I say, with Napoleon. You will have to think it all out for yourself because I have no time here tonight to go into it. I have already exceeded my time.

I will just give you one more thing to think about. If you want to have an example from your own time, if you want to find what women can feel when they suddenly find the whole power of society marshalled against them and they have to fight it, as it were, then read a very interesting book which has just appeared by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst describing what women did in the early part of this century in order to get the parliamentary vote. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, like so many other women in that movement, was tortured. In fact, except for burning, she suffered actual physical torture which Joan was spared. Other women suffered in that way with her. She describes from her own experience what those women felt, and how they did it. They were none of them exactly like St. Joan, but I believe every one of them did regard herself as, in a measure, repeating the experiences of St. Joan. St. Joan inspired that movement, that curious movement, which I think is within the recollection of most of you. Think of it in that way. If you read Miss Pankhurst, you will understand a great deal more about the psychology of Joan, and her position at the trial, than you will by reading the historical accounts, which are very dry.

I say one thing finally. Joan was killed by the Inquisition. The Inquisition, you think, is dead. The Inquisition is not dead. Whenever you have a form of government which cannot deal with spiritual affairs, sooner or later you will have the Inquisition. In England it was said there was no Inquisition. That was not true. It was called by another name—it was called 'Star Chamber'; but you always will have a spiritual tribunal of some kind, and unless it is an organised and recognised thing, with a body of law behind it, it will become a secret thing, and a very terrible thing; it will have all the worst qualities of the Inquisition without that subjection to a body of law which the Inquisition finally had. And when in modern times you fall behindhand with your political institutions, as we are doing, and try to get on with a parliamentary institution which is entirely unfitted to modern needs, you get dictatorships, as you have got in Hungary, and in Italy, and—I need not go through the whole list—as you may have at any moment almost in any country, because, as Signor Mussolini has so well said, there is a vacant throne in almost every country in Europe; and when you get your dictatorship you may take it from me that you will with

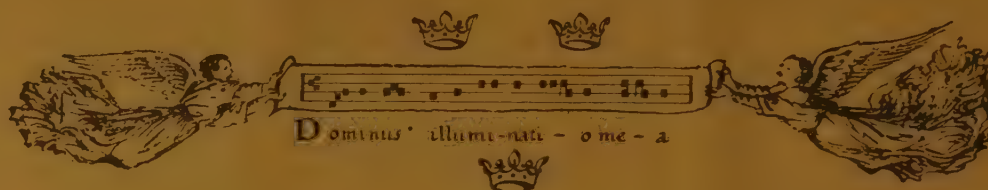
the greatest certainty get a secret tribunal, dealing with sedition, with political heresy, exactly like the Inquisition.

That is all I can say to you tonight. I have not, I am aware, said the conventional thing, or said the historical thing. Well, you can read that. You will find it told very often in a very dull way. I have only spoken here because the whole value of Joan to us is how you can bring her and her circumstances into contact with our life and our circumstances. Now, the British Broadcasting Corporation is in a state of great impatience because I have already stolen nearly ten minutes. I should have taken twenty minutes; I have taken half an hour. Just like me, isn't it? Good night.



The first production in England of 'St. Joan', at the New Theatre, London, in 1924: Sybil Thorndike, as the Maid, recognising the Dauphin (Ernest Thesiger) among the courtiers at Chinon

Bertram Park



THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH TALK

Compiled by JAMES SUTHERLAND 18s. net.
'...a masterpiece of social history... instructive,
amusing, and unique...' RAYMOND MORTIMER
in the *Sunday Times*

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH ADDISON

By PETER SMITHERS 35s. net. '...I only hope
the year will bring other biographies of such
richness and lucid intellectual detachment...'
CYRIL CONNOLLY in the *Sunday Times*

OXFORD JUNIOR ENCYCLOPAEDIA

VOLUME V: GREAT LIVES 30s. net. '...a masterly
volume which cannot fail to fascinate children
with inquiring minds and adults with rusty
memories...' *Times Educational Supplement*

THE PROPHET ARMED

Trotsky 1879-1921. By ISAAC DEUTSCHER
30s. net. A new book by the author of the best
book on Stalin so far published in English
(18 February)

THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP

By W. G. CONSTABLE with 24 half-tone plates
21s. net. A fascinating account of the ways and
means of painting, used by the great artists from
the Middle Ages until to-day (4 February)

THE LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH

Edited by NOWELL C. SMITH *Two volumes:*
84s. net. '...Mr. Nowell Smith joins the small
body of scholars whose names will always be
associated with the Golden Age of Oxford
Editing...' *Oxford Magazine*

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY 1216-1307

By SIR MAURICE POWICKE (*Oxford History
of England*) 30s. net. '...this book is a master-
piece...' *Birmingham Post*

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

SECOND, REVISED, EDITION 42s. net. '...a new and
much better edition of one of the most readable
books of our century...' *Listener*

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

in the *Oxford Standard Authors*. A New Edition
with a Preface by R. W. CHAPMAN. Over 1500
pages. 21s. net. '...there are many handy
editions of Boswell, but none to excel this...'
Manchester Guardian

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE 1829-1953

By R. D. BURNELL. 18s. net. This authoritative
and interesting book is published in the year that
marks the hundredth race in the official series
(February)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Our National Character

By the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.

(From THE LISTENER of October 4, 1933)

I THINK it is a good thing at a time like this to take stock, as it were, of our national characteristics, of any possible changes that are affecting those characteristics, and generally to investigate whence we derive what we call our national character, and how it is fitted to help us in the struggle that lies before us.

Part of the European Imperial Federation

We ought never to forget in England that, for a period as long as from the time of the Reformation to the present day, we were an integral part of the great Roman Empire, and, therefore, an integral part of that great European imperial federation. Historians may differ, and do differ, as to what mark (if any) was left on this country by that Roman occupation, but I find it hard to believe that for 400 years the legions could have lived in this country and not left a mark which, consciously or unconsciously, would be felt for generations afterwards. The name 'England', of course, comes from the great invasion that followed the break-up of that Empire—that is, the invasion of the Saxons; but don't let us run away with the idea that the Saxons who invaded England came from Dresden, because they didn't. They came from the Frisian coast, and they were a people fierce, savage, and with the sea in their blood. And the ages when they were conquering England and settling in it have more right, perhaps, to be called the 'dark ages' than any period in English history since the time of Christ.

If you had been able, at that time, to have flown over Europe in an aeroplane, you could have seen all that was happening in western Europe and central Europe, but when you came to these islands you would have found them shrouded in mist, and it would only be as the clouds rolled away that there showed between the rifts the secular struggle that was going on down below. But little is really known of that settlement, its beginning, or its middle. We do know the characteristics of that race, and how the better characteristics have become part of our own. They were self-reliant, they were bold, they were intensely loyal to their chiefs; they had no national patriotism, for there was no country to which they could be nationally patriotic, but they took the keenest local interest in their own settlements and their tribes, and their own tribal chieftains.

We do not know what it was that sent a whole nation out from that coast into this country, but there is a theory that has been launched by some historians that Attila and his Huns got far north, and that the Saxons *en masse* pushed across the sea to these islands to get away from the Mongolian invasion, which was the thing they hated and dreaded more than anything; and if there be any historical foundation for that, it is rather a wonderful thought that as a by-product of the Hunnish invasion were formed the Venetian Empire in the south of Europe, and, ultimately, the British Empire in the north.

But scarcely had the Saxons completed their works when the most memorable invasion of all took place—the Scandinavian, which was divided in two parts. No one will ever know what was the mysterious urge that drove the Scandinavians out of their fiords and sent them, in their long boats, across the Atlantic down to the Black Sea, so that in Athens, in Venice, in Constantinople, those wild Vikings were equally known. They came, they ravaged, they pillaged, and they settled; and with them there came a sea-sense and love of adventure that has cropped up again and again from time to time in our history, and which, I hope, will be with us as long as we are a nation. It cropped up in Elizabethan times, and it broke out again in Stuart times, and I cannot help thinking that had our people not had in their very souls the sea traditions of their Scandinavian ancestors, the Pilgrim Fathers would never have survived that first winter on Cape Cod. I wonder if you realise what the courage of those men was? Courage enough, when you think, to go in a long boat and push across the North Atlantic! But you must remember that to them the world was full of potential dangers and perils which do not exist for us. They would not have been surprised had they met sea-serpents, or dragons, or men walking

without their heads! All those perils might be expected by them, in addition to the perils of the sea and of the weather. But they faced them; they perished in numbers, but they won through, and not long after there came the last invasion, and, in many ways, the most important of all those that took place on our coasts. And that was the Norman—perhaps one of the greatest races that has ever lived on this earth.

I always think it is a great mistake to regard the Normans who came to this country as Frenchmen. Of course, they were French in a sense, but they were in essence gallicised Scandinavians: they were first or second cousins of the Vikings who had come a century before, at the time that the other Scandinavians settled in the valley of the Seine; and Norman arms and Norman prowess were known, as Macaulay said, 'from the Atlantic Ocean to the Dead Sea'. They were a nation of warriors, and they were much more—a nation which had acquired, in the century or century and a half in which they had lived in France, Christianity, a certain amount of learning, a knowledge of architecture and building, a knowledge of law, and a knowledge of government. They brought to this country a sense of unity, a sense of nationality, and an ordered government. For a century or more, it was a toss-up whether England became a province of a great French kingdom, or whether she became a kingdom of her own. But within a century and a half or two centuries of the Norman invasion, the English nation, for the first time, was welded into one more or less homogeneous whole.

During all the Middle Ages, and indeed, throughout later years—and to a certain extent many of our troubles today are due to the same cause—national boundaries in Europe were fluid. Our boundary was the sea; it was a fixed boundary, and a boundary which none could cross when once there was a united nation able to guard that sea frontier; and it is owing to that, primarily and principally, that we were able to develop in this country our own peculiar civilisation and our own freedom in a security which was alien, at that time, to almost every other nation of the world.

Grim Individuality

I should like, just at this point, to remind you of some words written by a very distinguished historian and Master of Balliol, Mr. A. L. Smith. He said:

Nowhere was the village community so real and enduring a thing as it was in England for at least twelve centuries of its history. In every parish men met almost daily in humble, but very real self-government, to be judged by their fellows, or fined by them, or punished as bad characters; to settle the ploughing times and harvest times, the fallowing and the grassing rules for the whole village. To these twelve centuries of discipline we owe the peculiar English capacity for self-government, the enormous English development of the voluntary principle in all manner of institutions, and our aptitude for colonisation, our politics, our commercial enterprise, our Colonial Empire, are all due to the spirit of co-operation, the spirit of fair-play and give-and-take, the habit of working to a given purpose, which tempered the hard and grim individuality of the national character.

I want you to notice particularly those last words, 'the grim individuality', and 'the spirit of co-operation'. The English character is largely one of those contrasts. As a nation we grumble, we never worry, and the more difficult times are, the more cheerful we become. Indifferent we may be in many ways to what is going on in the world outside, but this indifference is soon shed in times of difficulty. We are always serene in times of difficulty. We are not a military nation, but we are great fighters—as we ought to be, from the stock of which I have told you. We have staying power, we are not rattled. I remember being very amused and rather pleased by a writer in *The Times*, who said that my spiritual home was in the last ditch. If that be so, I share that ditch with most of my fellow-countrymen.

Then, above all, the English people have a curious sense of humour, rather than wit. Humour comes from the heart; wit comes from the brain. We can laugh at ourselves. Do you remember what Ruskin said: 'The English laugh is the purest and truest in the metals that can be minted',

and indeed, only Heaven can know what the country owes to it. Well, laughter is one of the best things that God has given us, and with hearty laughter neither malice nor indecency can exist. And of all men who have shown us what that laughter can mean, none was like Dickens, every one of whose characters is English to the marrow; and if I might mention a living writer, I think the truest Englishmen are found in Mr. Priestley's novels.

Kindliness, sympathy with the under-dog, love of home! Are not these all characteristics of the ordinary Englishman that you know? He is a strong individualist in this, that he doesn't want to mould himself into any common mould, to be like everybody else; he likes to develop his own individuality. And yet he can combine for service. Some of the best things in this country have originated among our own common people with no help from governments—friendly society work, our trades unions, our hospitals, and our education before the state took it in hand. Then the Englishman has a profound respect for law and order—that is part of his tradition of self-government. Ordered

liberty—not disordered liberty, nor what invariably follows, tyranny; but ordered liberty, at present one of the rare things of this topsyturvy world.

If these things be true; if these few qualities and characteristics which I have so briefly mentioned be, in fact, characteristic of our people, I say that such qualities were never more needed in the world. Let us hold on to what we are; let us not try to be like anybody else. It was said by some of the chroniclers of the time, that the Normans conquered England because the Englishmen tried to ape the Frenchmen, and not be themselves. We can respect the fine qualities of other countries, but let us keep to our own. With our pertinacity, our love of freedom, our love of ordered freedom, our respect for law, our respect for the individual and our power of combining in service; indeed, in our strength and in our weakness, I believe, from my heart, that our people are fitted to pass through whatever trials may be before us, and to emerge—if they are true to their own best traditions—a greater people in the future than they have been in the past.

Sporting Occasions

By A. G. MACDONELL

(From THE LISTENER of June 19, 1935)

IN the course of my travels through the world I have found that almost every nation played some kind of game or sport. Several, indeed, played more than one variety. In Kurdistan, for instance, they play polo and shoot tax-gatherers; in Australia they play cricket, lawn tennis, rugby football, hunt the wallaby, and round up the prolific but elusive rabbit; while in India they pig-stick, tent-peg, and throw ropes into the air up which small boys climb and disappear. But it was not until I came to the small group of islands off the coast of Europe that I found a composite set of races, English, Scots, Irish, and Welsh, whose proud boast it is that they take part in every kind of sport and pastime in the world except the assassination of political opponents and baseball. The reason for the abstinence from the former is, apparently, due to the deep-rooted conviction in the hearts of all these singular creatures that all their political opponents are so nearly half-witted that they do far more harm to their parties alive than dead. Their reason for not playing baseball is even more curious. It is, they say, only a glorified form of rounders. The natural prudence of these island races, however, deters them from repeating this statement in front of their American cousins who are somewhat addicted to this sport.

With the exception of these two, therefore, the British play every game. Generally speaking, the activities of the British sportsman may be classified into four sections. First, the striking of different varieties of balls with different varieties of implements. Secondly, the pursuit of some selected animal with the expressed intention of killing it. Thirdly, the performance of some feat of physical strength, agility, or endurance. And fourthly, the 'following', as their expression is, of any one or all of these preceding three. This 'following' may be done with the eye direct, with the ear through a mechanical radio-active device, or with the eye, indirectly, through the public broadsheets or newspapers.

It will be seen from this classification that a British sportsman may either be a person who coaxes a wooden ball through an iron hoop with a wooden mallet, or one who hides behind a rampart of turf and kills an expensive bird with an expensive gun, though with a cheap cartridge, or a person who leaps higher into the air than man has ever leapt before, or a person who adventures a half-crown in support of a horse he has never seen, owned by a man he has never heard of, on a race-course he has never visited, and, by doing so, matches his judgment, knowledge, and wit against a gentleman who possesses about forty times as much of all three.

Let us now consider each of the four classes in turn. The first is the striker of balls. There are an incredible number of these and the players

have only one common quality. They all play with intense seriousness, and whenever Great Britain is defeated in an international contest, they all unite in chanting, as if it were a religious ceremony, 'The trouble with us is that we do not take our games seriously. We are just sportsmen'.

It would be impossible to describe all the varieties of ball game. The most important is the one they call cricket. Twenty-two players are required for this game, but only thirteen play at a time. The other nine sit in the pavilion and do nothing, sometimes for hours on end. In a big match it may be for days on end. A game may last for half an afternoon or for nine whole days—according to the importance of the match. Thus, the less important the match, the faster the play, the more exhilarating the spectacle—and there will probably be about fifteen spectators. But in their big matches, 40,000 people will sit for days and watch nothing happening at all.

Cricket is played with a hard ball, and it is part of the technique of the batter, or defender, to interpose his legs from time to time, as the occasion demands, with such dexterity that the ball strikes them, and the bowler, or attacker, is thereby thwarted in his purpose. If, however, the batter is struck by the ball contrary to his own desire to be so struck, that is not cricket, and a meeting of the British Cabinet is probably summoned to discuss the grave situation that has arisen. So much for cricket.

The next ball game I propose to consider is golf.

The implements of this game are a small white ball and a number of rods with noses attached to them. The rods and the noses may be of metal or wood, as you please. The object is to strike the ball as far as possible in a given direction, to walk slowly after it and strike it again, and ultimately to pop it into a small hole in the ground. Then it is extracted, and the game begins again until the ball of each player has been popped eighteen times into eighteen holes in the ground. The number of strokes required for the eighteen 'pops', so to speak, are then reckoned up, and the players return to the club house and tell lies about their own score. There is no case on record, I believe, of a player exaggerating the size of his score. After a hearty lunch the players often go out again and repeat the performance, thus covering seven or eight miles at a slow walk in the course of a day. Without his implements no golfer would dream of walking 200 yards.

Then there are the two types of football, one played with a large round leather ball, and the other with a large oval leather ball. One is called soccer, the other rugger. Many admirable young men play both games, but for some inscrutable reason the rugger boys regard the soccer boys as inferior beings. The main features of rugger are the 'hand-off'—which is usually a fast uppercut to the chin—and the tackle, which



'The striking of different varieties of ball . . .'

consists of seizing your adversary and throwing him violently to the ground so that your colleagues and playmates may stand upon his face. This they do with great zest and heavy boots. One of the chief reasons why the rugged boys object to the exponents of what is called the 'rival code' is the latter's trick of incessantly appealing to the referee, and here I come to one of those aspects of British sportsmanship which is so very difficult to understand. For though it is bad form to appeal to the referee at soccer, yet it is compulsory to appeal to him at cricket. Indeed a cricketer with a really strong voice—a stentorian voice, if I may coin the phrase—is regarded as a considerable asset to his team, and many a poor batter has been bounced out by the virility of the appeal when combined with the timidity of the umpire.

Lawn tennis has a different technique. The essence of this game is to pat a soft white ball backwards and forwards across a net until one or other of the players either pats incorrectly or is too tired to pat any more. The instrument used for patting this soft white ball backwards and forwards consists of a handle to which is fitted a wide oval frame, strung across with some of the interior portions of the domestic cat. About 1,000,000 of the citizens of these strange islands play this game of lawn tennis, a few on lawns and the rest on gravel, concrete, asphalt, or wood. All of them stay quietly and contentedly at home and play lawn tennis except about half a dozen, and those six travel incessantly, playing lawn tennis, day after day, and year after year, all round the world. These half-dozen are known in the public sheets, or newspapers, as Britain's Best Ambassadors. I could not discover why.

These are the major sports of the British in which some sort of a ball is struck with some sort of an implement.

Let us now examine the second category, in which a day is considered wasted if no bird or animal has been killed. This category may be divided into two sub-sections: that in which the ultimate stroke of sportsmanship is delivered by a dog, and that in which it is delivered by an explosive chemical compound.

The first, or hunting, sub-section is often called the Backbone of England; the second, or shooting, sub-section is often called the Curse of Scotland. I would like to have discussed the two sub-sections separately, first the Backbone and then the Curse, but unfortunately they are mixed up to such an extent, and in such a queer way, that it is impossible to disentangle them. The Backbone consists of a vast number of expensive-looking ladies and gentlemen, often with pink coats on for some reason, and their objectives are the fox, the otter, the stag, and the hare. They pursue these animals on horseback or on foot, uttering as they go a variety of peculiar sounds, such as I had not heard since I crossed the Arizona desert and heard the coyote crying, hoarsely but significantly, to her all-too-distant mate. And in front of them they drive a covey of dogs, whose duty it is to smell out the twistings and turnings of the quarry. The fox-hunter and the stag-hunter are both sportsmen. Indeed, all British hunters are sportsmen. And to shoot a fox is the most fiendish crime in the penal laws of the land. But it is permissible to shoot a stag if the animal is clever enough to evade pursuit and swim out to sea.

It is, however, agreed that the hall-mark of the hunting sportsman is that he risks his life in the pursuit of these animals. He leaps enormous fences, he falls upon his head, he is dragged by the stirrup across ploughed fields, he tumbles into icy streams, he runs till his heart is seriously endangered. But when we come to the second, or shooting, sub-section, the Curse of Scotland, we find that a man or woman can be a sportsman without risking anything more than the life of a neighbour. For the shooter does not risk his life in his pursuit of the red



'... throwing him violently to the ground'



'The most fiendish crime'

grouse; indeed, so nervous is he of any possible counter-aggression by these pretty, succulent, and fast-flying birds, that he usually builds himself—or rather hires someone else to build for him—a rampart of turf, behind which he crouches with a battery of shot-guns. When he is safely ensconced behind his barbican of sods, the sportsman bangs away magnificently at the birds which come soaring overhead.

Again we come up against a dreadful puzzle. We have seen that you may hunt a fox with dogs but not with bullets. It is exactly the opposite with grouse shooting. If you took a pack of dogs and a lot of ladies and gentlemen, many in pink coats, and galloped across a grouse moor after the birds, you would gain no meed of applause, however many stone walls you leapt, or however many raucous cries you uttered. In fact you would be extremely unpopular, and your reputation for sportsmanship would quickly sink.

It is all very bewildering, and it is with a certain amount of relief, I confess it, that I pass on to the third branch of sports and pastimes which are practised in this remarkable group of Atlantic islets. This category, in which no balls are struck nor animals killed, includes jumping as high as possible into the air, running as fast as possible round a cinder-track—sometimes round and round for hours—throwing great weights, whirling flat discs, hopping, skipping, and jumping, vaulting with the aid of a long stick, and riding horse-races. In Scotland there is an additional variety which consists of picking up a telegraph pole, which they call a caber, and tossing it hither and thither in a light-hearted manner. In this category also come boxing, wrestling, fencing, mountaineering, rowing, and the Eisteddfod, a singing match peculiar to

Wales, about which I would prefer to say nothing as the Welsh are a sensitive and pugnacious race.

Boxing is a strange business. Two young gentlemen, as a rule of rather unpleasing features, are placed in an enclosed area, called a ring on account of its square shape, and they then attempt to batter each other into unconsciousness with their hands. It appears that they do this of their own free will and are not in any way compelled to do so by the Government. Mountaineering is even stranger. Parties of men and women ascend the most dangerous and precipitous mountains they can find, creeping like flies on a wall, hanging on by eyelids, teeth, and ears, and only separated from instant destruction by the fiftieth part of an inch. When you ask them why they do this, they reply 'for fun', and immediately dash off and walk up another precipice.

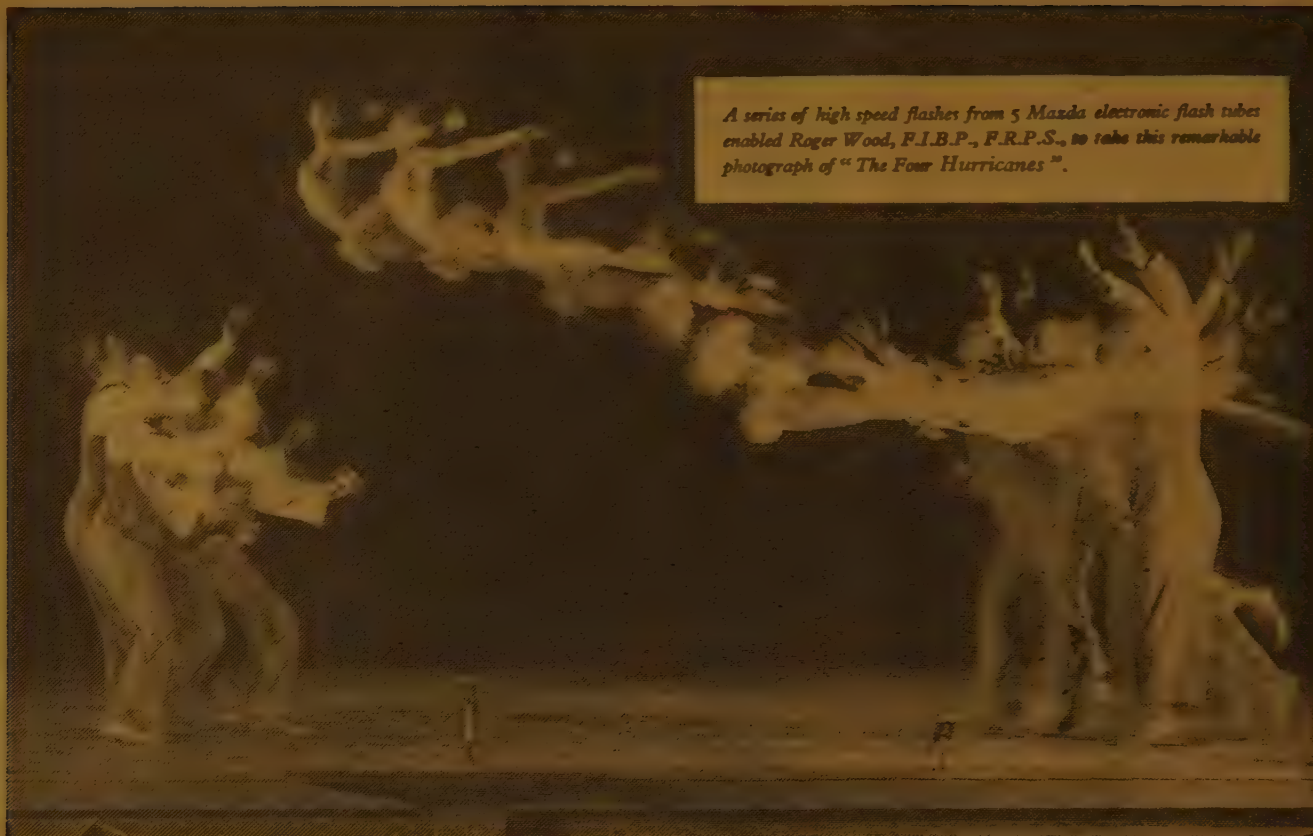
And, lastly, there is that gigantic band of British sportsmen—the Followers. These, as I have said, will bet about horses they know nothing about, will argue about the merits of two boxers they have never seen, and will discourse on the tactics of a game they have never played. When the young gentlemen of two of the most famous universities indulge in a rowing match against each other, the traffic of London is paralysed to allow half-a-million passionate partisans to flock down to the riverside, and not one in a thousand of them was educated at either university, and only a few of them will be able to see more than half a minute of the actual race. In the same way men and women who have never played cricket in their lives will grow pale and tremble all over at the news that an English player has been dismissed for a paltry score in a Test Match on the other side of the world, and the victory of a foreign golfer, boxer, or tennis player is regarded as another nail in the coffin of a once glorious Empire.

It is this fourth category of British sportsmen, the vast army of Followers, which enables the other three to flourish as they do in this amazing little out-of-the-way backwater of the world.



'... galloped across a grouse moor ...'

Drawings by R. S. Sherriff



A series of high speed flashes from 5 Mazda electronic flash tubes enabled Roger Wood, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., to take this remarkable photograph of "The Four Hurricanes".

Almost every
important
lighting development
in the last 50 years
owes something
to BTH

THE SAME RESEARCH and manufacturing resources which produced the first jet engine of Whittle design and the electrical power system of the Comet are also behind Mazda lamps.

For half a century BTH has maintained its reputation for leadership in lighting. During that time many of its developments have become standard throughout the world.

Here are three examples from literally hundreds of recent achievements in the field of lighting.

A LAMP BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN

British Thomson-Houston is now making, in regular production, a lamp no more than six inches long, but some 25 per cent brighter than the sun. This lamp is prosaically catalogued as the Mazda FA-5, but it gives the brightest light on earth.

What is the Mazda FA-5 used for? Ophthalmologists wanted to photograph the inside of the human eye in colour. But colour photography needs a lot of light. If a bright light is shone into the eye, the pupil will automatically close, so the light must be a flash fast enough to beat the pupil. But if the flash is short enough to do this it must have extreme brightness to compensate.

It took BTH Research eighteen months to produce the Mazda FA-5 and thus solve the problem.

CLEVER DESIGN BEATS THE TIDE

At the new oil refinery at Shell Haven large numbers of tankers and oil barges have to be unloaded. At first the highly inflammable cargo could only be unloaded in daylight because the risk of fire from an artificial light was too great. They missed the night tide, and this caused a great delay in the turn round of the vessels.

Then the Oil Company brought BTH into the picture. Drawing on their experience of fluorescent lighting in mines, where safety is of paramount importance, BTH Engineers designed a Mazda Flameproof Fitting. BTH research tested this fitting over and over again by deliberately trying to cause explosions under the most carefully thought out and diabolical conditions. It also underwent the most exacting tests at the Buxton Testing Station of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and came through with flying colours.

They unload now by day and night at the Shell Haven jetty.

MILLIONS OF FLASHES FOR ZEBRAS

All over the country the zebra crossings are getting their flashing beacons. There might not seem to be anything difficult about that.

But there was a problem indeed. Was there a lamp that would stand up to such sustained flashing? Could such a lamp be made?

The answer was surprising: the most suitable lamp was the perfectly normal Mazda lamp that we all buy in the shop. This lamp, operated with a slight voltage adjustment, can be flashed literally millions of times. It is not said for nothing that Mazda lamps stay brighter longer.



Mazda

the lamps and lighting
fittings with



behind them

THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO. LTD.
Member of the A.E.I. Group of Companies

4494

Attractive Modern Homes

A short story by ELIZABETH BOWEN

(From THE LISTENER of April 15, 1936)

NO sooner were the Watsons settled into their new home than Mrs. Watson was overcome by melancholy. The actual settling-in was over only too soon. They had bought the house before it was done building, which had meant putting in time in rooms near by; she had looked forward to having her own things round her again, and come, perhaps, to expect too much of them. The day the last workman left, the Watsons took possession. He screwed the bronze name-plate on to the gate, while she immediately put up the orange curtains to give the facade style and keep strangers from looking in. But her things appeared uneasy in the new home. The armchairs and settee covered in jazz tapestry, the sideboard with mirror panel, the alabaster light bowls, even the wireless cabinet looked sulky, as though they would rather have stayed in the van. The semi-detached house was box-like, with thin walls: downstairs it had three rooms and a larder, upstairs, three rooms and a bath. The rooms still smelled of plaster, the bath of putty. The stairs shook when the wardrobe was carried up: the whole structure seemed to be very frail.

Shavings and trodden paper littered the unmade garden and a persistent hammering from unfinished houses travelled over the fence. Even after dark these hollow echoes continued, for Eagles the builder was selling houses as fast as he put them up, and his men worked overtime, hammering on in the raw brick shells by candlelight. Earthy emanations and smells of shavings, singing and the plonk of boards being dropped filled the autumn darkness on the estate. The gored earth round the buildings looked unfriendly with pain. Outside the gates, drain trenches had been filled in roughly, but the roads were not made yet—they were troughs of mud, harrowed by builders' lorries this wet autumn and bounded only by kerbs, along which you picked your way. It would not be possible yet to get a car out.

The Watsons' house, which they had called Rhyll, stood at the far edge of the estate, facing a row of elms along a lane that used to be called Nut Lane. Between the trees, one hedge had been broken down, leaving a flank of the lane bare to the new road alongside the row of villa gates. The Watsons' best-room windows stared between the trees at a field that rose beyond them: a characterless hill. Almost no one passed, and nobody looked in.

Mr. Watson considered the trees an advantage. He was quick to point out any advantage, with a view to cheering his wife up. His promotion in business, so querulously awaited, came hard on her now it had come, for it entailed a transfer to another branch of the firm and the move here from the place they had always known. Here they were utter strangers; they had not a soul to speak to; no one had heard of them. The eighty miles they had travelled might have been 800. Where they came from they had been born; there had been his people and her people and the set they had grown up with. Everyone took them for granted and thought well of them, so their ten years of marriage had been rich with society. Mrs. Watson enjoyed society and esteem and was dependent upon them, as women naturally are. When she had heard they must move she had said at once: 'We might as well go straight to the Colonies', though after that she enjoyed the melancholy importance the prospect of moving gave her among her friends. Yes, where they came from many people were sorry, if not seriously upset, when the Watsons left: they said it was too bad. But their having come here made no difference to anyone. No one remarked their curtains, no one glanced at the door.

This new town they had come to had a mellow, ancient core, but was rapidly spreading and filling with workers. The Watsons had been edged out to this new estate, the only place where they could find a house. And how un-ideal it was. An estate is not like a village, it has no heart; even the shops are new and still finding their own feet. It has not had time to take on the prim geniality of a suburb. The dwellers are pioneers unennobled by danger. Everybody feels strange and has no time for curiosity. Nothing has had time to flower in this new place.

For instance, the Watsons had neighbours—the houses on either side were already done and lived in. But it had struck her that when they

were moving in—while their van stood at the gate and her imposing furniture jolted up the unmade path—not a next-door curtain twitched; nobody took note. No one asked her in for a cup of tea, that first day, or even offered a cup over the fence. Where she came from, it had been customary to do this for new-comers who had not yet unpacked the kettle.

'It seems odd to me', she had remarked to her husband.

He had been glad to have no one coming around to stare. But he was sorry to have her taking against the neighbours: this would make for no good: 'They're new-comers themselves', was all he could find to say.

'Then you would think they might think'.

He looked worried and she mistook his expression for crossness. 'Oh, all right', she said. 'I merely passed the remark. There's no harm in my passing a remark occasionally, I suppose'.

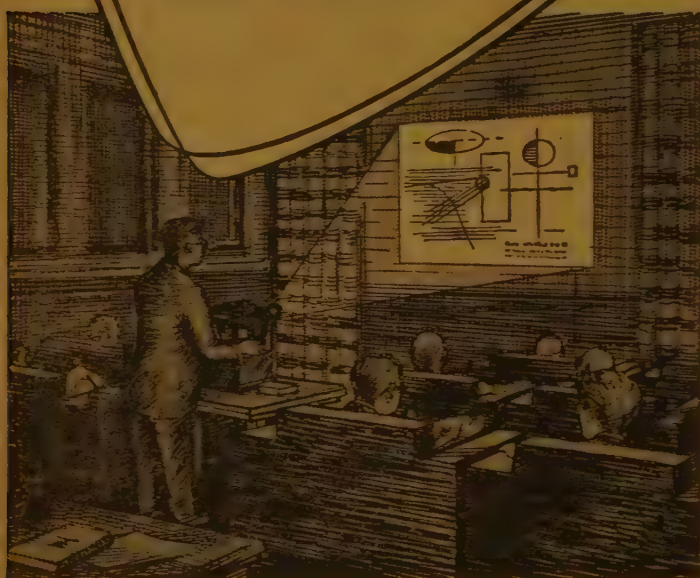
She had never needed imagination herself, but now felt for the first time its absence in other people. Soon she suspected everyone but herself to be without natural feeling. For instance, she had worked on the children's feelings about the move, pointing out that they were leaving their little friends for ever and that their grannies who loved them would now be far away. So that Freddie and Vera wept when they got into the train and whined a good deal during the time in rooms. But now they were delighted with their surroundings; they enjoyed squelching in the deep mud. The half-built houses with their skeleton roofs, scaffolding, tubs of mortar, stacks of piping, and salmon pink window-frames magnetised Freddie, who wished to become a builder. Where they came from, everything had been complete for years. He explored the uphill reaches of Nut Lane, where hedges still arched over to make a tunnel. Vera liked tossing her curls and showing off at her new school, where, her mother warned her, the children were common. Vera was a child with naturally nice ways who would throw anything off, but Mrs. Watson kept watching Freddie closely to see he did not pick his nose, drop h's, or show any other signs of having been in bad company. There was only one school near here: they had no choice. . . . Seeing the children's horrible good spirits, Mrs. Watson said to her husband, 'How children do forget!' Her manner to Freddie and Vera became reproachful and wan. The old gentleman in the house they were semi-detached from gave Vera a peppermint over the fence, but did not speak to her mother.

To realise one's unhappiness as a whole needs some largeness, even of an ignoble kind. Mrs. Watson pitched upon details. The estate was a mile and a half out of the town and 'buses only ran every twenty minutes. By the time you got anywhere it was time to start home again. And what is the good of shops with nobody to walk round with? Also, back where they came from she was accustomed to have a girl in daily to work, but here there was no way of hearing of any girl, so she had to work alone. Being alone all day, she never heard any news except what was in the paper. Back where they came from hardly a morning passed without someone dropping in, or out shopping you met someone, or when you went down the road you knew from the look of windows that people knew Mrs. Watson was going by. Whatever she bought or did invited some heartfelt comment. And he and she had been often invited out. Here they did not even go to the movies: to leave the house after dark fell was not tempting, for lamps along the estate roads were few and dim, making it hard to pick your way on the kerb, and her dread of stepping into the deep mud became neurotic.

Mr. Watson had a vice; he was a reader, and was also always happy messing about with the wireless. He was out all day and talked to men at the office. At week-ends he got on with making the garden; the children played up the lane and she spent most of Saturday wiping mud off the lino. Once, after tea, Freddie came in with a white face to say he had seen something funny up Nut Lane. Though his mother told him at once not to be so naughty, this made her come over queerish, later, herself. She got to dread the country left dingily at their door.

Up to now she had been happy without knowing, like a fortunate sheep or cow always in the same field. She was a woman who did not

WEST lantern slides at meetings and lectures



We at "WEST" are proud to include among those for whom we make Lantern Slides, a number of famous Industrial Organisations whose standards are as exacting as our own . . .

Diagrams, photographs and charts follow each other across the screen to build up a clear incisive picture, often beyond the descriptive power of words alone.

Such things as technical data and marketing techniques are often complicated and difficult for an audience to follow, and the quality of your Lantern Slides can make a lot of difference.

That is how we see it, and why we spare no pains to make the best of every picture in every Lantern Slide we produce.

WESTY SAYS:
For prompt service
ring ABBey 3323.



WEST

LANTERN-SLIDES
make things clear

A. WEST & PARTNERS LTD., 4 Abbey Orchard St., Westminster, London, S.W.1

1929



"ALL-ELECTRIC"

....and weren't we
proud of it!

ONE of the first Philips advertisements to appear in "The Listener" twenty-five years ago featured this receiver and loudspeaker. And how proud we were of them. Justifiably so, for they marked an extremely important advance in Radio. We were able to state that they were "electric throughout, requiring no accumulators and no batteries!"

All-electric reception is, of course, only one of the many major developments in Radio, Television and Record Playing Equipment in which Philips have played a leading part. If you are interested in to-day's most advanced models, Philips Dealers will be pleased to give you a demonstration.



PHILIPS

For your complete home entertainment

TELEVISION RECEIVERS · RECORD PLAYING EQUIPMENT · GRAMOPHONE RECORDS
LAMPS & LIGHTING EQUIPMENT · "PHILISHAVE" ELECTRIC DRY SHAVERS, ETC.

Philips Electrical Limited, Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2
(P. 802)

picture herself. She had looked into mirrors only to pat her perm down or smooth a jumper nicely over her bust. Everything that had happened to her seemed natural—love, marriage, the birth of Freddie, then Vera—for she had seen it happen to someone else. She never needed to ask what was happening really. No wonder the move had been like stepping over a cliff. Now no one cared any more whether she existed; she came to ask, without words, if she did exist. Yes, she felt sure there must be a Mrs. Watson. Asking why she felt sure, she fell prey to every horror of the subjective world. Wandering, frightened, there, she observed with apathy that the perm was growing out of her hair; some days she never took off her overall. She fell into a way of standing opposite the mantel mirror in the front room on heavy afternoons. The room was made water-grey by the elms opposite, that had not yet shed their rotting autumn leaves—there was no frost, no wind, no reason why they should ever fall. There are no words for such dismay. Her blue eyes began to dilate oddly; her mouth took on an uncertain stubborn twist. The hammering from behind the house continued; now and then a gate down the road clicked and somebody walked past without knowing of her.

In all Eagles' houses the married bedroom is at the front. At this time of year the sun rose behind the hill, casting shadows of elms across the blanket about the moment that Mrs. Watson woke. The orange curtains would flame, the bedroom dazzle with sunshine. Though rain often set in later and almost all nights were wet, the early mornings were brilliant. She used to sit up, pull off her shingle cap and shake out her short blond hair, seeing light burn its tips. The empty promise of morning shot a pang through her heart to tell her she was awake again. Mr. Watson slept late with determination; you saw his dread of waking under his lids. He lay beside her in a pre-natal attitude, legs crossed and drawn up, one cheek thrust into the pillow. The ripple his wife's getting up sent across the mattress did not ever disturb him. When she had lit the geyser, set breakfast, and started the children dressing she would come back and shake the end of the bed. The first thing he always saw was his wife at the bed's foot, gripping the brass with sun flaming round the tips of her hair. A Viking woman, foreign to all he knew of Muriel, with eyes remorseless as the remorseless new day, fixed on him in a stare that he did not dare to plumb.

She had given up grumbling and seldom passed remarks now. Something behind her silence he learned to dread.

Saturdays were his half-days. One Saturday, when they had been there about eight weeks, he suddenly struck his fork upright into the garden soil, eased the palms of his townish hands which had blistered, scraped off clods from his insteps on to the fork and went indoors to the kitchen to run the tap. He did all this in the decisive manner of someone acting on impulse, shy of himself. Towelling his face and hands on the roller he instinctively listened. Rhyll was a sounding box and she could be heard not there. She did say something, he thought, about going into town. Freddie and Vera were out about the estate. So there was no one to wonder. . . . So he stepped round the house and out at the front gate. Since they came, he had had no secret pleasure. Today he would start up Nut Lane which, unknown, edged the estate with savageness.

Standing between the stumps of broken-down hedges he looked back at their road. A single twist of smoke from a chimney melted into the thin November grey, but the houses with close 'art' curtains looking unliving—what should animate them? Behind, scaffolding poles, squares more of daylight being entombed there. . . . Inside, the lane was full of builders' rubbish. He started uphill, stepping from rib to rib of slimy hardness over chasms of mud. Rotting leaves made silent whole reaches of lane. Recoiling from branches in the thickety darkness, he thought he had not asked what Freddie said he had seen. The idea of a ghost's persistent aliveness comforted some under-part of his mind.

The slope slackened, the lane was running level through a scrubby hazelwood with the sky behind. This must be round the other side of the hill. He looked into the wood which, because he had not known it existed, looked as though no one had ever seen it before. Part of its strangeness was a woman's body face down on the ground. Her arms were stretched out and she wore a mackintosh. With a jump of vulgar excitement he wondered if she were dead. Then the fair hair unnaturally fallen forward and red belt of the mackintosh showed him this was his wife, who could not be dead. Her manner of being here made his heart stop; then he felt hot colour come up his neck. He foresaw her shame at lying like this here; having heard steps she was keeping her face hidden. He could not have been more stricken in his idea of her if he had found her here with another man. He did not like to see her embrace the earth.

Waiting to bolt if she stirred, he stood where he was, eyeing her figure; its fiercely abject line. He stepped sharply up the bank into the wood. Her not stiffening as he approached shocked him. He pulled up and saw her contract one hand.

He heard himself say: 'So you didn't go to town?'

'No'.

'Feeling bad?'

'I'm all right'.

'Then look here', he said, his voice jumping a tone, 'you oughtn't to be like that in a place like this. I might have been anyone'.

'What of it?' she said, her mouth muffled by grass.

'Besides, look here. . . . That grass is reeking wet'.

'That's up to me', she said. 'Get out. Why keep on coming after me?'

'How should I know? I was simply taking a turn'.

'Well, take your turn', said her dead voice.

He took an angry forward step, looking down at her violently. Nothing appears more wanton than despair. 'I won't have it', he said, 'it isn't decent. Get up'.

She drew her arms in, pushed herself on to her knees and got right up in one slow disdainful movement, keeping her face away. 'Decent?' she said. 'This place isn't anywhere'.

'It's round where we live'.

'Live?' she said, 'What do you mean, live?'

'Well, we —'.

'What do you mean, we?'

'You and I', he said, looking sideways at her shoulder.

'Yes', she said. 'It's fine for me having you. Sometimes anyone would almost think you could speak'.

'Well, what is there to say?'

'Don't ask me'.

'Well, you've got a home'.

'Oh yes', she said, 'I have, haven't I? Yes, it's sweet, isn't it? Like you see in advertisements'. She thrust her thumbs under the belt of her mackintosh.

'You've no business —' he said. 'Suppose Freddie or Vee had happened to come up here. That'd have been a nice —'.

'Well, it'd show Vera —'.

'Look here', he said, 'you're batty!'

'No; I'm just noticing'.

Catching at her near shoulder he pulled her round to face him. His excitement, unfamiliar, excited him; he saw his rage tower. She stood stock still in her buttoned mackintosh, staring woodenly past his shoulder at the bleak wood, unconscious as any dummy of being touched. She said: 'Why is it awful?'

'It's a new place'.

'Yes. But it oughtn't to be awful, not awful like this'.

'Awful?'

'You know it is'.

'We've got each other'.

She gave him that glazed, unironic, really terrible look. Throat nervously filling up, he objected again — 'But people —'.

'Yes, I know they do. Even right in the country miles off. They seem to get on all right. So what I want to know is —'.

'You expect such a whole lot —'.

'No. Only what's natural'.

He frowned down at the form she had left in the crushed autumny grass for so long that she looked down at it too. 'There must be some way', he said. 'To keep going, I mean'.

'Yes, there ought to be', she said. 'If you ask me, I don't know what a house like that is meant for. You can't think what it's like when you're in it the whole time. I can't understand, really'.

'We're the same as we've been always'.

'Yes', she said, 'but it didn't notice before'.

He changed colour and said: 'You know I—I think the world of you'.

'Well, you've sort of got to, haven't you?' she replied unmovedly. 'Why aren't the two of us having a better time?'

'Well, we don't know anyone yet'.

'I wonder', she said. 'Do you think there's so much in that?'

He looked at the wood's dead glades and emascuate sparse leaves thin with afternoon light. 'You know', he said, 'this place will be nice in spring. We might come here quite a lot'.

But, not listening, she said, 'The way we live, we never know anyone. All that crowd back at home, they've forgotten us. It was all

EKCO send sincere congratulations and good wishes to *The Listener* on the occasion of its 25th Birthday

A great day for the LISTENER!

A red-letter day indeed, when you take delivery of this newest Ekco auto-radiogram! Model ARG210 handles up to ten standard or long-playing records without attention and gives you the pick of the world's broadcasts as well. You can see how well it looks in your home: your Ekco Dealer will gladly let you hear how perfectly performance matches appearance! Don't wait for *your* birthday, you are well justified in celebrating *now* with the Ekco ARG210!



ARG210 All-wave Sapele mahogany 3-speed auto-radiogram for 12", 10", 7" records, with storage. 66 gns. (tax paid).

if you've promised yourself a new radio . . .

you can make no finer choice than Ekco. A wide range of models, all quality-engineered and offering utmost value, can be seen at your Ekco Dealer's. A visit well worth making!

EKCO

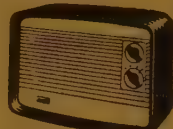
Quality Radio



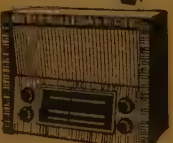
U199 AC/DC, pre-set & manual tuning. 20 gns. (tax paid).



U215 AC/DC, plugs in anywhere. £16 5s. (tax paid).



U195 AC/DC switch-tuned 4-station receiver. £15 7s. 6d. (tax paid).



A160 5-v. A.C. all-wave superhet. Walnut cabinet. £26 (tax paid).



A147 A.C. pre-tuned 4-station receiver. Walnut. £22 10s. (tax paid).



MBP183 AC/DC Mains/Battery portable. 19 gns. (tax paid).



'FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. SAMUEL WELLER', says the title of this illustration in *Pickwick Papers*. And such is the artistry of 'Phiz' that we know Sam would be the kind of man Mr. Pickwick found him to be—cheerful, cheeky, a willing servant and a true friend.

'Phiz', born Hablôt Knight Browne, illustrated ten novels by Dickens between 1836 and 1859. He modelled his pseudonym on 'Boz', the nom-de-plume under which Dickens published his first major work at the age of twenty-five.

It can be said of all the classic figures in literature, whose names are as familiar as our own, that without paper they could never have lived. Nor, indeed, would these famous characters have given delight to so many people all over the world had not the paper-maker made it possible to produce inexpensive editions in vast quantities. Wherever words are read, they are read by the hundred million on paper made by Bowaters.

Bowaters *An international organisation whose Paper and Board Division supplies the papers on which many famous books and magazines are printed.*

Please send me fully illustrated catalogues of the Ekco ARG210 and the full Radio range.

Name _____

Address _____ (L-34)

POST TO E. K. COLE LTD., SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX

THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain • United States of America • Canada • Australia
South Africa • Republic of Ireland • Norway • Sweden

coming in for coffee, or else whist. It doesn't get you anywhere. I mean, you get used to it, but that doesn't make it natural. What I mean is—

However, she broke off there and began to walk away, stepping down the low bank into the lane. 'Yes', she said in a different voice, 'it's a nice wood. The kids know it quite well'.

'What d'you think Freddie saw?' he said rapidly, following her downhill.

'Oh, I don't know. I daresay he saw himself'. Tilted on wobbling heels she went downhill ahead of him, low branches thwacking against the thighs of her mackintosh. A crimped dead leaf caught in her back hair, over her turned-up collar. He followed, eyes on the leaf, doggedly striding, stumbling between the ruts. It was going on tea-time; in the tunnel of lane the twilight was pretty deep and a dull lightish glimmer came from her mackintosh. Coming down, the lane was shorter; the wood was near their door, too near their door.

When, one behind the other, they stepped through the broken hedge opposite Rhyll, a youngish woman stood at Rhyll gate, at a loss, looking about. She was hatless and wore a brick woollen three-piece suit. Her air was neighbourly.

She said: 'Oh, Mrs. Watson?'

Mrs. Watson replied guardedly.

'I hope I may introduce myself. I am Mrs. Dawkins from just along there, Kosy Kot. I was sorry to find you out. I am sure you won't mind my taking the liberty, but your Vera and my Dorothy have been playing together recently and I called in to ask if you'd

think of kindly allowing Vera to stop to tea with Dorothy this afternoon. Mr. Dawkins and I would be most glad that she should'.

'Well, really, that's most kind of you, I'm sure. If Vera's a good girl, and comes home at half-past six—'

'I did hope you would not think it a liberty. I have to be careful with Dorothy, as we are quite new-comers, but Vera is such a sweet, nice little thing—I understand that you are new-comers also?'

'So to speak', said Mrs. Watson, 'we've lived here about eight weeks. But the newer houses are lived in now, I see'.

'It's a nice estate', said Mrs. Dawkins, 'isn't it? Convenient and yet in a way countrified. I shall be glad when they make the roads up; at present Mr. Dawkins cannot get his car out, which is disappointing for him'. She glanced at the blank beside Rhyll where there could be a baby garage.

'We've delayed getting our car till the roads were made', said Mrs. Watson at once. 'The buses being so frequent and everything'.

Mr. Watson, looking surprised, edged past them in at Rhyll gate. Both ladies turned to watch him up the path.

'I always say', continued Mrs. Dawkins, 'that it takes time to settle into a place. Gentlemen, being out so much, don't feel it the same way'.

'It's hardly to be expected', said Mrs. Watson. Putting a hand up to pat all round her shingle, she plucked the leaf from her hair. 'Still I've no doubt a place grows on one. It's really all habit, isn't it?'

This story, which was written originally for THE LISTENER, was subsequently reprinted in a volume of Miss Bowen's short stories entitled *Look At All Those Roses* (Cape, 7s. 6d.).

Every Man to His Post

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

(From THE LISTENER of September 19, 1940)

WHEN I said in the House of Commons the other day that I thought it improbable that the enemy's air attack in September could be more than three times as great as it was in August, I was not, of course, referring to barbarous attacks upon the civil population, but to the great air battle which is being fought out between our fighters and the German Air Force.

You will understand that whenever the weather is favourable, waves of German bombers, protected by fighters, often 300 or 400 at a time, surge over this island, especially the promontory of Kent, in the hopes of attacking military and other objectives by daylight. However, they are met by our fighter squadrons and nearly always broken up; and their losses average three to one in machines and six to one in pilots.

This effort of the Germans to secure daylight mastery of the air over England is, of course, the crux of the whole war. So far it has failed conspicuously. It has cost them very dear, and we have felt stronger, and actually are relatively a good deal stronger, than when the hard fighting began in July. There is no doubt that Herr Hitler is using up his fighter force at a very high rate, and that if he goes on for many more weeks he will wear down and ruin this vital part of his air force. That will give us a very great advantage.

On the other hand, for him to try to invade this country without having secured mastery in the air would be a very hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless, all his preparations for invasion on a great scale are steadily going forward. Several hundreds of self-propelled barges are moving down the coasts of Europe, from the German and Dutch harbours to the ports of northern France; from Dunkirk to Brest; and beyond Brest to the harbours—the French harbours in the Bay of Biscay.

Besides this, convoys of merchant ships in tens of dozens are being moved through the Straits of Dover into the Channel, dodging along from port to port under the protection of the new batteries which the Germans have built on the French shore. There are now considerable gatherings of shipping in the German, Dutch, Belgian, and French harbours—all the way from Hamburg to Brest. Finally, there are some preparations made of ships to carry an invading force from the Norwegian harbours.

Behind these clusters of ships or barges, there stand very large

numbers of German troops, awaiting the order to go on board and set out on their very dangerous and uncertain voyage across the seas. We cannot tell when they will try to come; we cannot be sure that in fact they will try at all; but no one should blind himself to the fact that a heavy, full-scale invasion of this island is being prepared with all the usual German thoroughness and method, and that it may be launched now—upon England, upon Scotland, or upon Ireland, or upon all three.

If this invasion is going to be tried at all, it does not seem that it can be long delayed. The weather may break at any time. Besides this, it is difficult for the enemy to keep these gatherings of ships waiting about indefinitely, while they are bombed every night by our bombers, and very often shelled by our warships which are waiting for them outside. Therefore, we must regard the next week or so as a very important period in our history. It ranks with the days when the Spanish Armada was approaching the Channel, and Drake was finishing his game of bowls; or when Nelson stood between us and Napoleon's Grand Army at Boulogne. We have read all about this in the history books; but what is happening now is on a far greater scale and of far more consequence to the life and future of the world and its civilisation than these brave old days of the past.

Every man and woman will therefore prepare himself to do his duty, whatever it may be, with special pride and care. Our fleets and flotillas are very powerful and numerous; our Air Force is at the highest strength it has ever reached, and it is conscious of its proved superiority, not indeed in numbers, but in men and machines. Our shores are well fortified and strongly manned, and behind them, ready to attack the invaders, we have a far larger and better equipped mobile Army than we have ever had before.

Besides this, we have more than 1,500,000 men of the Home Guard, who are just as much soldiers of the Regular Army in status as the Grenadier Guards, and who are determined to fight for every inch of the ground in every village and in every street.

It is with devout but sure confidence that I say: Let God defend the Right.

These cruel, wanton, indiscriminate bombings of London are, of course, a part of Hitler's invasion plans. He hopes, by killing large numbers of civilians, and women and children, that he will terrorise and cow the people of this mighty imperial city, and make them a

burden and an anxiety to the Government and thus distract our attention unduly from the ferocious onslaught he is preparing.

Little does he know the spirit of the British nation, or the tough fibre of the Londoners, whose forebears played a leading part in the establishment of parliamentary institutions and who have been bred to value freedom far above their lives. This wicked man, the repository and embodiment of many forms of soul-destroying hatred, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shame, has now resolved to try to break our famous island race by a process of indiscriminate slaughter and destruction. What he has done is to kindle a fire in British hearts, here and all over the world, which will glow long after all traces of the conflagration he has caused in London have been removed. He has lighted a fire which will burn with a steady and consuming flame, until the last vestiges of nazi tyranny have been burnt out of Europe, and until the Old World—and the New—can join hands to rebuild the temples of man's freedom and man's honour, upon foundations which will not soon or easily be overthrown.

This is a time for everyone to stand together, and hold firm, as they are doing. I express my admiration for the exemplary manner in which all the Air Raid Precautions services of London are being discharged, especially the Fire Brigade, whose work has been so heavy and also dangerous. All the world that is still free marvels at the composure and fortitude with which the citizens of London are facing and surmounting the great ordeal to which they are subjected, the end of which or the severity of which cannot yet be foreseen.

It is a message of good cheer to our fighting forces on the seas, in the air, and in our waiting armies in all their posts and stations, that we send them from this capital city. They know that they have behind them a people who will not flinch or weary of the struggle—hard and protracted though it will be; but that we shall rather draw from the heart of suffering itself the means of inspiration and survival, and of a victory won not only for ourselves but for all; a victory won not only for our own time, but for the long and better days that are to come.

Music Halls of My Youth

By SIR MAX BEERBOHM

(From THE LISTENER of January 22, 1942)

LADIES and Gentlemen,
or—if you prefer that mode of address—G'deevning!

It is past my bed-time; for when one is very old one reverts to the habits of childhood, and goes to bed quite early—though not quite so early as one went to one's night-nursery; and not by command, but just of one's own accord, without any kicking or screaming. I always hear the nine o'clock news and the postscript; but soon after these I am in bed and asleep. I take it that my few elders and most of my contemporaries will have switched off and retired ere now, and that you who are listening to me are either in the prime of life or in the flush of enviable youth, and will therefore know little of the subject on which I am going to dilate with senile garrulity.

Would that those others had sat up to hear me! In them I could have struck the fond, the vibrant chords of memory. To instruct is a dreary function. I should have liked to thrill, to draw moisture to the eyes. But, after all, you do, all of you, know *something* of my theme. The historic sense bloweth where it listeth, and in the past few years there has been a scholarly revival of interest in the kind of melodies which I had supposed were to lie in eternal oblivion. Some forty years ago that enlightened musician, Cecil Sharp, was ranging around remote parts of England and coaxing eldest inhabitants in ingle-nooks to quaver out folk-songs that only they remembered. It was a great good work that Cecil Sharp did in retrieving for us so many beautiful old tunes and poems—poems and tunes in which are enshrined for us a happier and better life than ours, a life lived under the auspices of Nature. I salute his memory. And I take leave to think that he would have been as glad—well, almost as glad—as I am to hear, as I often do hear on the wireless, revocations of things warbled across the footlights of music halls in decades long ago. For these too are folk-songs, inalienably English, and racy of—no, not of the soil, but of the pavements from which they sprang. I even take leave to think that if Shakespeare had lived again and had heard them warbled into his plays, just as he had introduced—with magical variations, of course—the

folk-songs of his own time. He might have done so. Or, again, he might *not*. For he was very keen, poor man, on a thing which many of the younger poets of our day disapprove of, as being in rather bad taste: the element of beauty. And I cannot claim that this element was to be found in the songs of the 'Lion Comique' or of the 'Serio' of my day or of the days before mine. Indeed, I cannot claim for these ditties much more than that there was in them a great gusto. But gusto is an immense virtue. Gusto goes a huge long way.

'My day', as I have called it, dawned exactly fifty-one years ago. I was a callow undergraduate, in my first Christmas vacation. I had been invited to dine at the Café Royal by my brother Julius, whose age was twice as great as mine; and after dinner he proposed that we should go to the Pavilion Music Hall, where a man called Chevalier had just made his *début*, and had had a great success. I was filled with an awful, but pleasant, sense of audacity in venturing into such a place, so plebeian and unhallowed a den, as a music hall; and I was relieved, though slightly disappointed also, at finding that the Pavilion seemed very like a theatre, except that the men around us were mostly smoking, and not in evening clothes, and that there was alongside of the stalls an extensive drinking-bar, of which the barmaids were the only—or almost the only—ladies present, and that the stage was occupied by one man only. One and only, but great: none other than The Great MacDermott, of whom I had often heard in my childhood as the singer of 'We Don't Want to Fight, But, by Jingo If We Do'. And here he was, in the flesh, in the grease-paint, surviving and thriving, to my delight; a huge old burly fellow, with a yellow wig and a vast expanse of crumpled shirt-front that had in the middle of it a very large, not *very* real diamond stud. And he was still belligerent, wagging a great imperative forefinger at us across the foot-lights, and roaring in a voice slightly husky but still immensely powerful a song with the refrain 'That's What We'd Like To Do!' In Russia there had been repressive measures against Nihilists, and Mr. Joseph Hatton had written a book entitled *By Order of the Czar*—a book that created a great sensation. And in consequence of it The Great MacDermott had been closeted with the Prime Minister; nor did he treat the interview as confidential. I remember well some words of his song:

'What would you like to do, my Lord?'

I asked Lord Salisbury—

but the words need the music; and I remember the music quite well



Albert Chevalier, 'a very elastic and electric little creature', in a Cockney part from 'Winkles and Champagne', by Willson Disher, Ballerina



The Great MacDermott: a caricature of 1880



Gus Elen 'defied the conventions by the desperate glumness of his demeanour on a stage where cheeriness against all odds was ever the resounding key-note'

courtship of 'Arriet by moonlight, or in his enjoyment of the neighbours' good wishes as he drove his little donkey-chaise along the Old Kent Road. I was at that time too young to appreciate the subtleties of the technique that he had acquired and matured on the legitimate stage. But in later years I knew enough to realise that he was becoming rather a slave to these subtleties. He was no longer content to merge his acting in the singing of a song. He acted outside the song, acted at leisure between the notes, letting lilt and rhythm go to the deuce. But his composition of words and music never became less good. There was always a firm basic idea, a clear aspect of human character. 'My Old Dutch', 'The Little Nipper', 'You Can't Get a Roise out o' Oi', and the rest of them, still live for that reason. I had the pleasure of meeting him once, and was sorely tempted to offer him an idea which might well have been conceived by himself: a song about a publican whom the singer had known and revered, who was now dead, whose business was carried on by his son, Ben, an excellent young man,—'But 'e'll never be the man 'is Father woz'. The chorus was to be something of this sort:

I drops in to see young Ben
In 'is tap-room now an' then,
And I likes to see 'im gettin' on becoz
'E's got pluck and 'e's got brains,
And 'e takes no end o' pains,
But—'e'll never be the man 'is Father woz.

But nothing so irks a creative artist as to be offered an idea, good or bad. And I did not irk Chevalier.

A man who introduces into an art-form a new style of his own has usually to pay a high price for having done so. Imitators crop up on all sides, cheapening his effects. This price Chevalier did not have to pay. He escaped in virtue of being partly French. His manner and method were inimitable in our rough island halls. Singers of coster songs began to abound, but they were thoroughly native and traditional. Gus Elen defied the conventions only by the extreme, the almost desperate glumness of his demeanour, and the bitterness of what he had to say, on a stage where cheeriness against all odds was ever the resounding key-note. Immensely acrid was the spirit of his 'E Dunno where 'e Are' and of

too. A pity I can't sing it. But perhaps I could do a croaking suggestion of it. . . .

'What would you like to do, my Lord?'
I asked Lord Salisbury—
'The great Election's very near,
And where will then you be?
The English people have the right
To fight for those who are
Being oppressed and trodden down
By Order of the Czar.
That's what we'd like to do!
Beware lest we do it too!
To join those aspirants
Who'd crush Russian tyrants—
That's what we'd like to do!'

And I do assure you that the audience would have liked to do it. You may wonder at that, after hearing my voice. You would not have wondered had you heard The Great MacDermott's.

But the fierce mood was short-lived. There arose in the firmament another luminary. Albert Chevalier, as new as MacDermott was old, came shining forth amidst salvoes of fervid expectation. A very elastic and electric little creature, with twists and turns of face and body and vocal inflections as many as the innumerable pearl buttons that adorned his jacket and his breeches. Frankly fantastic, but nevertheless very real, very human and lovable in his

his 'Well, it's a grite big Shime'; but even these were mild in comparison with the withering pessimism of a later song of his. Often, in the work of some of those younger poets whom I have mentioned, I am reminded of that famous song 'What's the Good of Ennyfink? Why, Nuffink'.

Very different was the philosophy of Dan Leno. Fate had not smiled on him, his path was a hard one, he was beset by carking troubles and anxieties, he was all but at his wits' end, the shadow of the work-house loomed, but there was in his little breast a passion of endurance, and a constant fount of hope, that nothing could subdue. His meagre face was writhen with care, but the gleam in his eyes proclaimed him undefeatable. He never asked for sympathy: he had too much of Cockney pride to do that; but the moment he appeared on the stage our hearts were all his. Nature had made him somehow irresistible. Nor do I remember anyone so inexhaustible in drollery of patter. He was, by the way, the inaugurator of patter. In his later years he hardly sang at all. There was just a perfunctory gabble of a stanza and a chorus, and the rest was a welter of the spoken word—and of imaginative genius.

He used to appear yearly in the Drury Lane pantomime, with the enormous Herbert Campbell as foil to him. But there he was wasted. Team work nullified him. He could shine only in detachment. Besides, Drury Lane was too big for anybody but Herbert Campbell; and for him, it seemed to me, any music hall was too small. But I was very fond of him, that Boanergic interpreter of the old tradition, with Mr. James Fawn as his only peer or rival. Physically somewhat less great than these two, Mr. Charles Godfrey had a wider range. He could be heroic as well as comic; and he abounded in deep sentiment. 'After the Ball' is indeed a classic; but alas, as I found some years ago in a modern song book, the text has been corrupted, to suit tastes less naive than ours were.

The unsophisticated syntax of what Godfrey sang in his baggy dress-suit has been wantonly changed. No doubt you know the opening words of the present version. But what Godfrey gave us was

Came a small maiden,
Climbed on my knees,
'Tell me a story,
Do, Uncle, please!'
'Tell you a story?
What shall I tell?
Tales about giants?
Or in the dell?'
After the Ball was over,
after the—

and so on.

Mr. Harry Freeman sounded no depths, and scaled no heights of sentiment, and indeed had no pretensions of any kind, except a thorough knowledge of his business, which was the singing of songs about beer, about the lodger, about being had up before the beak, about the Missus, about the sea-side, and all the other safest and surest themes. He never surprised one. He never disappointed one. He outstood in virtue of being



Charles Godfrey 'could be heroic as well as comic; and he abounded in deep sentiment' *'Picture Post' Library*



Dan Leno: 'his meagre face was writhen with care, but the gleam in his eyes proclaimed him undefeatable'

From 'Harry Randall by Himself' (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

£4,315

FOR YOU, AT AGE 55

Twenty-five years ago, when the first issue of "The Listener" was published, some men and women began a system of saving for their later years under a plan offered by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. To-day, with their policies maturing for payment, they are reaping the benefit of their wise foresight.

FOR YOU TOO, AT AGE 55. A cash sum of £4,315 or a private income of £264 guaranteed for life from age 55, will secure your independence in later years. Even if you are in an occupation (for example, a Civil Servant or Teacher) entitling you to a pension, you will be glad of the extra annual income this plan provides.

Suppose, for example, you are not over 45, this is how the plan will help you—for women the benefits are slightly different. You make agreed regular monthly, half-yearly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada, and at 55 you will receive £4,315 plus accumulated dividends—or £264 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45 the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,300 FOR YOUR FAMILY. Whilst building up this fund or private income, your family is provided for. Should you not live to reap the reward yourself, your family would receive £3,300 even if you had lived to make only one payment under the plan.

INCOME TAX SAVED. You will be entitled to the appropriate relief from income tax on all premiums you pay under this plan.

FILL IN, DETACH AND POST THIS COUPON

(Postage 1½d. if unsealed)

TO M. MACAULAY (General Manager for Gt. Britain and Ireland)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

7 SUN OF CANADA HOUSE, COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

By filling up and sending the enquiry form you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements.

The plan can be modified to fit savings large or small and the proportionate cash or income is in most cases available at age 50, 55, 60, 65.

It also applies to sons and daughters who would greatly benefit by starting now. It is the safest and most profitable way of providing financially for you and yours.

CASH OR PRIVATE INCOME
PROVISION FOR MY FAMILY

I should like to know more about your plan as advertised without incurring any obligation.

NAME
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

Exact date of Birth

Do you know

What is a "Go-D"?

Who or what are the "merry dancers"?

Which are the most fertile regions of the oceans?

When is an image latent?

What is the longest homing flight by a bird?

What do physicists expect from their big machines?

The answers to these and similar questions on the progress and problems of science were given in articles contributed by authorities of the highest standing to the four issues of *The Times Science Review* in 1953. During 1954 this quarterly publication will continue to stimulate and satisfy the curiosity of both student and layman by providing an authoritative survey of advances in fundamental research and its practical application.

The next issue will be published on February 9

THE TIMES SCIENCE REVIEW

Price 6d.

To be obtained from all newsagents and bookstalls. The annual subscription rate—for the four issues—is 2s. 6d. Orders should be sent to the Subscription Manager, The Times, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

a perfect symbol and emblem of the average. I delighted in him deeply. I think he had a steady influence on me. To this day, whenever I am over-excited, or am tempted to take some unusual and unwise course, I think of Harry Freeman.

A saliently sharp antithesis to him was R. G. Knowles, 'The Very Peculiar American Comedian'. Nothing restful, everything peculiar, about him! He alone had a 'signature tune'. He was the inventor of that asset. The opening bars of Mendelssohn's Wedding March were played as he rushed on from the wings, hoarsely ejaculating 'I've only a moment to linger with you': a tall man with a rather scholarly face, wearing a very shabby frock-coat, an open collar, and not very white duck trousers, much frayed at the heels of very large old boots; also an opera-hat, flat brimmed and tilted far back from the brow. He spoke rather huskily, with a strong native twang, at the rate of about ten words to the second. I tremble to think how many anecdotes he must have uttered before he broke into a brief song and rushed away to linger for a few moment with an audience in one of the other halls. From some of his anecdotes one gathered that he was no prude. But there one wronged him. Some years ago my dear friend William Archer, the famous dramatic critic, and introducer of Ibsen to our shores, told me that he had recently met, travelling in India, a man of whom I probably knew a good deal, R. G. Knowles, a music hall performer. 'He told me', said Archer, 'that he had definitely retired from the music halls; and I asked him why. He said that the tone of them had fallen to a very low level: there was so much that was objectionable. He said "Mr. Archer, in my turns there was never anything objectionable. Sudge-estive—yes"'

I am not in a position to deny that objectionability may have super-vened. I had ceased to attend the halls because the virus of 'Variety' had come creeping in: conjurors, performing elephants, tramp-bicyclists, lightning calculator, *e patati e patatà*. The magic had fled—the dear old magic of the unity—the monotony, if you will—of song after song after song, good, bad, and indifferent, all fusing one with another and cumulatively instilling a sense of deep beatitude, a strange sweet foretaste of Nirvana.

I often wondered, in the old Tivoli or elsewhere, who wrote the common ruck of the songs I was listening to, and what the writers



R. G. Knowles, 'The Very Peculiar American Comedian': a caricature by Max Beerbohm

bought one half so precious as the wares they sold. As to their tariff, I once had a queer little side-light on that in a newspaper report of a case in the county court at Hastings. The defendant stated that he earned his living by writing the words and music for music-hall songs. He was asked by the judge how much he earned in the course of a year. He replied promptly 'Three hundred and sixty-five pounds'. And then, the judge being astonished at such exactitude, he explained that he was paid one pound for every song, and wrote one every day.

I should have liked to learn more about him. That he was not of the strictest sect of Sabbatarians is obvious. For the rest, what manner of man was he? Was he entirely a creature of habit? Or had he sometimes to plod without aid from his Muse, while at other times she showered inspiration on him? Was it in the comic or in the sentimental vein that he was happier? And was he a discerning judge of his own work? For aught I know, he may have written and composed 'Daisy, Daisy, Give me your Answer True'. On the evening of that day, did he say to himself, 'Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme'? And this question leads to another. Why, exactly, has 'Daisy, Daisy' triumphed perennially, holding her ground against all comers? There is a reason for everything in this world, there is a solution of every mystery. And, with your co-operation, I should like to—but time forbids. I should like also to have said a great deal about Marie Lloyd, whose funeral was less impressive only than that of the great Duke of Wellington; about Little Tich, who took Paris by storm; about Vesta Tilley and Mark Sheridan; also about Miss Ada Reeve, and about Mr. George Robey. To her, and to him, and to the shades of those others, I apologise for my silence. The work of all of them gave me great delight in my youth. Perhaps you will blame me for having spent so much of my time in music halls, so frivolously, when I should have been sticking to my books, burning the midnight oil and compassing the larger latitude. But I am rather impenitent. I am inclined to think that a young man who desires to know all that in all ages and in all lands has been thought by the best minds, and wishes to make a synthesis of all those thoughts for the future benefit of mankind, is laying up for himself a very miserable old age.

Good night, children—everywhere.

A Conversation with George Moore

By JAMES STEPHENS

(From THE LISTENER of January 16, 1947)

I WAS Registrar of the Dublin National Gallery at one time. My man came in and said: 'Mr. George Moore to see you, sir'. 'Ah', said I to myself, 'the famous novelist that everybody talks about and nobody reads, and of whom I've never read a word either!'. . . 'Show him in', said I.

In ten more seconds George Moore stepped into my lovely office. There were three or four pictures on each of my walls, and a beautiful fire in the grate. Moore looked very carefully at all my pictures before he looked at me, and said: 'Ah, copies, I presume'.

'I think not', I replied, 'but you are more of an expert than I am'. Moore sat down. 'You are an expert, *ex officio*', said he. 'Oh no', I answered, 'I am merely a very superior official: my Director is Quattrocento and my Board is Byzantine. They are our experts'.

An odd thing happens when two writers meet. Without a word being uttered on the subject each knows in thirty seconds whether the other has ever read a line of his work or not. Neither of us had, and we were both instantly aware that life is not perfect, but, while I was full of patience and hope, Moore was scandalised. Still, literature was his subject, and this was so in a deeper sense than in any other writer I have ever met. In the way of being dedicated to the craft of writing Moore was that. He lived for the prose way of thinking—

wine, women, and murder—and I am sure that when he was asleep he dreamed that he was writing a bigger and better book than any he had yet managed to produce. He loved the art of prose: for poetry he had the traditional reverence that we all have; but I fancy that he had small liking for it. Poetry presents a problem to the prose men, for it can exist very energetically without character, without humour, it can even get along without action, where prose must have all of these. The novelist may often think of poetry as almost a complete destitution, or as the stock-in-trade of a beggarman. 'Poetry is nothing written by no one', is the prose definition of it.

'What are you working at now, Stephens?' said Moore.

'This morning', I replied, 'I translated the County of Mayo'.

'That is my own county', said he, 'and so I am interested. But, my dear Stephens, that poem has been translated so many times already, that you are wasting your, ah, talent, yes, perhaps talent, on a job that every literate person in Ireland has done before you'.

'Why, Moore?' said I.

Here he broke in, 'Don't you think, Stephens, that I have come to the years in which younger men should address me as "Mr. Moore"?'.

'Certainly, Mr. Moore', said I—and he smiled a grave, fattish and reprobating smile at me.

'You were going to say', he prompted, turning on me his pale

fattish face and his sloping, thinnish shoulders, and his air of listening to me almost as through a key-hole.

'Only, sir, that a translation is never completed until it has become a piece of original verse in the new tongue'.

That is an excellent and beautifully impossible definition', said Moore. 'Perhaps', he went on, 'you would like to say the verses to me. How many are there?' he added hastily.

'Only four', I answered, 'and as it is about your own county, sir, you should be the first to hear them'.

'Thank you, Stephens', said he, unnecessarily, for I intended to say that poem to someone. So I said the little poem, and he praised it highly, mainly I think because I had called him 'sir'.

'I must leave you very soon', said he, 'for I have a lunch engagement, but if you ever need literary advice, I hope you will write to me. In fact, I beg that you will do so, for I have a proposition to make to you'.

'I am in need of advice right now, Mr. Moore', said I, 'and although some might think the matter not literary I consider that everything that has to do with a speech problem has to do with literature'.

Moore agreed. 'Psychological problems', said he, 'are women and religion and English grammar. All other problems are literary. Tell me the matter that is confusing you, Stephens'.

'Well, sir', said I, 'I have been invited to the first formal dinner party of my life'.

'Your first dinner party?' he queried.

'I have eaten', I explained, 'with every kind of person and at every kind of table, but I have never "dined" with anybody'.

'At a dinner', said he, 'formal or informal, you just eat your dinner'.

'Oh no, Mr. Moore', said I, 'the problem has nothing to do with mastication and is quite a troublesome one. I shall be sitting at a strange table and on my right hand there will be a lady whom I have never seen before and may never see again'.

'Quite', said he.

'On my left hand', I continued, 'there will be another lady whom I've never seen before. In the name of heaven, Mr. Moore, what shall I say to these ladies?'

'Why', said Moore thoughtfully, 'this is a problem that never struck me before. It is a very real one', said he, sitting up at me and at it. 'If you were an Englishman', he went on, 'you could talk a

little about the weather, vaguely, you know, a number of Dirty Days and How are You's and then you could say a few well-chosen words about the soup, and the meat, and subsequently about the pudding—pudding, Stephens'.

'Dammit', said I.

'An Irishman', Moore said, 'can always find something to say about the cattle, and the crops, the manure, and the . . . No, no', he continued energetically, 'no manure—ladies think it is very strange stuff: they prefer to talk about theatres, actors, I mean, and hats. I'll tell you, talk to the first woman about how pretty her dress is; say that you have never seen so lovely a dress in your life. Then turn to the other hussy, and say that she is the most beautiful person in the room. Admire her rings: don't ask her where she got them: never ask a woman where or how she got anything whatever; questions like that often lead to divorce proceedings. In short, Stephens, talk to them about themselves, and you are pretty safe'.

He enlarged on this matter: 'You may talk to them about their hair and their eyes and their noses, but', he interrupted hastily, 'don't say anything whatever about their knees'.

'I will not, Mr. Moore', said I fervently.

'In especial, Stephens, do not touch their knees under any circumstances'.

'I will not, Mr. Moore'.

'Restraint at a formal dinner party, Stephens, is absolutely necessary'.

'I quite understand, sir'.

'Moreover, Stephens, women are strangely gifted creatures in some respects, all women have a sense akin to absolute divination about their knees'.

'Ah, sir?' I queried.

'When a woman's knee is touched, Stephens, however delicately, that lady knows infallibly whether the gentleman is really caressing her or whether he is only wiping his greasy fingers on her stocking. But formal dinner parties are disgusting entertainments anyhow. Goodbye, Stephens'.

'Goodbye, Mr. Moore', said I fervently, 'and thank you very much for your help. I shall never forget those ladies' knees'.

Moore smiled at me happily, almost lovingly. 'Write to me about this dinner party, Stephens'.

'I shall certainly do so, Mr. Moore'.

And that was our first meeting.

The Uncertainty Principle

By Professor E. N. da C. ANDRADE, F.R.S.

(From THE LISTENER of July 10, 1947)

THE certainty of science—this is a phrase that is familiar to many listeners and that suggests the greatest precision, the greatest possible assurance about all things—about all things, at any rate, that have to do with position, mass, and motion. Within the last fifteen years or so, however, a new principle has been introduced, and generally accepted, which affects our fundamental ideas; and it is called the uncertainty principle—the principle of uncertainty. It was established by a physicist and mathematician, Heisenberg, who received the Nobel Prize in 1932 for his work on the structure of the atom and atomic particles, and it was this work which led him to the principle. This principle does not set out to deal with our uncertainty on metaphysical questions, our difficulties about the problems of being and reality, about fundamental links between matter and spirit and such like, but with problems of measuring the behaviour of electrons and other ultimate particles which lie at the basis of modern physics. Nevertheless we shall see in the end that whether we like it or no it does bring us face to face with certain fundamental philosophical questions. I am now going to try to explain what this principle of uncertainty means. It is not altogether an easy task, but I think that if you will let me begin a little before the beginning and go slowly we may get there together.

In many ways Sir Isaac Newton is the founder of modern science. Before his time it was not suspected that there were a few universal laws which governed the material motions of all things in the heavens

as well as on earth. Before his time the planets and the other heavenly bodies were believed to be under a special dispensation: their motions and their nature were controlled by special influences. Newton showed how three laws of motion, together with the assumption of universal gravitation varying in a certain way with the distance—the famous inverse square law—were sufficient to explain the motions of the planets and the motions of the earth, as well as the tides and many other happenings, celestial and terrestrial, which until his time had been mysteries. He also hinted that similar, if not identical, laws would explain the motions and combinations of atoms, that is, the facts of chemistry. This demonstration that there were certain universal laws which matter obeyed has influenced all subsequent thought. It appears, for instance, in Meredith's famous sonnet, where Lucifer, looking at the heavens, saw how:

Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

Newton's astronomical work was developed and perfected by the great French mathematician Laplace, who died 120 years ago. Laplace came to the conclusion that every particle in the universe must obey the Newtonian laws of motion. Now if we know the laws of the force with which one particle acts on another particle, and if we know at a given moment the position and velocity of every particle in the universe, we should, if we had a mind big enough to work it all out, be able to foretell the motion of every particle to all eternity and so know in advance every happening, from the smallest to the greatest, in the universe. A

mind of human pattern but vastly more efficient would, if given the mass, position, and velocity of every particle, have sufficient data to work out the whole future. There would be complete certainty for any brain big enough to carry out the mathematics, quite apart from any other qualities. This is a position which is no longer tenable on scientific grounds. This certainty is not possible, even theoretically, let alone practically.

A Final Explanation Impossible

Let us consider for a moment the effects of Laplace's pronouncements in certain quarters. Round about the time of the French Revolution, when he flourished, it led some men to a kind of mechanical mythology, to a belief that a final explanation of the world could be found in physical and mechanical principles. In the nineteenth century this view was not widely held, because most scientists realised that science is only a description of certain selected aspects of the external world, but at the same time greater and greater precision was hoped for as time went on—for instance Karl Pearson, who taught me mathematics when I was a young man, said at the beginning of the century: 'If our mechanical description of the universe has not progressed at the rate Laplace felt justified in hoping for, it is largely because we have had no second Laplace to deal with "the infinitely little" as the first Laplace dealt with "the infinitely great"'. Today, however, we have Laplaces dealing with the 'infinitely little' and from them we learn that the certainty which Laplace hoped for is, in the nature of things, impossible.

In the lifetime of a man like myself, not yet completely an old creak, the basic conceptions of physics have undergone grave changes. The laws of mechanics established by Newton still apply to the planets, to all ordinary mechanisms and machines, to projectiles and even to microscopic bodies. But it has been found that they do not apply to the behaviour of the ultimate particles of physics—to the electron, the proton, and the other inconceivably minute specks of which atoms are made up. All movements going on inside atoms, all forces within atoms obey a new type of scientific law, the so-called quantum mechanics. Planck and the other founders of this new mechanics of the infinitely little were driven to the position that the laws which governed visible particles did not hold for atomic processes, since they found that consequences worked out on the old lines did not agree with experiment. They then found by daring and inspired assumptions—one might almost say by sublime guesswork—what hypotheses squared with experimental results. The names of Planck, Einstein, Bohr, Heisenberg, Dirac, and Schrodinger were prominent in these advances.

The quantum theory applies to electromagnetic waves of all kinds, and electromagnetic waves include wireless waves, infra red waves, visible light waves, ultra violet light and X-rays. Now to every particular unmixed kind of wave belongs a particular wavelength—as you know, the wavelengths of the kind of waves that you usually listen with are measured in hundreds of metres, for instance 514 metres, but the waves of visible light have tiny wavelengths, measured in hundred-thousandths of an inch. About fifty waves of green light go to the thickness of a cigarette paper. However, to ultra violet light belong still shorter wavelengths and to X-rays very much shorter wavelengths still.

For the quantum theory the important thing is not the wavelength but what is called the frequency of the wave, that is, the number of complete waves sent out in a second, or, what comes to the same thing, the number of complete backward and forward swings that take place at a given spot in a second. You can find this by dividing the speed of the waves by the wavelength. The figures come out to be enormous—thus the frequency of your 514 metre wireless wave is a little under 600,000 per second while the frequency of yellow light is about 500,000,000,000,000, and the frequency of the kind of X-rays used for medical purposes is about 10,000,000,000,000,000,000.

Essence of the Quantum Theory

Now that we are clear as to what is meant by the frequency of a wave we can consider the essence of the quantum theory. The older view of radiation took no particular account of the method by which atoms started and stopped sending out waves, but supposed, in a general kind of way, that they could send out any particular amount of radiant energy that circumstances happened to dictate. It was agreed that we could not divide matter up indefinitely, because we should come to atoms; when, later, the structure of the atom became known, the electrons and other particles became indivisible, yet nevertheless

it was still believed that we could divide radiant energy up into amounts as small as we liked. However, the quantum theory, which came into prominence well after this present century started, says definitely that this is not true; that radiant energy is sent out in definite units—or packets, as we may call them—and absorbed in packets. We may, perhaps, be allowed to say that the old theory considered that the emission of light was something like a jet of water pouring from a hose: the quantum theory thinks of it as in some ways more like a stream of bullets from a machine-gun. The bullets are very small indeed, but the idea that radiant energy, although possessing wave properties, is atomic in nature has changed the face of theoretical physics.

The packets of radiant energy have a peculiar and fundamental property: the amount of energy in the unit packet depends upon this frequency that we were discussing. In fact, the amount of energy is found simply by multiplying the frequency by a fixed, exceedingly small, number, called Planck's constant, after Max Planck. This means that the unit, or quantum, of X-ray energy is very large compared to the quantum of visible light energy, while the quantum of wireless wave energy, where the frequency is relatively very small, is so minute that for all practical purposes we can consider the radiation continuous. The fact that, for X-rays, the packet, or atom, or quantum, of radiant energy is comparatively large does not, of course, mean that the total energy sent out by an X-ray tube need be large: there may be comparatively few units. The fact that the unit of smoking in the cigar class is very expensive compared to the unit of smoking in the cigarette class does not mean that more money is spent on cigars than on cigarettes.

Radiant Energy

Radiant energy, then, is sent out by atoms in units, and these units behave in a very queer way, almost like tiny projectiles in many respects. It is hard to make a simple picture of how they can have wave properties and projectile properties at the same time, but they have. For instance, consider the photo-electric effect, that is, the fact that radiation in the form of short waves falling on a metal surface causes a release of electrons from the metal. It turns out that the speed with which the electrons leave the metal depends upon the frequency, but not upon the strength, of the radiation: electrons driven out by the high-frequency X-rays have high speed, electrons driven out by ordinary light have slow speed. Making the light stronger means just more electrons released, not faster electrons. This is because one quantum of radiation hands over its whole energy to one electron, more or less as if the quantum were a packet delivered at a particular point.

Still more surprising is an effect discovered by A. H. Compton—that if a quantum of radiation encounters an electron it can knock it on, or sideways, just as another particle might do, handing on part of its energy and going on itself with a smaller energy, that is, for the radiation, a smaller frequency. This effect is important only if large quanta of radiant energy are concerned, that is, for X-rays and not for visible light—in fact, for visible light the effect can generally be neglected. For X-rays, however, the change in frequency which occurs when electrons are pushed about has been measured, and agrees closely with the theory. I must ask you to hold close to this rather astonishing idea, that radiation of high frequency, that is of very short wavelength, like X-rays, cannot fall on an electron without giving it a push, and that the higher the frequency, the bigger, generally speaking, the push. This is very important for our uncertainty principle.

Suppose that we try to picture how the atom gives out and absorbs radiation. Any electromagnetic wave must be started by some movement of electric charges, that is, when we come down to atomic happenings, by the movements of electrons. When the quantum theory of light spectra was stated by Niels Bohr he assumed that the electrons were going round the atomic nucleus in orbits and that in their movements they were governed by Newton's laws of motion. In fact, he supposed that they behaved exactly like planets going round the sun, except that in place of the gravitational attraction between sun and planet we had the electrical attraction between positively charged nucleus and negatively charged electron. However, he had to deny that the ordinary laws of electromagnetism were true for the movements of the electric charges, for if they were valid his moving electrons would have to radiate energy in a way that would have made his orbits impossible. He also had to limit his possible orbits to only a few out of the infinite number of ones that were possible according to the Newtonian laws of motion. He made up a set of rules for the

For Investments and Savings

2 ¹/₂ ⁰/₀

**INCOME TAX
PAID**

Every £1 invested with the Church of England Building Society earns this net rate of interest without liability to income tax, which is borne by the Society. This is equivalent to £4.10.10d. per cent where an investor is assessable to income tax at 9/- in the £. £25 shares may be purchased in full or by subscription. They do not depreciate, and your capital will be both secure and accessible. £5 may be withdrawn on demand, up to £50 within a few days, and larger amounts at reasonable notice.

3 ⁰/₀

**INCOME TAX
PAID**

The Society's new *Five Year Plan* provides for regular monthly subscriptions, from £1 to £10, to be maintained for 60 calendar months. On completion a *special bonus* is allowed, making the interest throughout the period equal to 3% net (income tax paid by the Society). Subscriptions may be withdrawn at any time before maturity, with normal 2½% interest added. Local paying-in facilities save trouble and postage.

Write for copy of investment booklet and details of Five Year Savings Plan

ASSETS EXCEED £8,000,000 RESERVES £410,000

CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY

6 & 7 NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telephone: CEN 8455

Incorporated 1882

Two holidays in one...

A COACH TOUR—AND A REST



See in comfort

You can rely on these motor coach tours of the Continent. They are good in every way, planned from start to finish by the most famous name in travel. You stay at good hotels and travel in splendid modern coaches, escorted throughout. Make sure—book Cooks.

BELGIUM, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE (with 7 nights at INTERLAKEN in the Bernese Oberland)

14 DAYS HOLIDAY, escorted throughout, 49 GNS.



Travel in comfort

FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIAN TYROL AND SWITZERLAND (with 7 nights at SEEFELD in the Austrian Tyrol)

15 DAYS HOLIDAY, escorted throughout, 52 GNS.



Stay in comfort

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND AND ITALY (with 7 nights at LUGANO, beside a beautiful lake)

15 DAYS HOLIDAY, escorted throughout, 53 GNS.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN RIVIERAS (with 7 nights at NICE, beside the blue Mediterranean)

14 DAYS HOLIDAY, escorted throughout, 54 GNS.

Departures weekly from April 12. Choice of other tours from 25 Gns. for 7 days holiday.

To Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. 11/1/NJ, Berkeley Street, London, W.1, or branches; or any office of Dean & Dawson Ltd.

Please send me your Continental Coach Tour folder.

M.....

Address.....

Post in unsealed envelope, 1½d. stamp.



POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER

The



witchery

of

No Craven man burdened by care or trouble ever sought in vain for comfort from his pipe of Craven Mixture. Craven gives pleasure which no one but those in its spell can ever know—the deep, luxurious witchery of the very soul of Tobacco.

Try CRAVEN

As the first pipeful casts its bewitching spell you'll agree with Sir James Barrie who said in 'My Lady Nicotine' that CRAVEN "is a tobacco to live for". Every Craven man knows how right he was.

Craven

Three mellow, slow burning, richly satisfying blends
Craven Mixture 4/7 ounce, Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/3 ounce, Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 ounce.

movements of electrons within the atom and these rules had the great merit that if you applied them mathematically you got out a series of results which agreed beautifully with the experimental observations. This was a great achievement and brought into a reasonable scheme the very complicated spectra of the light emitted by atoms, which before Bohr had defied all explanation. However, the situation was not very tidy, since the Newtonian laws of mechanics were assumed to hold when it was convenient and were thrown overboard and replaced by quite different laws when that was convenient, and men of science don't like this kind of thing.

Such was the situation about twenty years ago. The great leaders were none of them very happy about this system of electrons in orbits restricted by arbitrary rules, for there were many difficulties, but nothing better seemed to offer.

Theory of Wave Mechanics

Then Louis de Broglie started, and Schroedinger and others developed, the theory of wave mechanics, on which electrons have both wave and particle properties at once. I have already stated that the earlier quantum theory gave to radiation certain particle properties as well as the familiar wave properties: the theory of wave mechanics gave to elementary particles, like the electron and the proton, wave properties as well as their familiar particle properties. The theory was soon brilliantly verified by experiment. The behaviour of beams of electrons in vacuum tubes when electric and magnetic fields act on them can be explained by supposing that electrons are electrified particles. But when electrons pass through very thin films of metal—or are reflected from crystals—they do not behave at all like particles: they produce patterns on a photographic plate which remind one of the coloured rings made by light passing through thin films of air or oil, rings which can only be explained by giving wave properties to the light—or to the electron in this case. The experimental evidence for the wave nature of light and the wave nature of the electron or other ultimate particle, is much the same. With radiation the wave properties force themselves on the attention and the particle properties are less obvious: electrons, protons, and so on were discovered by their particle properties, and the wave properties were revealed later.

The wave and particle properties of both radiation units and electrons cannot be reconciled on any ordinary model, such as we can imagine constructed with corks or shot or water waves. The waves which describe the electron express, in a sense, where it is most likely to be found but do not give it a precise position. A wave particle is an uncertain particle. The waves in wave mechanics are not ordinary waves, but waves that express probability. The mathematician is content with symbols that express vibration if they enable him to calculate events, without knowing what it is that is vibrating, just as the ordinary citizen is content with his symbol, a pound note, if it will buy something, without—perhaps luckily—enquiring too closely just what it represents. It acts.

Turning back to the planetary model of the atom, an essential consideration for the new theory was that no experiment has ever been imagined which can possibly tell us where the electron is in its orbit at any moment. The minute orbits which earlier theories supposed to be within the atom are as remote from observation as the circulation of thought about them in our heads. They can have no real existence. The system of complicated paths has been replaced by a system of waves. It is as if people had been talking about a rumour travelling, believing that there was some thing journeying in a definite path, and that then it had been pointed out to them that what was really observed was the chance of finding somebody talking about the subject of the rumour: this probability, this chance of finding someone talking, was greater in places that lay in what was called the path of the rumour than in other places.

Things were thus getting vague when Heisenberg emphasised—it had been more or less half realised before—that not only had we never thought out a way of detecting the exact path of an electron, but that it was fundamentally impossible to do so. The general problem of exact prediction demands, as I have said, an exact knowledge of both the position and the velocity at a particular instant. He said that this could not thinkably be found. He argued along the following lines. If we are to find out where an electron is we must illuminate it with some kind of light—not, of course, necessarily visible light—and look at it with some kind of microscope—not necessarily an ordinary microscope—not using the eye, but using a photographic plate or some other unbiased detector. Now, what kind of radiation should we use? To

decide on this matter, consider just a minute point of light, as small as you can imagine. If we use a lens to form an image of this point we do not get a corresponding magnified speck, as we should do if light travelled in absolutely perfect straight lines. Owing to the wave nature of light an edge does not throw an absolutely sharp shadow—and a lens, even an ideal lens, does not give an absolutely sharp focus. There is a certain spreading, and the image of a sharp point is a small blurred-disc, surrounded by a ring. However, the shorter the wavelength the smaller and more exact becomes the image of the point. What we have to do in our imaginary experiment to 'see' the electron therefore seems obvious: use very short wavelength radiation, use a very penetrating X-ray, or the even shorter gamma rays from radium. This should give us accuracy of position.

Let us now turn to the question of the speed of the electron. You will remember that on the quantum theory light behaves like a particle, and that the size of the quantum of energy depends on the frequency. The shorter the wavelength the higher the frequency and the bigger the quantum of radiation. Now comes in the effect found by A. H. Compton, of which I told you earlier. When we send our quantum, our packet of light, to illuminate the electron, it knocks it on or knocks it sideways; the shorter the wavelength, the more energetic the quantum and the bigger the push it gives the electron when it hits it. The result, then, of illuminating the electron in order to see where it is, is to push it somewhere else, and there is no way of getting over this. You cannot find out where a particle is without illuminating it, using the word in its most general sense, and the illumination changes the motion of the electron in a way that we cannot allow for.

So we have the paradox that if the illuminating radiation has a low frequency we give the electron a very small push from the quantum of radiation, but get a very indefinite idea as to where it is: if we use a high frequency radiation we get a good location but give the electron a heavy push which sends it to somewhere quite different from where it would have been if we had let it alone. We cannot therefore, by the essence of things, ever by any conceivable experiment find out at the same time where an electron is and how fast it is moving—if we know where it is precisely, we are very indefinite about its speed, and if we know precisely what is its speed, we are very indefinite about where it is. Further investigation shows that the same kind of thing happens with other physical quantities—by the essence of things if we know the energy of an electron precisely we cannot find accurately the time at which it had this energy, and, if we know the time exactly, we do not know quite the energy. It is this essential, inevitable uncertainty that is embodied in Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. The principle also tells us about the size of the error that we must make about one quantity if we determine accurately its pair, its complementary quantity, and shows that the error is not appreciable unless we are dealing with electrons and other ultimate particles. The principle does not make any difference to our old ideas about finding the speed and position of things like bullets, which as our instruments grow better and better, we can fix as closely as is ever practically needed.

If the whole thing seems difficult or absurd, let me illustrate the position—only illustrate, not explain it—by examples from ordinary life. It is impossible for a headmaster to find out for himself how the boys behave when he is away, because when he comes to look the boys behave differently. His presence alters the conditions. And G. K. Chesterton once pointed out that even the most natural actors were not really behaving naturally, for no people would behave as *they* did if they were in a house where one wall had been taken away and replaced by rows and rows of spectators. If they were bashful people behaving naturally they would go away. The fact that they are being looked at makes their behaviour unnatural.

Science Becomes Modest

When it comes to observing ultimate particles such as the electron, the observed and the observing are linked together in such a way that precision is impossible. So today, instead of saying that if we knew at one instant the position and velocity of every particle in the universe we should be able, in principle, to calculate everything that was going to happen, we say that, in principle, it is impossible to know at one instant the position and velocity of even one single particle. It is not a question of improving instruments—the thing is unknowable. Science has become very modest.

Let us consider one or two examples to indicate our limitations, our ignorance. You know that the atoms of a radioactive substance give out spontaneously a particle, and, in giving out the particle, they change

SAVE YOUR SIGHT—BY BETTER LIGHT

How often does one hear the remark, "Have you seen the lighting at so-and-so's?"—and only too often, that is all one does see, namely, the light fittings and a lot of glare, rather than the objects which are supposed to be illuminated.

Nowadays there is a tendency to forget that, just as the purpose of a window is both to light and to ventilate a room, so the purpose of a lighting fitting is solely to light the room, with the object of enabling us to see everything in it clearly and comfortably.

The G.V.D. SYSTEM does this in the most efficient, effective and economical manner.

The accompanying illustration shows how perfectly and delightfully a room can be lighted by our system with glareless, shadowless and evenly diffused light, and how economically this can be done, there being only one fitting and only one lamp in it.

We neither use nor recommend fluorescent lighting, nor the very high intensities that are so commonly advocated nowadays. One of the results of glare, high intensities and the widespread use of fluorescent lighting, is shown in a recent report of the Ministry of Health, which discloses the fact that nearly 27,000,000 pairs of glasses were supplied during the first five years' work of the National Health Service.

The G.V.D. SYSTEM is applicable to every type and size of room or building and is already in use by thousands of concerns, including Government Departments, Universities, Schools, Libraries, Churches, Hotels, great Industrial and Commercial Undertakings and innumerable private individuals.

Those who saw the recent televising of the Crib from the famous Crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields may have noticed some of the lighting fittings which we have just installed there.

Other recent installations of ours include: The Fiery Cross at St. Mary Woolnoth; Queen's Chapel of the Savoy; Magdalene College, Cambridge; The New Birkbeck College; Cheltenham College; Hereford Cathedral School; The Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd.; Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd.; Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd.; Cunard House Ltd.; Jonathan Cape, Ltd.; The Publishers Association; The Institute of Physics; The Institution of Naval Architects; The New Health Club; The London Clinic; The London Health Centre, Ltd.; The Polygon Hotel, Southampton; The Bank of England Printing Works.



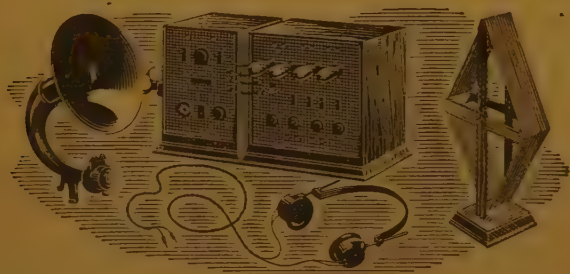
A ROOM AT THE NEW HEALTH CLUB

For further particulars please apply to:—

G.V.D. ILLUMINATORS

29b TORRINGTON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: MUSEum 1857



Remember?

25 years ago! A generation away. We talked of John Henry and super-hets, of those marvellous moving-coil speakers—and that new paper, *The Listener*. We had got round to using our Ericsson Headphones for listening solo or were reluctantly leaving them to the short wave 'hams', the Services and the scientists—where today they are playing their ever-efficient part.

Ericsson

TELEPHONES LTD.

22 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Tel: HOLborn 6936

INCREASE THE LIFE OF YOUR BATTERY



Winter motoring has always been hard on the car battery, but the modern motor car with its additional luxury equipment such as heater, radio, demister and extra road lights, etc. now makes much heavier demands on it. A low battery can easily be ruined and it can also be a cause of much annoyance, especially if your new motor car has no provision for a starting handle. So be sure to take necessary precautions to keep your battery healthy and by charging overnight to give you something in the morning.

Invest in a



CAR BATTERY TRICKLE CHARGER

Write for details for either 6 or 12 volt chargers to:

Dept. L1.

WESTINGHOUSE BRAKE & SIGNAL CO. LTD.

82, York Way, King's Cross, London, N.1

their nature. Thus with the radioactive gas called radon each atom gives out an alpha particle, that is, a charged helium atom, and becomes an atom of radium A: if we isolate a quantity of radon it will transform itself at a rate which gradually diminishes. Starting with any quantity of radon the time taken for it to transform half itself to radium A is always the same, and is called the half period. It is, as a matter of fact, four days for radon. Now what does this fact, that the quantity of radon gradually transforms itself, mean? It means that starting at any given moment, some of the atoms must give out an alpha particle, and change over, almost at once: that others take a longer time to change and that a few take a very long time indeed to change. We start with, say, 100,000,000 atoms that, for all we can tell, are exactly similar: of these exactly similar atoms 1,000,000 transform themselves in the first hour, and 100 are so tough that they live seventy-eight days, nearly 1,900 hours. Fixing on a particular atom, what determines whether it shall change in the first hour, or live 1,900 hours or even longer? Not only do we not know, but it looks as if it must always be impossible for us to find out. Whatever may be the cause of this difference of behaviour, it is beyond our reach.

Unpredictable Election

Or consider a stream of millions of electrons passing through a thin metal foil, or—perhaps it is simpler to think of, and it comes to the same thing—passing through a tiny hole. Some go one way, some go another, and they form a pattern that we can calculate. For all we can tell, all the electrons are identical in position and speed; what a particular chosen electron will do, we cannot tell. It may go left or right, yet on the old view, all the electrons being exactly the same, they should all behave in the same way. We can work out a statistical behaviour for millions of atoms or millions of electrons, but we can say nothing precise about the behaviour of a chosen individual.

That is the position. So far, I think, I may claim that what I have said represents fairly the scientific position today, and that all my colleagues would agree in general, although, of course, they might like to change my words or phrases or my emphasis here and there. I now want to say a word about the significance of the uncertainty principle outside the region of advanced physics, about its philosophical implications. As soon as I venture into the doubtful field of metaphysics all hope of universal agreement fails, and I can only say that I know some men of science would support my point of view, while admitting that, for all I know, others would take different views.

Clearly the philosophical question which is concerned is the old, the vexed question of determinism and free will. Are we really free to make decisions or is everything so connected, so much a matter of strict cause and effect, that our actions are really the necessary consequences of what has gone before? Are we like the conjuror's victim, who thinks he is exercising a free choice when he picks a card, but who is actually taking one put in his hand by forces outside his control? Or are we like the stream, which appears to be wandering at will, yet all the time is governed by gravity, which determines its path and brings it lower and lower?

Anyone who really believed, with Laplace, that the velocity and position of every particle in the world might be known to us if we were clever enough, and that the then velocities and positions sufficed to determine all the future motions of every particle, might argue as follows: All my movements are determined by my brain, nerves, and muscles. These are made up of atoms and possibly other particles, but whatever these may be their whole future movements and positions are already fixed. Therefore all my thoughts and actions are already fixed. Therefore there is no free will. I say that the scientist who accepted Laplace's dictum might argue like this, but comparatively few scientists did. For instance, Karl Pearson, freethinker and materialist long before the quantum theory, wrote: 'The mechanical theory Laplace foreshadowed will never enable us to assert that such an event must of necessity have occurred in the past or must unquestionably occur in the future'.

Every school of philosophy has its own conception of causality, but I suppose the reason that comparatively few people in the old days, however much they believed in the mechanics of Laplace, believed in predetermination was not only that they felt they had a certain amount of free will but they were not convinced that material processes going on in the brain were the ultimate cause of our thoughts and movements. Most men of science probably believed, and believe, that there is a very close connection between minute material movements and processes—atomic readjustments and electrical impulses—which are taking place

in the brain cells, and our thoughts and actions, but they do not necessarily say that the brain is pre-eminent. Our thoughts may influence our brain. The brain is a necessary agent in our thoughts and in many of our actions, but it may be no more than an agent. As Sir Charles Sherrington, our greatest physiologist, has said, 'As to the mind and brain, one supposition is that, mental experience running with the physical act, though wholly disparate from all material events and therefore from the physical act, the two series of events, mental and energetic, somehow keep step together, their doing so being evidence that they are related, but with no suggestion as to "how"'. For anyone who takes this point of view, who admits the mystery, free will was fully possible even on Laplace's view.

But now with the establishment of the uncertainty principle, the mystery of control—for that is what free will is—has pushed itself boldly into the world of physics. The electron is confronted with various possibilities of motion. Of several million electrons the distribution is governed by laws, probability laws, but the single electron, under conditions as precise as science can make them, has a choice—if you will let me use a word that seems to imply a personality—of action. What determines its actual point of arrival?—I do not say path, because we really know nothing about that.

The difficult question here arises as to whether we must deny causality, whether we have to say that these ultimate happenings are a matter of pure chance. If we do so, we strike at the foundations of science, which demands that events do not happen without causes. Because, you must understand, the question of probability for an ultimate particle is not the same as for, say, the toss of a coin, or the spin of a roulette wheel. We know that which way the coin falls or the roulette wheel stops is, in the end, a matter of exact physical law: the wheel stops a little sooner one time than another because the original twisting force, or the movements of the air, or the frictional forces, or what you will, vary a little from spin to spin. With care enough taken to make the conditions exactly the same, the wheel would behave in the same way every time. But with the electron the uncertainty is fundamental.

It is, for me, easier to suppose that there are causes that elude, and must for ever elude, our search rather than to suppose that there are no causes at all. Before the materialistic critics shout me down as a 'traitor to science', as a 'mystic'—not that I take that as a very grave accusation—let me say that this is definitely the view of Planck, to whom the whole quantum theory is due. Max Planck writes: 'What sense, then, it may be asked, in talking of definite causal relations in regard to cases where nobody in the world is capable of tracing their function? The answer to that question is simple. As has been said again and again, the concept of causality is something transcendental, which is quite independent of the nature of the researches, and it would be valid even if there were no perceiving subject at all'. And again, 'We must distinguish between the validity of the causal principle and the practicability of its application'. In short, we must admit causes beyond our comprehension. The electron leads us to the doorway of religion, and I must not venture further for fear I incur the most bitter of all malice, the *odium theologicum*, the hatred of rival theologians.

The Metaphysical Problem Unaffected

What, then, is my conclusion about the principle of uncertainty which is undoubtedly valid in physics? That it does not really affect the ultimate metaphysical problem of free will and determinism, because the old difficulties still exist and because a great body of scientific thought has always held that there are fundamentals which cannot be defined or explained, that we cannot act as judge, jury, plaintiff and defendant in matters concerning our own conduct. But the uncertainty principle does, I think, provide a very good scientific excuse for common-sense conclusions that have been reached before it was enunciated, but could not be so well defined as they can now.

I fear very much that I must have wearied you with what, in spite of my efforts to keep it simple, is undoubtedly a mass of hard questions. You cannot, however, give a simple answer to problems that have baffled generations of earnest thinkers, that have vexed most of us, if not in the midst of our daily avocations then 'In the dull unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof'. My object has been to bring to your attention certain actual changes which have taken place recently in the fundamentals of physical theory and to let them make their own impression on your thoughts. If I have shown you that today science leads us to mysteries, and not away from them, it is sufficient.

The Pleasures of Literature

NEVER, it seems, have we been offered so many words on so many subjects. The choice of books to read is one of the characteristic minor problems of our day.

For many the problem is eased by *The Times Literary Supplement*, which week by week offers a full and varied panorama of the world of books.

In endeavouring to take all knowledge for its province, from economics to poetry, from the art of the Quattrocento to nuclear physics, it reviews not only English and American books but also a selection of new books in most European languages. Its criticism is ample in scale and objective in method.

Masterpieces still refuse to grow on mulberry bushes, but good books continue to be written. The constant aim of *The Times Literary Supplement* is to distinguish them from the rest.

Besides the body of reviews of new books, it includes every week:—

A long "front-page" article, covering as a rule the first two pages of the issue, in which a newly published book provides the occasion for a full enquiry into a subject of outstanding interest—linguistic philosophy, it may be, or American poetry, or the politics of south-east Asia.

A "middle-page" article on some theme of literary biography or criticism.

One or more leading articles on topical intellectual issues.

Letters to the Editor, on a diversity of subjects connected with literature and the arts, controversy and research, publishing and bookselling.

A "back-page" article on a bibliographical subject.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

EVERY FRIDAY

PRICE SIXPENCE

Annual subscription rate £1 12s. 6d.

Orders to the Subscription Manager, The Times, Printing House Square,
London, E.C.4.

Are you one of these?

IF A NATION gets the rulers it deserves—it certainly gets the newspapers it asks for. Today it is not uncommon for people to deplore the lack of taste in modern journalism—and yet to be taking the very newspaper which (theoretically) offends them. Such people should try the Manchester Guardian.

Those who profess principles should at least seek to exercise them. And to change to the Manchester Guardian means no sacrifice, no giving up of anything. Rather is it a gaining.

A month or two of the Manchester Guardian will cure the taste for anything but good taste. You will come to find that the Manchester Guardian has a charm and a wit of its own. You will come to admire its keen, clean writing and reporting. You will be proud to be seen reading and enjoying a newspaper which contrives always to be good, never to be dull.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

III—A selection of poems first published in THE LISTENER

Sonnet

Wandering lost upon the mountains of our choice,
Again and again we sigh for an ancient South,
For the warm nude ages of instinctive poise,
For the taste of joy in the innocent mouth.

And asleep in our huts, how we dream of a part
In the glorious balls of the future; each intricate maze
Has a plan, and the disciplined movements of the heart
Can follow for ever and ever its harmless ways.

We envy streams and houses that are sure;
But we are artiled to error, we
Were never nude and calm like a great door,

And never will be perfect like the fountains:
We live in freedom by necessity,
A mountain people dwelling among mountains.

W. H. AUDEN

(THE LISTENER, November 3, 1938)

The Combat

It was not meant for human eyes,
That combat on the shabby patch
Of clods and mangled grass that lies
Somewhere beneath the sodden skies
For eye of toad or adder to catch.

And having seen it I accuse
The crested animal in his pride,
Arrayed in all his royal hues
Which hide the claws he well can use
To tear the heart out of the side.

Body of leopard, eagle's head
And whetted beak, and lion's mane,
And frost-grey hedge of feathers spread
Behind—he seemed of all things bred.
I shall not see his-like again.

As for his enemy, there came in
A soft round beast as brown as clay;
All rent and patched his wretched skin;
A battered bag he might have been,
Some old used thing to throw away.

Yet he awaited face to face
The furious beast and the swift attack.
Soon over and done. That was no place
Or time for chivalry or for grace.
The fury had him on his back.

And two soft paws like hands flew out
To right and left while the trees stood by.
One would have said beyond a doubt
This was the very end of the bout,
But that the creature would not die.

For ere the death-blow he was gone,
Writhed, whirled, huddled into his den,
Safe somehow there. The fight was done,
And he had lost who had all but won.
But oh his deadly fury then.

A while the place lay blank, forlorn,
Drowsing as in relief from pain.

The cricket chirped, the grating thorn
Stirred, and a little sound was born.
The champions took their posts again.

And all began. The stealthy paw
Slashed out and in. Could nothing save
These rags and tatters from the claw?
Nothing. And yet I never saw
A beast so helpless and so brave.

And now, while the trees stand watching, still
The unequal battle rages there.
The killing beast that cannot kill
Swells and swells in his fury till
You'd almost think it was despair.

EDWIN MUIR

(THE LISTENER, September 4, 1947)

Rhyme to a Lamb

Lamb, in your coat of light, who killed you?
Was it the ranging, ironical wolf?
Joy cried out when I first beheld you,
Knock-kneed spit of my new-born self.

Couldn't you bear me to keep and to coddle you?
Caught on your fleece were my true-love tears;
Often the snows you have chosen to swaddle you
Pinch me too between icicle shears.

Home to me come! With a soft sou'-wester!
Life was in love with your clovery look!
Make short work of the dangerous jester
Playing hop-sotch with you over the brook!

Lamb, as my scampering self was dear to me
So is the wolf in my sombre employ.
Both of you—death of me!—lie down near to me;
Shot is my bolt of invincible joy.

LILIAN BOWES LYON

(THE LISTENER, January 6, 1949)

A Map of Verona

A map of Verona is open, the small strange city;
With its river running round and through, it is river-embraced,
And with this city for a whole long winter season,
Through streets on a map, my thoughts have been interlaced.

Across the river there is a wandering suburb,
An unsolved smile on a now familiar mouth;
Some enchantments of earlier towns are about you:
Once I was drawn to Naples in the south.

Naples I know now, street and hovel and garden,
The look of the islands from the avenue,
Capri and Ischia, like approaching drum-beats—
My youthful Naples, how I remember you!

You were an early chapter, a practice in sorrow,
Your shadows fell, but were only a token of pain,
A sketch in tenderness, lust, and sudden parting,
And I shall not need to trouble with you again.

But I remember, once your map lay open,
As now Verona's, under the still lamp-light.
I thought, are these the streets to walk in in the mornings,
Are these the gardens to linger in at night?

**Increase your knowledge and
your earning power**

with

Encyclopaedia Britannica

Knowledge is power . . . EARNING power! With more knowledge at your finger-tips you become more valuable to the community, with the promise of advancement in your job and higher financial reward. This has been the experience of others. It can be your experience. The extra knowledge that can increase your earning power is available in the wonderful pages of Encyclopaedia Britannica with its more than a million facts, with its 30,000 different subjects covered by over 41,000 articles—articles that are written by experts of international repute. From the moment you own Britannica—and it is so easy to own—you have knowledge at your command that could be turned into cash.

Britannica Book-a-Month Plan

We are particularly anxious to demonstrate to people in *every walk of life* that by the carefully devised subscription methods of payment, it's as easy to buy Britannica as it is to buy a book a month. And, of course, while you are paying for Britannica, *it is yours to own and enjoy*. The coupon below brings you full details of the Britannica 'Book-a-Month' Plan.

How Britannica has helped others

E. H. W., of Newport, writes: "I am convinced that I would not have obtained my degree of B.A. had it not been for Britannica." Mr. R. V. D., of Belfast, writes: "I consider it an investment that will always pay big dividends." Mr. C. McD., of Strathpeffer, writes: "I just cannot imagine my house without this unique source of pleasure and profit; nor can I think of a better investment for anybody."

World's most modern work of reference

The new LONDON PRINTING of Britannica is so modern that it illustrates the Rolls-Royce "Dart" and the De Havilland "Ghost" engines in the Vickers-Viscount and Comet aircraft respectively. About 2,000 new articles appear in this new Printing.

Unequalled in Size and Scope

Encyclopaedia Britannica contains 38 million words, nearly 17,500 illustrations, 736 maps (200 of which are in full colour), and numbers 36 Nobel Prizewinners among its 4,400 contributors. Its half-a-million index references enable you to find any fact in Britannica in about two minutes. Complete coupon below NOW!



POST THIS COUPON QUICKLY!

Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd., (Dept. L.8) 102 Dean St., London, W.1.

Please let me have details of the latest Encyclopaedia Britannica, including particulars of the two Supplementary Services and the subscription methods of payment.

Mr./Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

County.....

The World's Greatest Bookshop

FOYLES
★ ★ FOR BOOKS ★ ★

FOYLES BOOKSHOP celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this month. Since its founding by the brothers William and Gilbert Foyle, this famous bookshop has won for itself a unique reputation and bookbuyers throughout the world turn to Foyles for all their book requirements.

Foyles advertised in the first issue of The Listener and our advertisements have appeared consistently in its pages throughout the past twenty-five years. We wish the editor and staff of The Listener a happy anniversary.

W. & G. FOYLE LTD.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (including Saturdays)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

And all was useless, that I thought I learned:
Maps are of place, not time, nor can they say
The surprising height and colour of a building,
Nor where the groups of people bar the way.

It is strange to remember those thoughts and to try to catch
The underground whispers of music beneath the years,
The forgotten conjectures, the clouded, forgotten vision,
Which only in vanishing phrases reappears.

Again, it is strange to lead a conversation
Round to a name, to a cautious questioning
Of travellers, who talk of Juliet's tomb, and fountains,
And the shining smile of a snowfall, late in Spring.

Their memories calm this winter of expectation,
Their talk restrains me, for I cannot flow
Like your impetuous river to embrace you;
Yet you are there, and one day I shall go.

The train will bring me perhaps in utter darkness
And drop me where you are blooming, unaware
That a stranger has entered your gates, and a new devotion
Is about to attend and haunt you everywhere.

The flutes are warm: in tomorrow's cave the music
Trembles and forms inside the musician's mind.
The lights begin, and the shifting crowds in the causeways
Are discerned through the dusk, and the rolling river behind.

And in what hour of beauty, in what good arms,
Shall I those regions and that city attain
From whence my dreams and slightest movements rise?
And what good Arms shall take them away again?

HENRY REED

(THE LISTENER, March 12, 1942)

Poem in October

Especially when the October wind
With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
My busy heart who shudders as she talks
Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Shut, too, in a tower of words, I mark
On the horizon walking like the trees
The wordy shapes of women, and the rows
Of the star-gestured children in the park.
Some let me make you of the vowelised beeches,
Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
Some let me make you of the water's speeches.

Behind a pot of ferns the wagging clock
Tells me the hour's word, the neural meaning
Flies on the shafted disc, declaims the morning
And tells the windy weather in the cock.
Some let me make you of the meadow's signs;
The signal grass that tells me all I know
Breaks with the wormy winter through the eye.
Some let me spell you of the raven's sins.

Especially when the October wind
(Some let me make you of autumnal vowels,
The spider-tongued, and the loud hill of Wales)
With fist of turnips punishes the land,
Some let me make you of the heartless words.

The heart is drained that, spelling in the scurry
Of chemic blood, warned of the coming fury.
By the sea's side hear the dark-vowelised birds.

DYLAN THOMAS

(THE LISTENER, October 24, 1934)

Bagatelle

Upon the soil—(crushed rubies? Or the pomegranate's garnet seeds?)
And ridged with mounds like graves
Of giants and earth-worms, two Noachian survivors contemplate
Their glories of the past, their future state.

The small red Worm, rubied with dews of Death, declared:
'My redness is from Adam. I, the coral-plant,
Built by a million lives, endeavours, toils, loves, glories,
Am the first and last Democracy. The sun
Is not more universal in its love. And I have brothers
Who live in the flesh of Negroes, and are thick
As lute-strings, and as powerful. I have others
Who sing the praise of Death with a sweet tongue—

Great venomous serpents in the unknown Africa; they carry
A gold bell on their tails, which ever ringeth
As they proceed, and like an angel singeth'.

Then said her enemy the Hen—the musty dusty density—
The entity of primal, final, flightless winged Stupidity—
'See how the Eagle falls like thunder from his height
And tears that continent of raging fire,
The heart, from the tiger roaring like the sea,

And bears it to his nest
Wherein the huge eggs rest
From which will break the young, the unfledged Murders:
(So, young ambitions lie in the heart of Man).

O you into whose maw
The heart of Man will fall—
As you will fall to mine:
I am more powerful than the father of those murders.

It was no Eagle, but a fusty Hen
That pecked the fire-seeds from Prometheus' heart, a crazy chilling
Hen-coop Laughter, the first Criticism, killing
The fire he brought to men,
As Age kills young Desire'.

The Worm said, 'I am small. My redness is from Adam.
But conquerors tall
Come to my embrace as I were Venus. I
Am the paramour in the last bed of love; and mine, the kiss
That gives Eternity.
I am Princess of Darkness. Yet the huge gold world
With all plantations, powers of gold growth that shall be the bread
of men
Arise from the toil of the small the mighty Worm beneath the earth—
The blind, all-seeing Power at her great work of death and of rebirth'.

EDITH SITWELL

(THE LISTENER, October 9, 1952)

January

The fox drags its wounded belly
Over the snow, the crimson seeds
Of blood burst with a mild explosion,
Soft as excrement, bold as roses.

Over the snow that feels no pity,
Whose white hands can give no healing,
The fox drags its wounded belly.

R. S. THOMAS

(THE LISTENER, January 15, 1953)

EDITH
SITWELL
Gardeners and
Astronomers

"This new collection of 18 poems will set the seal on Dr. Sitwell's reputation ... it enshrines the essence of her life work." LEONARD CLARK (*Yorkshire Post*)
8s. 6d.

Ready January 29th

VERCORS
Borderline

This new novel by the author *Le Silence de la Mer* is a bold and witty satire emerging from the question "What is Man"? 11s. 6d.

HANS
PETTERSSON
Westward Ho with the
'Albatross'

A graphic, first-hand account of the recent Swedish Deep-Sea Expedition, combined with a lively personal narrative that will appeal to a wide variety of readers. Illustrated. 21s.

Important Reprints

ROGER
BULIARD
Inuk

An account of life in the Arctic by a missionary priest who lived among the Eskimos for fifteen years. "At once a saga of practical Christianity and a considerable contribution to literature." *Sunday Times*. 3rd Imp. Illustrated. 21s.

A. L.
ROWSE
An Elizabethan
Garland

A collection of essays dealing mainly with the age of Elizabeth I. "A sudden, almost breathtaking contact with the past." D. M. SICART. (*Britain Today*)
2nd Imp. Illustrated. 15s.

—MACMILLAN—

from
NELSON



* NELSONS wish *The Listener* many happy returns on the occasion of its twenty-fifth birthday number. Recent important Nelson publications include the following four titles:

THE REVISED STANDARD VERSION
of the
Holy Bible

Nearly three million copies of the RSV have been sold in little over a year. Four bindings available.

Cloth 30s

Full Leather 50s

Rexine 37s 6d

Yapp edge 60s

A CATHOLIC COMMENTARY ON
Holy Scripture

Ten thousand copies of this work have been bought within ten months. Second edition now ready. 84s

Nelson's Medieval Texts

edited by V. H. GALBRAITH and R. A. B. MYNORS

A series of literary and historical texts with English version facing Latin original. Seven titles have now appeared.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF
Pope Innocent III
concerning England

edited by C. R. CHENEY, Professor of Medieval History, University of Manchester and W. H. SEMPLE, Hulme Professor of Latin, University of Manchester. This selection is drawn from the Registers of Innocent III and various other sources, printed and unprinted.

Double volume 30s

prospectus of complete series available

A HISTORY OF THE THEORIES OF
Aether and Electricity

SIR EDMUND WHITTAKER, F.R.S. In two volumes.

1 — The Classical Theories and 2 — The Modern Theories 1900-1926. each volume 32s 6d

Forthcoming

**GERMANY:
KEY TO
PEACE**

JAMES B. WARBURG

A record and an indictment of American policy towards Germany. Mr. Warburg attacks the idea of a rearmcd Western Germany included in the Western military alliance and puts forward detailed proposals for an alternative policy. 25/-

**THE AGE OF
SUSPICION**

JAMES WECHSLER

The Editor of the *New York Post* was called before the Un-American Activities Committee in 1953. Admitting an early flirtation with Communism, he defied Senator McCarthy with a stubborn defence of liberal principles. His astringent autobiography culminates in an excellent analysis of McCarthyism in action. 16/-

THE LANGUAGE LIBRARY

Edited by Eric Partridge

SPELLING

G. H. VALLINS

A study of the history and principles of spelling by the author of *Good English: How to Write it*. 12/6

**THE WORDS
WE USE**

J. A. SHEARD

An historical and descriptive account of the development of the English vocabulary. 21/-



ANDRE DEUTSCH

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Men Who Ruled India: The Founders By Philip Woodruff. Cape. 30s.

THIS IS THE FIRST PART of the story of the men, whether they began as civilians or soldiers, who ruled India for over three centuries; it covers the period from the formation of the East India Company in 1600, when its agents arrived as suppliants asking leave to trade with supremely indifferent Moguls, through the eighteenth century, when events (seized by the daring, energy, and will of a few men) rather than intention created the British Raj, to the Mutiny, on the causes of which it is particularly sensible.

Mr. Woodruff has assembled an entertaining and instructive gallery of word pictures, sketches of representative men, obscure as well as famous, disreputable as well as 'minutely just, inflexibly upright' members of a service they already rightly claimed to be without a rival for integrity in the world. His very human account illuminates the administrative and social background of the British in India, examines the classes from which they came, the modes of entrance to the service, their work and beliefs, and vividly describes the peoples and the customs with which they had to deal: as he points out, people do not change their ways simply because a man hundreds of miles away has signed a paper. Here, individuality, influence, persuasion, and character entered, and explain why so few men came to rule so many people with so little use of force, confident that what they did was morally right. India was held more by bluff than by force.

These men solved two necessities for a stable India—a fair rent fixed for the peasant, enabling him to stay on the land, and work, reasonably content, able to purchase goods, and giving a steady revenue to the Treasury; and a land ruled by men who were impartial. The third, that Muslim must live at peace with Hindu, still remains. They introduced a novel idea to the Indians that the ruler was concerned with their well-being—the notion of trusteeship was increasingly important from the end of the eighteenth century. The book naturally touches on the general history of India, since the great regulating statutes from 1773 altered the duties of these men from traders to administrators. The direct assumption of responsibility by the Crown in 1858 finally extinguished the trading corporation through whom sovereignty had been exercised, but over whom parliamentary control had been progressively strengthened, and whose field of independent action had been progressively reduced—monopoly of trade was lost in 1813, and it ceased altogether as a trading concern in 1833. The future was already prophesied: Elphinstone wrote that our aim should be the improvement of the natives reaching such a pitch as would render it impossible for a foreign nation to retain the government. The question of what would happen when the natives were so far improved as to be capable of self-government was often overlooked in the absorbing task of perfecting administration, but remained there; the policy of employing natives in positions of trust was proclaimed as a matter of principle in 1833. There were signs then of a criticism voiced in 1947 that the British never gave the Indians their hearts, but remained aloof at the best, and insolent at the worst.

The book whets the appetite for the concluding volume, which will answer the question what form self-government should take, and by what process the British should hand over what they had accomplished, and the effect on those men who ruled as guardians. This is a just tribute

to those who carried out one of the finest of all British achievements—the giants were probably all a little mad, and cannot have been comfortable to live with, but it is the kind of madness without which there would be no history.

The Three Voices of Poetry

By T. S. Eliot. Cambridge. 3s. 6d.

This brief and graceful lecture to the National Book League touches on a variety of problems, though extremely lightly. The three voices are those of 'the poet talking to himself, or to nobody; the poet addressing an audience, whether large or small; and the poet when he attempts to create a dramatic character speaking in verse'. Mr. Eliot admits that they overlap, and even doubts whether 'in any real poem only one voice is audible'. The dramatic monologue, as of Browning, is put in the second class, because it does not really create a character, indeed 'the point of the mimicry is in . . . the incompleteness of the illusion'; and there is a mildly wilful ruling that a love poem is never written for one person.

Mr. Eliot treats dramatic verse as the fullest form, rightly no doubt, and describes how it came late in his own development; but a reader might be tempted to take him as an example of a poet who wrote best when talking to himself. This first 'voice' might seem the deepest mystery, because (as is pointed out) the man himself cannot know what he wants to do till he has hit on how to do it; the poem is the fruit of some unconscious therapeutic action, on some inner conflict which remains unknown even when successfully handled by the poem. But then Mr. Eliot goes on to point out that in good dramatic verse the author is putting into the character parts of himself not otherwise capable of being known at all, by himself or others, 'latent potentialities of his own being'. This gives the third voice the same claim to mystery as the first, only more of it, so that one might doubt why an 'abyss' is said to lie between them. For that matter, one would think that any poetry (unless completely automatic or inspired) must fulfil the conditions for the second voice, because the poet is thinking all the time, however self-centredly, 'Does that express what I want?'—he is appealing to an audience far within, even if to no other, and what has taught him to treat this audience as real must be some part of his social experience. No doubt there is a large practical difference between the three voices, but it cannot go very deep. What does seem a reasonable deduction, as a piece of advice, is that any poet of pronounced character and definite opinions, after he has worked on the themes nearest to him, had better try to write verse plays so as to tap a deeper level of his being; even though he may find himself drilling into rock.

The Ram Escapes. By Leonora Eyles.

Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.

Miss Eyles is discernible in these autobiographical pages about her Victorian childhood as a wise and kindly grandmother. She has evidently been seasoned by experience where a weaker nature and a weaker understanding might easily have been embittered or even broken. The early life of the author of *Commonsense about Sex* was in many ways horrifying, but she has described it without self-pity, without justifying herself or condemning others. It depends partly for its effect upon the accumulation of recollected detail, not all of it equally significant, but much

more upon her balanced understanding and generous disposition, which give it a touch of nobility. Uncommonly in evidence is the author's sense of smell, an instantaneous evoker of the past: it helps to give vividness to her narrative.

Her father, a vigorous, undisciplined, 'dis-integrated' Scotchman, was a manufacturer in the Potteries. Her mother was considerate, religious, even saintly. These two, in a sense, destroyed one another. Her father fell into poverty; took to drink; developed, after her mother's death, a form of religious mania of the exhibitionist, revivalist type; and then married his deceased wife's sister, who did not prove an ideal stepmother. He had resolved to 'break' his daughter's will, but the religious pressure, which had filled her with terrors and guilt, also gave her a sense of responsibility, of awe, of 'being taken care of', and she lost neither her courage nor her compassion. After his death she ran off alone, friendless and penniless, to London, narrowly missed corruption, but won through to a fulfilled, expanded existence which has, in the long run, confirmed her in a 'sacramental' view of life and of the 'holiness' of living creatures.

Whether this book meets with a proper response or not—and it might be sanguine to predict commercial success for it—it is to be hoped that Miss Eyles will consider writing a sequel. She is likely to leave a good many readers curious to know exactly how she developed, and how she passed from the nightmarish trials of those early days to the patent serenity of her later ones.

The Tudor Age. By J. A. Williamson. Longmans. 25s.

Sir Thomas More. By Leslie Paul. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Saint Thomas More. By E. E. Reynolds. Burns Oates. 25s.

These three books deal with familiar and hard-worked topics, and ought perhaps to justify themselves by some notable novelty in the treatment. Mr. Paul's cannot be said to do so: he has written a readable and lively summary of well-known facts and views, marred a little by frequent attempts to explain the sixteenth century by reference to the twentieth and by the usual inability of More-idolaters to admit any justice or honesty on the other side.

Mr. Reynolds, in writing what is claimed to be the first 'Catholic' Life of More since Father Bridgett's (1891), has done rather better. Though necessarily unable to see the great struggle for what it was—the conflict of two rights and therefore a true tragedy—he has produced a balanced and sensible account without any surprises. He has used all the available printed evidence and used it well, though the long extracts from the sources only make reading more difficult without adding to the impression of genuine (if unoriginal) scholarship produced by the copious footnotes. It is to be hoped that we may yet see a 'new' study of More: one, that is, which treats his thought as representative of the past and underlines his relative unimportance in the history of his time and country.

Dr. Williamson's book, the first of a new nine-volume History of England, is a lucid if rather simple account of a complicated century. The author has adopted a straightforward narrative method which makes for easy reading but renders understanding difficult. As paragraph after paragraph moves past, one longs for the penetration of the analytical discussion which never comes.

CASSELL

congratulate 'The Listener' on its 25th anniversary and wish to bring these books to the notice of its readers

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL MANNERHEIM

The name of Mannerheim is deeply, ineradicably, engraved in the history of Finland. A soldier-statesman cast in the heroic mould, he was in the forefront of Finland's struggles, military and political, for the thirty most momentous years of her history.

His memoirs begin just before his entry into the Empress Feodorovna's Chevalier Guards, the élite corps of the Imperial Russian Army, in 1890 and cover the Russo-Japanese war, the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, and Finland's War of Independence in 1918. They go on to tell of the troubled years which followed and which led to Finland's two great conflicts with Russia in 1939 and 1941-44, finally ending with Mannerheim's retirement from the office of President of the Republic in 1946, his health worn down by a lifetime of service. 14 plates and frontis. 42/- net

THE DIARIES OF LEWIS CARROLL

Edited and supplemented by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

Lewis Carroll's private diaries, which cover practically every year from 1855 until 1897, have not been available previously to any member of the public. Their inaccessibility to the biographers of Dodgson and to research students has given rise to the suggestion that they contain information which his relations wished to keep from public knowledge, a rumour which will now be set at rest. In an introduction to the book Lewis Carroll's nieces explain how the diaries come to be published now, why they were not published sooner, and how Roger Lancelyn Green, author of *The Story of Lewis Carroll*, came to be chosen by them for the work and given complete freedom to read and to publish all that the diaries have to tell about their author. 32 pp. illus. and frontis. Two volumes 30/- net each

CASSELL'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF LITERATURE

Edited by S. H. STEINBERG

"We are not likely for a long time to do better than *Cassell's Encyclopaedia of Literature*. It is a compilation as admirable as it is impressive, and it does, quite simply, take the whole world of literature as its province. Its range of subject is remarkably complete. The section on 20th century biographies is similarly comprehensive, and it is a sign of virtue in the editor that he has not allowed it to be swamped by English, American and French authors." *New Statesman*.

"A grand enterprise, a notable achievement, cheap at its price."

SIR FRANCIS MEYNELL, *Sunday Times*.

2,112 pp., 9½" x 6½", in two volumes, 84/- net.
In one volume ¼-leather £5. 5s. net.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RELATIONS

by MERIEL BUCHANAN

The daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the First World War, grew up in the courts of Europe amid the fading glories of an age now past. The stories which make up these ten portraits are drawn from her own memories, stories of men and women whose lives were lived in the bright light that ever shines on royalty, many of whom she knew in their everyday existence when the shutters were drawn. In this gallery of gentle portraits are included Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick; Queen Victoria's second daughter, Princess Alice; The Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig of Hesse, eldest son of Princess Alice; and Princess Alice of Greece, mother of the Duke of Edinburgh. 12 pp. half-tone illus. 18/- net

Pietro's Pilgrimage

WILFRID BLUNT

"The *Viaggi* of the Roman patrician Pietro Della Valle deservedly won the praise of Gibbon, Goethe, Southey, and later of Lord Curzon and Sir Henry Yule, as one of the best travel-books of the seventeenth century; but the original letters forming the record have lately been neglected by all but a few specialists. The explanation lies partly in their enormous prolixity, and partly in the lack of any good English translation covering more than a fraction of their content. It was thus a happy thought of Mr. Blunt to epitomise them in a form which allows the ordinary reader to enjoy both the engaging personality of the author and the remarkable experiences he underwent without being obliged to endure his quite astonishing longwindedness. . . .

The result is a true story full of interest and, indeed, excitement, enlivened by the touching romance of Pietro's marriage."—*The Times*

21s.

James Barrie

London's Book Centre

Latest Publications

Limited Editions

Fine Bindings

Second-hand Books

★

Children's Books

★

The Times Library

★

Stationery

Writing Accessories

★

Theatre Ticket Bureau

THE  TIMES
BOOKSHOP & LIBRARY
VIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

KIN

For the past quarter of a century THE LISTENER and PHOENIX have traversed common ground. We advertised in THE LISTENER in its first year; and there has been no break since.

Our business in publishing is to use the machinery of printing to convey information and ideas to everyman in permanent form at least cost.

THE LISTENER uses the published word to give permanence to ideas on the air which must otherwise fall into limbo.

We look forward to another 25 years of association.



PHOENIX
Publishers of
Charing Cross

ISSUED BY PHOENIX HOUSE LTD

The method makes it impossible to deal with constitutional matters; the problems of the power and position of the crown, the important details of conciliar government, even the relations between Church and State, are nowhere satisfactorily treated. There are curious discrepancies of emphasis. The minor depredations of Northumberland among the bishops' lands fill a page, while one cannot find a full statement of the effects of the Dissolution. Every military and naval action is described in minute detail; one could have spared much of this for an up-to-date discussion of the Henrician Reformation, the rise of Puritanism, or the truth about the social changes, all more important in the development of the English polity than, say, the naval engagements of 1545. The fact is that Dr. Williamson has written not so much a history of Tudor England as a history of sixteenth-century maritime enterprise set in an outline of politics. In that field he is, of course, supreme, and the narrative acquires visible authority as well as disproportionate fulness in the passages which deal with the many expeditions great and small of that age of explorations, piracy, and far-flung trading ventures. In the latter half of the century these matters assumed such importance that the place given to them by Dr. Williamson seems quite proper; his account of Elizabeth's reign is thus convincing and gripping. In the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII, on the other hand, he has had to seek among the side issues and neglect the things of import in order to preserve pride of place for what he calls 'the nation in active life'. He tends to confuse the nation with that outstanding minority who looked overseas.

Perhaps one's main disagreement with Dr. Williamson arises out of his development of the thesis that the age was 'a stage in the making of modern England and in the shaping of the national character and mentality'. He cherishes a notion of Tudor England filled with libertarian patriots, admirably and deliberately supported by encouragement from above. Repeatedly he asserts that the English of that day sought to free themselves of restrictions and limitations. No doubt the rovers of the seven seas did so, but how are we to reconcile this picture with the passion for degree and order, the cult of authority, the desire on all sides for monopolistic privileges, the government's consistent policy of rigid planning by statutes, proclamations, prohibitions, and licences? Dr. Williamson hopes in his preface that he has not distorted the facts. Of that one will most readily acquit him; but there is some falsification of the whole picture by errors in balance and by a tendency to see the Tudor English as animated by belief in private enterprise—premature Victorian liberals or twentieth-century conservatives—which distorts because it views the past through the eyes of the present.

Uphill All the Way. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Some years ago, under the title *Remembering My Good Friends*, Mrs. Hamilton wrote her autobiography; she has now produced a pendant to that book, in a shorter volume to which she has given the subtitle 'A Third Cheer for Democracy'. From the strictly autobiographical aspect, it is rather difficult to discover why Mrs. Hamilton made the particular selection of which the book is composed; there is a chapter or two on her early life, something of her experience in the pacifist I.L.P. and in Parliament, reflections on the changing views of the 'thirties, and a rather more detailed account of her life as a temporary Civil Servant in the Ministry of Information and the Foreign Office—a somewhat haphazard bundle.

It is clear, however, that she was impelled to

write the book, and the reason seems to be given most clearly in the first chapter, where she reaffirms the faith that democracy, notwithstanding the many mistakes and foolishnesses of democrats, remains the best political system, but that it can only be made to work by the unending efforts of 'normal people', among whom she includes herself. If 'normal' implies the ability to make large errors, Mrs. Hamilton has proved the point in her own writings. Always honest, always downright, she has in the past committed herself to an ardent book on Ramsay MacDonald, of whom the best that she can find to say here is that he foresaw that the 1918 constitution of the Labour Party would destroy the I.L.P.—which may be doubted; to passionate anti-war pacifism, which she has since repudiated; and to a moderately laudatory biography of the Webbs, who she now thinks did 'an immense amount of harm'; it is surprising that the good opinions expressed in her life of Arthur Henderson appear to have survived intact.

Such conspicuous changes of front, even when shared by others who expressed them less dogmatically, do not in themselves create respect for the author's political judgment; nevertheless, there is something in the very sturdiness with which Mrs. Hamilton holds to her central faith that makes the book worth reading. Democracy, as she implies, is made by people whose convictions can take colossal tumbles and come up again unbroken, who do not throw their faith out of the window because of one lost leader and one magic phrase which failed to work in practice, but who believe in a form of human association and companionship steered, as she says in her final words, 'to endure and prevail'. After the shocks of the last forty years, one cannot ask much more.

Emily Brontë. By Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford. Owen. 18s.

This book is not the product of collaboration in the ordinary sense of the word. Separate essays, on Emily Brontë's life and on her work, are contributed by Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford respectively.

Mrs. Spark advances a theory about Emily which is hardly tenable: namely, that the evidence given to Mrs. Gaskell about Emily's early character was distorted by the witnesses' knowledge of her later fame. But the general reading public, and certainly the West Riding public, thought little of Emily's work until many years after the appearance of Mrs. Gaskell's biography; they could not have been influenced in their testimony by Emily's fame, for they were unaware of its existence. So their evidence—quite substantial—of Emily's singularity can be accepted as generally correct. Moreover, the odd 'Eamala' poem, and the treatment generally of Emily's protégés, in the Glass Town saga, reveal an awareness by her family of this singularity as early as 1833. Charlotte's letters, Emily's dog, and even her sleeves, confirm it.

The critic often finds it difficult to define what is new in his approach without appearing to flout previous work, and Derek Stanford's first chapters, accusing of inadequacy all former Brontë critics, seem both petulant and protracted. (If, by the way, he had studied more carefully the Gondal researches and comprehensive texts he contemns, he would not have continued May Sinclair's error of attributing Charlotte's Angrian Duke of Zamorna to Emily's Gondal.) When, however, Mr. Stanford gets down to his real task, the evaluation of Emily's works 'in their own right and not as biographical extensions', he becomes both original and illuminating.

He is at his best with the poems. His perception that Emily renders a 'psychic' Yorkshire by means of potent local symbols rather than by

detailed description, his analysis of her 'flexible and various rhythms' combined with her 'repetitive limited diction', his interpretation of her almost gnostic cult of night (one would like to add also, of *wind*) as the favourable environment for her metaphysical experiences, all really add something to our appreciation. On Emily's stoicism and pantheism he writes well, and he draws a distinction between the mystical and the metaphysical view of life which is highly satisfying. With *Wuthering Heights* he is less at home. But his conception of Emily as a subjective artist, who renders the individual human being with great profundity, but fails when she tries to socialise her vision by the display of characters in mutual action, is a serious contribution to Brontë criticism.

The Origins of the War of 1914 (Vol. II)

By Luigi Albertini. Oxford. 63s.

The first volume of this important work (reviewed here on October 2, 1952) provided a leisurely prologue to the tragedy of 1914. This second volume begins with violent drama—the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo on June 28, 1914—and the first part of the book is a fascinating and detailed reconstruction of the conspiracy that led up to it. No better account exists; for the late Senator Albertini not only used more printed sources than were available to previous writers, but also applied the technique of historical criticism to statements made to him personally by participants in the events he describes. The prevarications of Balkan politicians are swept aside; Austrian chicanery is exposed. Yet, while he reveals both the extent of the Serbian Government's knowledge and its powerlessness to control the 'Black Hand' (a point on which he goes considerably further than the late Professor Seton-Watson in his *Sarajevo*), the author has sufficient experience of the extremes of Italian nationalism to have acquired a certain sympathy with the devotion that accompanied the ruthlessness of the assassins.

From the murder of the Archduke onwards every stage of the drama is minutely described; and the volume ends on July 31, 1914, with the Austrian general mobilisation—the final sign that the Austro-Hungarian Government was going to have to face a general war: 'Vienna which had no eyes save for the Austro-Serbian conflict, never faced the possibility of a European war, and stumbled blindfold into the most hazardous and disastrous adventure that was possible'.

The narrative, for all its detail, is far more than a dry piece of routine diplomatic history. Throughout, Albertini is concerned with the problem of moral responsibility for the war. He refuses to be satisfied with generalisations that it was rendered inevitable by the economic system or by the structure of international relations, and he puts the responsibility firmly back where it belongs—on the actual politicians and diplomats in control of affairs. And thus he is forced to ask what mistakes were made, what could have been done to prevent the catastrophe.

Albertini is very severe on the statesmen of the countries that were in effect uncommitted in the early stages of the crisis: Italy and England. The Italians made the mistake of not making it absolutely clear that they would not join their allies of the Triple Alliance; statements suggesting this were accompanied by velleities that, for a price, Italian support might still be won. And Grey made the mistake of not discouraging the Russians from mobilisation while at the same time refusing to commit Britain to open support of Russia and France, so that tension was aggravated without the British position being unequivocally clear. Albertini perhaps underestimates Grey's difficulties inside the Liberal

HARRAP BOOKS

SELECTED TITLES

MARLBOROUGH: His Life and Times
by Winston S. Churchill, O.M., C.H., M.P. (2 vols.)
Specially bound in half-leather. 2,132 pp. 94s. 6d. net

The ROOSEVELT LETTERS
Edited by his son Elliott Roosevelt (3 vols.)
Vol. I (to 1905) 21s., Vol. II (1905-28) 21s., and Vol. III (1928-45) 30s. net

GENERAL MARK CLARK
Calculated Risk. A personal story of the war in North Africa and Italy. Illustrated. 22s. 6d. net
His new book 'From Danube to Yalu River' is now in preparation

SIR PELHAM WARNER
Long Innings. An autobiography. Illus. 15s. net. Half leather, limited edition 5 gns.

BERNARD SPILSBURY: A Biography (6th imp.)
Douglas G. Browne & E. V. Tullett. Illus. 21s. net

With ROMMEL in the DESERT (9th imp.)
by H. W. Schmidt. The 'desert fox' as seen by his aide-de-camp. Illus. 12s. 6d. net

HENDRIK VAN LOON BOOKS
The Story of Mankind (24th imp.) Illus. 15s. net. *The Arts of Mankind* (12th imp.) Illus. 21s. net. *Van Loon's Lives* (8th imp.) Illustrated. 21s. net

I BOUGHT A MOUNTAIN (22nd imp.)
Thomas Firbank. 8s. 6d. Leather edition, 15s. net

BENHAM'S BOOK of QUOTATIONS
New revised edition with supplement and full indexes. (3rd imp.). 1,384 pp. 25s. net

FREEMASON'S Guide and Compendium
by Bernard E. Jones. Illustrated. 30s. net

ABOVE US THE WAVES (6th imp.)
The story of 'human torpedoes' and midget submarines by C. E. T. Warren and J. Benson. Illustrated. 15s. net



Men Against the Jungle

RITCHIE CALDER brings from the tropical jungles of South-East Asia a moving description of the battle against hunger, disease and poverty. Humour and tragedy mingle in the many vivid stories of the startling changes which spring from the combination of simple science and technology and traditional Asiatic practices.

Illustrated. 15s. net

Asia and Western Dominance

SARDAR K. M. PANIKKAR, the distinguished Indian statesman and historian, views the events of the last four centuries during which Asian states succumbed to Western imperialism. His book is of great political importance and a salutary experience for the Western mind. 30s. net

I Left My Roots in China

BERNARD LLEWELLYN. "A delightful book about China and the Chinese people ... records, with the vividness of a documentary film, the impressions he gained during six years of close contact."—Daily Telegraph. 2nd impression. 16s. net

The Kon-Tiki Expedition

The greatest adventure book of the century, Thor Heyerdahl's graphic account of his raft voyage across the Pacific is a best-seller all over the world. If you have not yet read it, it is not for us to ask why. We can but wonder. Sales in England over a million.

12s. 6d. net



The Kon-Tiki and I

ERIK HESSELBERG was the navigator on the raft. He is also an artist with a highly developed sense of fun and his story, illustrated on every page, shows the voyage, even at its most dangerous moments, as an enormously funny escapade. 5th impression. 10s. 6d. net

The Happy Island

BENGT DANNIELSSON. "His account of the Raorian way of living, so carefree and irresponsible as to seem criminal to earnest Europeans, makes agreeable and often very amusing reading."—The Times. (Kon-Tiki was wrecked on Raoria).

2nd impression. 15s. net

In My Solitary Life

AUGUSTUS HARE. "Reminiscence and gossip and ghost story blended together into a diverting and deliciously fantastic whole."—The Times. A well-known autobiography edited and abridged in two volumes by Malcolm Barnes. In *My Solitary Life* and *The Years with Mother*. 25s. net each

Scheherezade

"TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

Professor A. J. ARBERRY'S fresh and exciting translations of four tales produces a new sense of reality. The tales are: *Aladdin*; *The Brothers Judar*; *Aboukir and Abousir*; and *The Amorous Goldsmith*. 15s. net

ALLEN & UNWIN

Send to 40 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1 for our Winter List of Books.

Party (though the third volume, still to come, deals with them more fully), and in general somewhat neglects the connection between diplomacy and the internal political situation in each country. In Germany, for instance, Bethmann-Hollweg's main preoccupation was to proclaim Germany's innocence and 'disclaim all responsibility for causing a European war'; but possibly the reason for this preoccupation was not so much fear of the judgment of history as fear that the Social Democrats would only march in a war that appeared to have been provoked by Russian aggression.

However, even if there is more to be said on the relation between domestic and foreign policy, Albertini's understanding of the characters of the men he is describing is admirable. He sees the paradox of Grey, for example: at one moment 'it can fairly be said that he was deficient in political intuition and that his handling of the situation in 1914 was so inept and dilatory that it failed to avert the catastrophe', but, later in the drama, his 'words are of a simplicity, a warmth, and a moral grandeur worthy both of the man and of his office'. But if San Giuliano and Grey were short-sighted and Poincaré inflexible, there is no doubt that Berchtold and Bethmann-Hollweg were worse. 'One has the impression that at the last moment Berchtold, seized by belated misgivings, staked the fate of the monarchy on a gambler's throw and sent it to its doom', while 'Bethmann's technique of diplomacy was as perfidious as it was clumsy and puerile'. Yet even here the author is anxious to be just and to limit his condemnation to immediate practical actions: 'To attribute the responsibility for making war in July 1914 to the Central Powers is not to deliver judgment on the conditions which drove Austria to war and which led Germany to support Austria. . . . The fact is that the question of the origins of the war is an entirely different one from that of the rights and wrongs of the war. . . . All that we can affirm without entering into the matter is that even if one or both of the Central Powers had sufficient reasons for starting war, it would always have been the wrong decision on their part to do so in conditions unfavourable to themselves, throwing the world into chaos only to bring about their own ruin and defeat'. A study of the reasons for these wrong decisions and of the causes of the war in the profounder terms suggested here still remains to be made.

As far as the diplomatic narrative goes Albertini provides the best and most complete account there is: gaps remain to be filled by fresh evidence, such as exactly what Poincaré said to the Tsar and Sazonov during his visit to St. Petersburg, but it is hard to see where such evidence is to be found. The whole book shows a combination of grasp of detail with an imagination and a power of literary construction rare in diplomatic historians. It has very few slips (the description of Bertie as 'lately appointed' Ambassador in Paris is one of them; he had been there for nine years), and it has an easy pungent style excellently conveyed in Miss Isabella M. Massey's translation.

The Fiery Fountains

By Margaret Anderson. Rider. 15s.

Margaret Anderson is one of those people who although of mature age has never lost her unquenchable thirst for life. She writes with brio and there is never a dull moment in her rapidly moving story.

In 1914, she founded in Chicago a small magazine known as the *Little Review* which published some of the earliest writings of men who later became famous: W. B. Yeats, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, and Hemingway. She was imprudent enough also to serialise

James Joyce's *Ulysses*, got into trouble over this for a time and then bobbed up again. The present book is a record of her friendship with two other remarkable women, Georgette Leblanc, ex-wife of Maeterlinck, and Jane Heap, a co-editor of the *Little Review*. It also gives an interesting account of her discipleship to that enigmatical character, whom no writer has ever succeeded in describing, the Russian teacher Gurdjieff. She stayed at the school that he had set up at Fontainebleau under the name of the Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man and was greatly impressed by his teaching. There she found ideas completely different from any she had heard before and also a great spiritual venture. Her present book throws down a challenge to the many unadventurous people in this world and this, together with her ability to write, makes it well worth reading.

The Alleys of Marrakesh

By Peter Mayne. Murray. 15s.

Many are the uses of Arabophily. Edward William Lane, whose fascinating *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians* has not been superseded in the last 117 years, ostensibly sought in that country refreshment from the fever brought on by the strain of working by day as an engraver and studying Arabic at night. But once in Cairo, he abandoned occidental dress, assumed an Arabic name, and adopted the manners, customs 'and opinions, so far as conscience would allow' of the people with whom he lived, being received as a whitish Turk.

Peter Mayne is a spiritual descendant of Edward Lane. Having spent two years in the service of the Pakistan Government, he decided he would like to live somewhere in the Muslim world and his pin came down on Marrakesh. Like Lane, he was ill, but not with a fever. His was a sickness of the soul. He felt himself to be 'an illiterate intellectual' and in the city set between the Sahara and the sea he tried to find his spiritual cure.

Without Arabic and in his European clothes he went to live in the Arab city, first in a hotel, then in a two-room apartment in a poor quarter, after that in the superior bijou residence of Madame T, and finally in the garden cottage of a Chinese friend. As inquisitive as Lane, but always more introspective, he sought not facts about the city but an understanding of his relation to it and to the people with whom chance more than choice threw him into contact. He kept a journal during the twelve months of his stay there and this journal, edited, revised, and embellished, gives the form to this narrative of a love-affair between an Englishman and a Moroccan city, a love-affair which ended because the author found himself so complemented by Marrakesh that he did not wish to write. And writing to Mr. Mayne is clearly even more important than healing the suppurations of the soul.

The French have a passion for *ronds-points* from which identical avenues radiate like the points of stars. How neat it is, but how confusing! In spite of the turning wheels and the stumbling of the horse's hooves, there was no sense of movement. Even the scenery remained stationary, the avenue, ourselves forever beneath the same jacaranda, the same villa to the left of us, the same vacant plot to the right. Everything so new. Were all these objects moving with us under the vertical sun? Were *we* moving? And then suddenly we were again at a *rond-point*—not the same one, surely—not again and again! A 90 degree section of the landscape had started to wheel about us, flat and improbable, little half-grown trees and half-built villas, signposts pointing hither and thither and bearing the names of Generals, Presidents of the Republic, and such, and we were still where we had always been.

Mr. Mayne is shy of generalisations; he is interested more in people than in peoples. His truths are exact and concrete, the tragedy of Mademoiselle de V's paralysed hen which laid on unloved its soft-shelled eggs, while the unfaithful cock covered the *poule bressane* and the turkey-hen, in the neck feathers of which he roosted, and the tragedy of the *poule bressane* and the turkey hen, who after the failure of their respective clutches, sat in broody shifts on a porcelain doorknob. Mr. Mayne's beauties and humours are as small and hard and brilliant as gems; and as gems, they should be treasured.

Orders of the Day. By the Rt. Hon.

Earl Winterton, P.C. Cassell. 21s.

If Bertie Wooster had had enough brains to take an interest in the political life of his country he would have loved this book. The knowledge that Lord Winterton shared all his opinions would have delighted him. Nodding the good old onion, he would have agreed that the House of Commons is a frightfully decent place; that most M.P.s are jolly decent fellows; that even the blighters who come from Left-wing homes are pretty decent at heart; that Prime Ministers are jolly good eggs, although it may be necessary to speak sharply to them at times; and that foreigners are frightful asses who provoke the shocked whisper and the raised eyebrow. Or, as Lord Winterton puts it: 'He (Mr. Chamberlain) had little personal acquaintance with, or indeed liking for, the vast cesspool of European continental politics'. And again, Sir Edward Grey and Lord Halifax were 'ill-adapted to deal with the scoundrels who infested the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin before both wars'.

Lord Winterton entered parliament in February 1905 and retired at the Dissolution in 1951. He was a member of the House of Commons for forty-seven unbroken years, and at his retirement he was its Father. In this half-century he saw all the great political crises at first hand. He had friends in all political parties and he was always well informed about what was afoot. He makes the interesting point that even the unruly House of Commons after the 1931 election was a far more reasonable place than the pre-1914 Chamber with its compact band of Irish Nationalists. He speaks with affection and admiration of Mr. Shinwell and of the war-time alliance ('Arsenic and Old Lace') they formed to keep the Prime Minister up to the mark. He endears himself to the reader by his confession of past errors. His comments on the press reveal that to Lord Winterton and many other M.P.s a good headline in a newspaper or a favourable paragraph in *Punch* is as stimulating as a cocktail.

When he writes about domestic affairs, Lord Winterton is sane, benign, and charitable in the best sense of the word. On foreign affairs he is still as confused as was the average Conservative M.P. in the years between the wars. He damns the League of Nations; he is disgusted with Mr. Benes for trying to 'noble' him over the Sudeten issue; and he warmly defends the Munich policy. This is not the place to re-open all the old arguments about Munich. But in a book devoted to the House of Commons and to the by-ways of politics, it is astonishing to find no reference to the determined attempt made by the Chamberlain Government to damp down public concern about the German menace. It must have been apparent in the House; it was certainly evident in Fleet Street where Lord Winterton had so many friends. But Lord Winterton's very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. *Orders of the Day* is an interesting book; interesting for the picture it provides of the moods and passions of the House of Commons—and of the Conservative Party—through the years.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Social Impact

WELL—to succumb to the occupational *tic* of documentary television speakers—they did not fling much information and education in our faces in the first week of this New Year. Judging by the telephoned appeal of my temporary colleague below: 'Do you do the panel games?' the lighter side has not been critically stimulating, either. I am sorry that the panel games are not in my domain of comment, though I have a prescriptive interest in the most sensible of them all, 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?'. Obviously they cater for some deep need of the age: what is it—to escape from the underlying melancholy of human existence? The more fearful refugees, poor souls, owe to television the comfort of a wonderful new slogan: 'If you don't want to know the answer, close your eyes'.

What there was to see these last few days can fairly quickly be cleared off the agenda, to make way for further reflections on the social effects of television, briefly touched on here last week. 'Panorama', with Max Robertson posed, chin up, against its elegant drapes, flickered like candlelight in an uncertain air, passing from lambent gentle flame to sudden warmth, from a reverent genuflection to the silversmith's art to burning contention about what might permissibly be called the laundries' vested interests.

That was the point at which I can believe that 'Panorama' made its most positive social impact so far. One could almost hear the agitation of the chairs of a million housewives when their champion, holding forth a pillow-case like a torador about to tease a not too aggressive bull, was stunned into silence not only by time but by the offensive motto shown in the laundry film. In the name of the civilised life, I must protest that she was uncivilly treated. Equally, the official laundryman did not have a fair chance to state his case. It would have been most interesting to have had his comments on the phenomenon of the street-long queues outside at

least one launderette which I sometimes pass. Why this always timely argument was choked in mid-course, while the case for married women's economic rights was given a reasonable hearing, only the producer knows. I wish he would tell us. 'Panorama' remains no more than what publishers call a 'dummy' of the magazine it set out to be.

'Inventors' Club' comes on to our screens like a flash-back from a film about the industrial revolution, with its mechanics' institute interior and its evening-class earnestness: a programme with a mission. I have heard that more than 100 of the inventions submitted to it are now in full-scale production. Also that many large businesses and manufacturing concerns and agencies for this and that have a rota of executives for viewing it. That is social impact, if you like, not discounting the action of innumerable hands stretched forth to switch off sets when 'Inventors' Club' comes on.

'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' dropped a few points in my professional estimation last week. It would have dropped a few more had not Professor Bodkin been there to rally it with his elegant brogue and knowledge and taste. As for the table tennis, the cameras have never yet succeeded in taking us viewers into the heart of the game, skilled as they have become in following the flashing arcs of the ball in play. It is not a kind of television that I personally look forward to and I have wondered how many viewers' interests really are served by televising these

it means, to many people to have contact with them, even at one remove. Hence the rise of the cinema; hence the more intimate and irresistible appeal of television, which brings public figures into the focus of close inspection by people who have never otherwise seen them and who have no expectation of ever meeting them in person. The novelty may wear off; that is the forecast of some pondering minds. For the moment it is extremely influential and for some of its victims,



Table tennis from the Polytechnic, London: the ladies' doubles, with Jill Rook and Ann Haydon, and (on the far side) Rosalind and Diane Rowe

I may add, extremely disquieting. One of them, who can be said to have a household face as a result of his television activities, walked the other day from Hyde Park Corner to the Ritz Hotel, where he was to bask at lunch in the admiration of exalted new acquaintance. He was stopped by twelve persons requiring his autograph, mostly on scraps of paper. Concerned not to be late, he thrust aside the last request, whereat he was rounded on in scornful tones that rang out over the heads of passers-by: 'I always suspected that you were a so-and-so bore and now I know it!'

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

The Fourth Wall

SUBMITTING ONCE AGAIN to the iron discipline of regular attendance at the screen after a longish period away from it, one has at least the fresh eye. What, to a newcomer, are the changes? Well, what hits one first (trivial as it might seem to a non-viewer) is the lettering. Gone at last are the days of those barely legible 'art' scripts in which, as they were jerkily rolled up the screen, the titles and credits used to be set. And this I would suggest is symptomatic: television entertainment now smoothing out everywhere has lost much of the self-consciousness of, say, a year ago. (Do you recall the formula 'For our play tonight . . .')? Indeed, on at least one variety occasion in the past week impersonality had reached the point where the invisible letter-board man actually compered the show.

And drama—a confident slickness in presentation has been happily obvious in the first drama-



'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?', on January 7, with Dr. Glyn Daniel in the chair, and, on the right (left to right), Professor Thomas Bodkin, Sah Oved, and Sir Thomas Barlow

tic ventures of 1954. 'There's Always Juliet' has, one gathers, been done twice before, but surely never as well as in the deft production on Tuesday by Leonard Brett and Owen Reed. This piece is, of course, that mournfully rare phenomenon, the perfect television play; not only for the obvious reasons—its ample drawing-room plus verandah as a setting, its American Romeo and his pre-war English Juliet with no other characters to crowd the screen, its gentle slope of dialogue down which they can pleasantly toboggan together—but also because throughout the diverting little *pas de deux* these two lovers never for a moment trespass beyond the range of common, recognisable emotions. The big difference between television drama and drama proper is that television always does have a fourth wall to reckon with, the wall of our own room; and it succeeds most triumphantly not with Shakespeare and Dostoevsky or even with Dickens, the great recalcitrant geniuses, but with those dramatists like Mr. van Druten (Jean-Jacques Bernard is another and, interestingly enough, M. Mauriac) who make their plays out of happenings that could conceivably occur within the limits of the average room. 'Fancy me doing this here—in our flat!' exclaims Leonora at a climax in this play, and the line unintentionally lures us into a snug intimacy with the screen, insidiously weakens the terrible armchair aloofness of the viewer.

This intimate note was, too, delightfully sustained by Margaret Johnston and Robert Beatty as the Cupid-smitten pair. They relied in their subtle performances on the power of the 'boom' to pick up those half and quarter tones—a fade-away whisper, an audible smile: to provide for them is the secret of Mr. van Druten's method. Close-up shots, the grand *cliché* of the tube, were abundant but, I felt, surprisingly fresh: used to point and punctuate not to pad. But one favourite piece of production did overreach: it was an irrelevant change to film. The young couple's car-ride into the country is so well evoked in their conversation afterwards that a silent two-seater turning the corner of a London square—ah, film! we said—was annoying. I've never understood the aversion to leaving the scene divisions intact, and, in consequence, the aversion to providing some form of programme note saying when and where we are.

What, one wondered, was Mr. C. E. Webber after in 'The Gift'? Was this another instance of the promising satirical idea which then refused to 'jell'? John Slater struggled manfully with the impossible main role of the clerk on whose head a ledger falls. This releases in him the power to speak disconnected, half-remembered bits of verse—a gift that turns out, in fact, to be incoherence. No one quite rightly understands him until his mother approaches a psychiatrist who in a curious professional *volte face* hands her *The Oxford Book of English Verse* murmuring sadly something about 'and we call it "speech derangement"'. She then struggles pitifully at home with the text of 'Sumer is iumen in'. A plea for the cause of adult education? Some excellent effects included a sequence in which Mr. Slater was seen disembodiedly floating about the streets to invisible cries of 'E's loony!' but grateful as one was for the pictorial fantasy it was in the prosaic little scenes before and after the traumatic event (where Jill Fenson and Bryan Forbes gave well-observed portraits of city workers in an uncommonly



'The Mermaid', presented by the Ballet Rambert on January 6, with (foreground, left to right) Mary Munro as the Mermaid, Alexander Bennett as the Prince, and Beryl Goldwyn as the Bride

conscientious office) that Mr. Webber's own gift appeared.

Beside the bold assurance nowadays of drama, ballet on the 'telly' (should we call it 'tellet'?) still remains an unsolved problem. One can, I suppose, at a pinch do without the *décor's* colour, the sense of spectacle, but here more than in any other form of entertainment one's eye resents being moved round the action at the will of the camera; one misses acutely one's freedom to take in the whole conception. Still, with many of the Rambert ballets designed originally for a theatre the size of the little Mercury something can be done, and of the three short ones presented recently a clever tortoise dance in 'The Carnival of Animals' was especially memorable, and the last one, 'The Mermaid' (by Ravel, Hans Andersen, and Andrée Howard), was perhaps the most successful. In this choreographic counterpart of the Giraudoux play, 'Ondine', the mermaid leaving her watery element gains a footing at court. Mary Munro as the water-sprite



Robert Beatty as Dwight Houston and Margaret Johnston as Leonora Perrycoate in 'There's Always Juliet', on January 5

danced with touching pathos, there was some splendid fin-like arm-waving by the *corps* and the producer, Christian Simpson, put the sea all round us: not since the appearance of Captain Cousteau have we been so submerged.

ANTHONY CURTIS

[Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace is away and will resume his articles in a month]

Sound Broadcasting DRAMA

Xanadu, Rukh, etc.

'WHEN WE THINK of Marco Polo', a poet wrote, 'it is of Kublai we think'. And so we do. The great Khan, 'lord of lords', ruling mightily in Kambalu or in Xanadu, is at the golden-heart of that extraordinary thirteenth-century venture to Cathay. Merely to sound the name of Kublai Khan—it is like the throbbing of a gong—is to call up phrase upon phrase: Marco Polo's own tribute to Kublai's 'consummate valour, his virtues, and his prudence'; Coleridge's 'In

Xanadu did Kubla Khan...'; Masfield's 'One feels the presence of Kublai all through the narrative, as the red wine, dropped into the water-cup, suffuses all'. It is so, even in 'Marco Millions' (Home) where Eugene O'Neill, using the theme only to satirise, to rend, the American go-getter, the hollow man of big business, seems to have found Kublai obstinately at the centre of the stage. The play's little materialist, Marco, becomes even smaller than he was meant to be.

It may appear like desecration to treat the story as O'Neill has done, to turn Marco to this complacent thick-skin of a success story, the young careerist who butts into an idealised Cathay, the tough nicknamed 'Il Milione' whose tones die away in Venice on such a line as 'Millions upon millions upon millions of worms'. Certainly, Marco is a boor. Still, as William Sylvester realised him in the radio play, he was not too much of a bore. (He did make us understand why Tedaldo said, in effect, to the Polos: 'On the last day one of your kin will interrupt Gabriel to sell him another trumpet'.) The trouble is that, having announced his satirical theme, O'Neill can think of few variations. Marco has to stay on one note; we are seized far more surely by Kublai, the Khan of the golden throne. (Incidentally—not that it matters—he needed no teaching about the value of paper money.)

The play, a rarity over here, oddly mixes the savage and the gentle. We could wish that O'Neill had not felt it his task to turn from the burnished splendours of Cathay to the tarnished gold of 'Il Milione'. As it is, the tale wavers. Hugh Stewart's production, thoroughly direct, did not always snatch at the imagination, though the proper names had their glow and Ralph Truman developed a sonorous power as Kublai of Xanadu. On radio we were left with a memory of the crystal-gazing monarch as he mourned for Kukachin dead on her Persian catafalque, and not (as O'Neill wished, hopefully, might happen in the theatre) with the sight of Marco Polo rising from among us, a yawning spectator at his own play, ready to be driven off in the limousine of Big Business. Maxine Audley, except in her last outbreak, did not animate the Princess. Denys Blakelock chose an admirable yellowed-ivory voice for the old counsellor. Godfrey Kenton had only a word or two as the Persian Khan. Even so, he contrived when he said 'Princess!' on greeting Kukachin, to evoke the true romance—if the word is still permissible—



TN240

A fine, and thrifty, tobacco

You may think that you are paying slightly more for the privilege of smoking Three Nuns. But then it is so economical in smoking—thanks to the slow burning of that curious curly cut—that it costs you less in the long run. So you can continue to smoke your favourite Three Nuns with a clear conscience.

Three Nuns



ORIGINAL BLEND · EMPIRE BLEND

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Glasgow, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

It's on the Cards..

that you are going to buy a T.V. set or are dissatisfied with your present reception. It is on the test cards and in the enjoyment of the programmes that you appreciate the advantages of the better performance of Aerialite Aerials. Every Aerialite aerial is an ace in its own range. Aerfringe for long distance reception. The Dublex (as supplied to the B.B.C.) for reception up to 60 miles—price £4.8.6 complete. The lightweight



Unex aerial for first class reception up to 40 miles—price £3.19.6 complete. Other models for all locations.

Insist on Aerialite downleads and accessories for your T.V. aerial and installation.

Send for leaflet "Television Viewing in more than one room from the one aerial" and new 1954 catalogue enclosing 3d. in stamps. Car Aerial catalogue also available.

AERIALITE TELEVISION AERIALS

AERIALITE LTD., CASTLE WORKS, STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

2 hours heat for 1d.

BURNS 42 HOURS WITHOUT REFILLING
MORRIS portable odourless Cabinet Heater incorporating the MORRIS vent system of heat distribution
A large volume of warm air is quickly circulated throughout a room of 1,500-2,000 cu. ft., ensuring a cosy, even temperature.

- ★ Capacity of fuel container, 7 pts. of paraffin.
- ★ Hours burning, 42 hours on one filling.
- ★ Average consumption, 48 hours to 1 gallon.
- ★ Size, 26½" x 15½" x 7½" deep.
- ★ Morris blue flame burner.

A modern attractive appearance finished in antique gold or gold.

OUR SPECIALITY. Every space heater is specifically designed to give the widest possible distribution of heat.

YOUR SAFEGUARD. Our experience as portable Space Heating Specialists for over 21 years.

MORRIS HEATING APPLIANCES LTD.
(Dept. L), Morris House, 74, York Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.11
BATTERSEA 3312/3



Type 'B' Vent (as shown)
Price £10.10s.0d.
Type 'D' Vent, similar in design but with larger body, oil container and burner
Price £14.10s.0d.

The World's finest Ball Pen...

AND ONLY

3'4

Refills can be fitted in split second and are obtainable in Blue, Black, Red, Green, and Violet ink.



BALL PEN

AT ALL STATIONERS

TAKE UP PELMANISM For Progress and Prosperity



Pelmanism develops
—Judgment
—Optimism
—Initiative
—Will-Power
—Concentration
—Self-Confidence

PELMANISM is a working course in Practical Psychology directed to the needs of the average man and woman. The Pelman Course is based on over 50 years' intensive study and experience in dealing with the difficulties, fears, aspirations and ambitions of more than 750,000 people of all ages and occupations.

You would like your affairs to prosper and your income to increase. Pelmanism will help you to achieve this and will enable you to develop that zest for living that comes with an awakened mind; also with quickened mental powers, your awakened ability will enable you to enjoy those purchasable pleasures that come with extra money. The Pelman Training is scientific, precise and individual.

Reduced fees for members of Her Majesty's Forces

The Pelman Course is fully described in "The Science of Success," which will be sent you, gratis and post free.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY

To the Pelman Institute, 82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.
Name.....
Address.....
"The Science of Success" please

noticeably lacking in that 'stuffed idol of self-satisfaction', Marco, tycoon of the humourless assurance and the slurring voice.

Himalayan Rukh, at once more sinister and matter-of-course than Xanadu, is the scene of what was always a valiant melodrama, William Archer's 'The Green Goddess' (Home). Who would have expected this brand of frivol from the Ibsen-sponsor and austere critic? Probably only Archer himself. I have always enjoyed the piece, especially the sudden arrival, near closing time, of Flight-Lieutenant Cardew. He 'saunters in', takes Mrs. Crespin's hand 'cordially but coolly'—he is saving her, by the way, from a fate worse than death—and then, as he shakes hands with the other survivor, adds a 'Dr. Traherne, I presume?' in the perfect Stanley-manner. The youth has only a dozen speeches (David Peel delivered them suitably); in Raymond Raikes' production—excellent radio—we had more time to concentrate upon Abraham Sofaer, whose Raja was, vocally, as 'subtle, serpentine, terrible, and fascinating' as that of Arliss is said to have been, and upon Charles Leno as the 'very playful gentlemen's' valet, the prodigious Watkins.

'The Lady of the Camellias' (Light) sounds tired now; the play, in spite of its tactful version, was fading long before Jean Kent, who acted staunchly as Marguerite, herself faded into silence. Peter Watts lighted us safely through the swirling phantasmagoria of 'To Damascus' (Third); Dennis Arundell's voice, as the Prior, was masterful in Part Three. Patricia Hayes' buoyancy endeared to us the adventuring lad from Poland who, in the feature 'Michael' (Home), cut his way through frontier-wire like a seasoned escaper. And in 'Much-Binding' (Home), still apt to trickle off after a flood-tide beginning, we heard dear Miss Plum as she got the wrong number and involved her boss in a wild conversation about spokes. Later, we heard her explaining in Dora Bryan's milk-chocolate voice (with a few nuts in it here and there) that she had had quite a time in Hollywood—as legendary a place as Xanadu or Rukh.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Bookish

MOST OF MY LISTENING last week was, as it turned out, of a bookish cast. It began on Sunday afternoon when I listened to John Lehmann who has taken over the weekly 'Talking of Books' on the Home Service. What I ask of the talker on this programme is not primarily that he should advise me on what to read and what to avoid, but that he should instruct and entertain me by his talk even if I have not read and do not intend to read the books he is talking about. Mr. Lehmann amply fulfils this demand of mine, and if I wanted advice on what to read I would confidently take his. Another book review which was much more besides was that on Lord Justice Denning's *The Changing Law*, by C. J. Hamson, Professor of Comparative Law at Cambridge. This had all the shrewd discrimination which so often makes a talk on a legal subject by a speaker learned in the law so engrossing.

A learned and fascinating talk of a different kind was John Hayward's 'John Wilmor, Earl of Rochester', which referred to the volume of Rochester's poems recently added to the Muses Library. Mr. Hayward himself in earlier days contemplated a critical edition of Rochester and so he was well equipped to discuss the peculiar difficulties facing anyone bold enough to undertake the job. Such a discussion may seem to promise dry and dusty listening, but on the contrary it was an extremely interesting talk, admirably broadcast. It was followed by a selection made by Mr. Hayward from Rochester's

lyrics and satires read by William Devlin. This was poetry reading after my own heart, beautifully phrased and delivered in a style which exhibited to the full, without the slightest over-emphasis, the delicately artificial charm of the lyrics and the savage disgust of the satires. In his lyrics Rochester sometimes produces lines which have the inevitability of a musical cadence, like the last two in this stanza:

Lest once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,
I fall on some base heart unbless'd;
Faithless to thee, False, unforgiv'n,
And lose my Everlasting rest.

'An Author's Adventure' was a talk with a lively appeal to all authors but the grossly successful—an eminently bookish talk, since J. L. Hodson described in detail how he himself is publishing his own book. I'm sure that every author—if not every publisher—will wish Mr. Hodson a dazzling success. Perhaps—who knows?—his venture will start a revolution in publishing.

The Golden Bough is a great book in the most literal sense. Beginning in two volumes—and even then it was a great book—it grew in the course of years into thirteen, though for the lazier and less enterprising reader it is to be had in a version boiled down to a single fat tome. This year is the centenary of Frazer's birth and it is being celebrated in a series of three broadcasts of which we have already heard the first by Gilbert Murray. But in addition to these, H. J. Rose talked last week, in the final instalment of 'Myth or Legend?', on 'Nemi and the Golden Bough', an excellent broadcast in which he distinguished between what is myth and what legend in Frazer's fascinating story of the priest of the sacred grove near the ancient Italian town of Nemi—the theme with which his great study originated. There have been great advances in anthropology in recent years and these talks will throw valuable light on Frazer's work and doubtless revise some of his conclusions.

'Talking of Rheumatism' is not a bookish theme, although rheumatism, like books, offers boundless opportunities to those whose favourite theme of conversation is themselves; since there are authors who insist on telling us more than we wish to know about the work they are at the moment engaged on—and certain rheumatic subjects are only too delighted to give us prolonged descriptions of their 'pains'—not, for the listener, a cheering theme. But the physician who talked of rheumatism in its many varieties last week was certainly cheering. In clear, unhurrying speech and simple, precise terms he described the various types of rheumatism and the new treatments available today for arresting or alleviating them. He failed, however, to mention the permanent cure for lumbago which I myself discovered accidentally some years ago. It consists simply in missing your footing on the top of a steep flight of stairs and doing the descent in a sitting position. But, as a doctor told me later, it involves a certain risk. You may break your back.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Then and Now

IT SEEMS APPROPRIATE in this jubilee number to cast a glance backward over the past of this particular column. Though, as I tell over the names that have appeared at its end—names of composers, Masters of the King's (or Queen's) Music, professors as well as critics—I feel rather like Macbeth in the witches' cavern watching a procession, not of usurping posterity, but of daunting and distinguished predecessors, the sum of whose knowledge and experience one could not hope to match. In the early years, I find, there was no musical critic on the hearth.

In 1929 there was, indeed, hardly enough

music in the programmes to engage the attention of a critic week by week. There were but two programmes, 2 LO and 5 GB (Davenport Experimental), eked out by some local Regional Stations. In the first number of *THE LISTENER* the critic on the hearth would have had to make do with a concert conducted by Hermann Scherchen—it included 'The Carnival of Animals', Haydn's 'Farewell' Symphony, and Beethoven's 'Wellington's Victory', which alone suggests the Third Programme—a performance under Ansermet of 'Le Sacre du Printemps', listed as something very enterprising (as indeed it was), and a Royal Philharmonic Concert relayed from Queen's Hall and conducted by (as pictured in the *Radio Times*) an incredibly youthful Barbirolli. There was also that hardy and excellent feature, 'The Foundations of Music', which took listeners by the hand and led them on to appreciate the highest when they heard it. And there was the weekly Bach Cantata, and some chamber music, including the Quartet in G minor by Vaughan Williams.

Not at all to be sniffed at—though it must be remembered that reception was not what it is today, and so would have made serious criticism at the hearth more difficult to maintain. So the opening number had as its chief musical feature a discussion of the team-spirit in music by that grand broadcaster, Walford Davies, followed by an article, similar to the one following this column, on William Boyce by Constant Lambert.

How different is my lot! Webber and Dowland, Dallapiccola and King Alfonso the Wise jostled one another for my attention in the first days of the week. The New Year began seasonably with two performances of Berlioz' 'L'Enfance du Christ', a work which might have been expressly designed for broadcasting. For it never comes off as well in the large concert-hall necessary to contain the performers and an audience big enough to meet the expenses. In a broadcast performance its bare patches seem much less obvious and are reduced to insignificance by the effect of intimacy and tenderness which is its outstanding virtue. Apart from an instrumental slip or two, and some indistinctness in the enunciation of some of the singers, Bruce Boyce and George James (whose rich bass was notably effective in the small part of the Ishmaelite) being exceptions, the performance under Sir Malcolm Sargent was excellent.

Berlioz' oratorio might conceivably have appeared in the programmes of 1929. But Handel's 'Agrippina'—no. I wish I could say that the hearing of this early opera of a great composer was an unalloyed delight. There were, indeed, some lovely airs, notably Otto's in Poppaea's garden with an accompaniment suggestive of the beautiful scene with its fountain playing. But there was no real attempt to present the action of the drama through the music, which is the opera composer's prime business. Who, for instance, would have guessed from the staid procession of recitatives and airs that the first scene of Act III might have belonged to a French 'bedroom-farce' of twenty-five years ago, with three lovers hiding behind curtains and popping out of alcoves? Here might have been an argument to support Inglis Gundry's distinction (in 'Music Magazine') between opera and music-drama—a distinction which, as he presented it, I hold to be fundamentally unsound. Only an opera in which the composer has failed in his prime duty conforms to his definition of 'opera', and his quotations from 'Don Giovanni' and 'Don Carlos' really blew his argument to pieces. 'Music drama' was a term invented by Wagner who wished to distinguish his operas from the degenerate examples of the form which Italians long before called 'dramma per musica'.

'Music Magazine' aptly and movingly commemorated Marion Scott with a passage from

one of Haydn's slow movements, and Frederick Thurston, one of a distinguished generation of instrumentalists who played in the B.B.C. Orchestra, which by the way only came into being when this journal was an infant of eighteen

months. Brahms' Clarinet Quintet, which was the subject of Alan Frank's talk, was played that evening by Jack Brymer and the Amadeus String Quartet, and again on Friday, when one hopes the balance will have been better. On

Sunday the composer's ghost cut one of the strings as retribution for the omission of the repeat in the first movement, so that it had to be played again after all.

DANIEL HUSSEY

Recent Italian Music

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

Works by Peragallo and Dallapiccola will be broadcast at 9.0 p.m. on Monday, January 18, 6.0 p.m. on Tuesday, January 19, and 6.45 p.m. on Thursday, January 21 (all Third)

A VALID musical culture depends on the equilibrium of tradition and innovation. Italian music, in the course of its eventful history, has often demonstrated the truth of this thesis, but perhaps never so convincingly as in the twentieth century. In the absence of any notable symphonic music, Casella and Malipiero, the fathers of the modern movement, sought to create an instrumental style that would constitute a significant contribution to the music of contemporary Europe.

Their expectations were fulfilled in the subsequent generation among whom Petracchi and Dallapiccola stand out as the most conspicuously significant personalities even in a larger, European context; they possess an unmistakably individual idiom whose distinguishing features are no less unmistakably Italian in character. There are, in addition, a number of musicians whose respective ages alone would make their inclusion into either group seem incongruous. Most gifted, perhaps, of this *generazione di mezzo*, in the words of a discriminating Italian critic, is Antonio Veretti (b. 1900) whose music shows a consistent development from a somewhat discursive lyricism and romantic features to a more strictly organised style in which Stravinskian discipline is very happily coloured by an essentially Gallic temperament. Stravinsky is still strongly felt in his 'Sinfonia Sacra' for male chorus and orchestra, on texts from the Book of Prophets (1946); the Concerto for piano and orchestra (1949), probably his best work to date, shows complete understanding of Bartók's pianistic thinking, which he integrates into his own idiom characterised by French wit and elegance.

The same spontaneity of invention distinguishes his recent music written after having adopted the dodecaphonic technique. His 'Ouverture della Campana' (1951) combines its constructive discipline with programmatic content. The Sonata for violin and piano (1953) demonstrates his ability to exploit the advantageous features of his basic row and shows a strikingly original formal conception. His music certainly deserves a hearing.

Turning now to the second generation, it is difficult to discern any one particular 'school' or 'group' dominating the Italian musical scene. The 'Italianism' of the younger generation consists precisely in their individual approach to the stylistic problems of our days. Nevertheless it is possible to discover the difference which divides them: there are those who, following in Casella's footsteps, have sought aesthetic and technical guidance at extra-Italian sources, and those who, emulating Malipiero's example, have found inspiration in the musical heritage of their own people. Yet, in spite of the common ideal shared by the adherents of either orientation, each has preserved a remarkable independence of outlook. Thus, it might have been expected that the allegiance to dodecaphonic principles would impose a certain uniformity of style, yet Bruno Maderna's (b. 1920) excursions into the outer regions of the twelve-note system

'Studi per Il Processo di Kafka' for soprano, reciter, and orchestra (1950) for instance is poles apart from Riccardo Nielsen's colouristic landscapes 'Tre Studi per La Via di Colombo' (1952), excerpts from a radio-opera that won the Italia Prize for 1953.

There is a similar difference of Riccardo Malipiero's (b. 1914) style compared to Mario Peragallo's (b. 1910). The former, nephew of Gian Francesco, a perceptive critic and fearless champion of Schönberg's theories, is the more intellectual nature. His acutely critical attitude towards his own stylistic development induced him to disown much of his music written before he adopted the twelve-note method. His Concerto for violin and orchestra (1952) shows an interim realisation of the perpetual variation principle, here conditioned by the particular requirements of the concertising instrument. His interesting 'Studi per Orchestra' (1953) discloses the concept fully worked out: a set of variations (the 'theme' of which is a dodecaphonic row) in which the various combinations of instrumental colours furnish the variable element. Telescoped into a single continuous movement, the variations are grouped in four sections corresponding to the traditional four movements of a symphony.

The essentially romantic qualities of Peragallo's music, which keep breaking through the strict discipline of the Schönbergian system, contribute a great deal to its sympathetic reception even at first hearing. In Italy he first attracted public attention in 1937 with his opera 'Ginevra degli Almieri'; ten years later his 'La Collina', a 'scenic madrigal' for soloists, chorus and chamber orchestra set to Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology was acclaimed by a wider international audience. The music belongs to his 'neo-classic' phase; it shows his contrapuntal gifts and his ability to create spacious structures from short, concise thematic germs. His 'Musica per doppio quartetto d'archi' (1948) marks his conversion to the dodecaphonic method of composition, in which he seems to have found his true voice.

He has succeeded in reconciling the compelling logic of its creative processes with his romantic sensibility in his Concerto for piano and orchestra (1949). It combines spontaneity of invention—the frankly popular *allegro* of the first movement, and the spirited finale—unflagging drive of expression, and a dazzling pianistic writing which shows a happy compromise between percussive conception and Chopinesque melismatic idiom, into a concerto in the grand manner. In his next work, the 'Fantasia per Orchestra' (1952), although colouristic and passionately emotional elements prevail even more strongly, its form is even more consistently controlled. He is now finishing an opera 'La gita in campagna' scheduled for next spring at the Scala, Milan.

Bruno Bettinelli (b. 1913) is perhaps the most conspicuous among those composers for whom the indigenous musical culture is the main creative stimulus. Behind the awareness of Hindemith and Stravinsky, the image of Corelli

is discoverable at the heart of his music: his concern for purity of sound, especially noted in his scores for string ensembles, is a distinguishing feature of his work. In his harmonic and melodic idiom he does not abandon the orbit of a central tonic; and although he freely extends the confines of his tonal framework he refrains from excessive chromaticism. Wide range of emotions, allied to a scrupulous respect for structural balance are further characteristics of his style.

But a number of the younger generation belong to neither camp. They follow the guidance of their own creative instinct, showing receptiveness to impulses from any quarter which promises to enlarge the horizon of their sensibility or enrich their means of expression. Guido Turchi (b. 1916) is decidedly the most significant personality of the new Italy. His modest output indicates severe self-criticism; his music is always extremely polished and perfect. He possesses a highly developed sense of stylistic integrity; in spite of the easily demonstrable influences his idiom has a consistently personal stamp about it. The Stravinskian impulses are rationalised in 'Invettiva' for mixed chorus and two pianos (1946-47), a setting of lines from 'Carmina Burana'. His reverence of Bartók is shown in his extraordinarily suggestive Concerto for string orchestra (1947-48) and the admirable 'Piccolo concerto notturno' (1949-50) where he investigates the most elusive aspects of the Bartókian world in the light of their Latin affinities.

Mario Zaffred's music cannot be properly assessed without taking his social conscience into consideration. Born in 1922, his whole development shows a consistent striving to eliminate from his music anything that would obscure a straightforward comprehension of his thoughts. He sympathises with the idea that music has a useful and definite function in the life of the community. He is perhaps the only one among the young generation who abandoned the advanced dodecaphonic idiom which is said to be evident in his earlier work in favour of a simplified and more readily understandable style. Nevertheless he retained certain of its constructional principles. A prolific composer, the most vital aspect of his music is its conviction. His nobility of inspiration and seriousness of thought is especially conspicuous in his Fourth Symphony 'In Honour of the Resistance' 1950, where tonal coherence is secured by means of a 'basic row' consisting of two diatonic tetrachords a semitone apart. The expert pianistic writing of the Third Sonata for piano (1950) is one of its valuable features.

In view of the great diversity of the Italian scene today, one wonders if there is a common attribute which would allow one to speak of a specifically Italian contribution. The answer is 'yes': it is a certain sensuousness, and the Latin delight in melodic qualities, the *cantabilità* which has always been regarded as an essential trait of the Italian genius, and still permeates the music of the new generation.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● One of today's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model answers, corrections of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 17,000 Successes at London University Examinations, 1925-1952.

● Write for PROSPECTUS to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

ABOLISH THE DIABOLICAL GIN TRAP!



Instrument of torture 1954

Forty million rabbits are tortured every year by means of the gin trap. It was a Government Committee that recently described this same trap as "a diabolical instrument, causing an incalculable amount of suffering". Yet it remains legal, although many humane and effective alternatives exist.

Help the RSPCA in its campaign to abolish the "diabolical instrument" by sending a donation or a gift for sale to the Chief Secretary (Dept. L.), RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

REMEMBER THE
RSPCA

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc.
Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.
Vice-Principal: ARNOLD SAXELBYE, M.A.CAMB., B.A.LOND.

Arts Director:
P. G. HALL,
M.A.CAMB.



Science Director:
GEORGE WALKER,
PH.D.CAMB., M.SC.SYD.

LONDON UNIVERSITY DEGREES

B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., B.Mus.

- The Degrees of the University of London are open to all without residence at the University or attendance at lectures. Normally three examinations have to be passed, but *two only* under certain conditions. U.C.C. prepares students for the required examinations leading to Degrees in Arts, Science, Economics, Laws, Divinity, etc.
- Tuition is also given for Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, and various other Diplomas and Certificates.
- The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified graduate Tutors, who are specialists in teaching by post. The moderate tuition fees may be paid by instalments.

**More than 36,000 U.C.C. students passed London
University examinations during the years 1920-1953.**

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, &c.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c. and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 70,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DI/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

GOING ABROAD THIS YEAR? Language Problem Solved

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved. The Pelman method is enabling thousands of men and women to learn languages without translation. By the Pelman method you learn French in French, German in German, Spanish in Spanish, and Italian in Italian. English is not used at all.

Reduced fees for H.M. Forces

The method is explained in four little books, one for each language. Write for the book that interests you and it will be sent you by return, together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free.

—POST THIS COUPON TODAY—

To the Pelman Languages Institute,
82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street,
London, W.1

Please send details of Pelman method of learning —French, German, Spanish, Italian.
(Cross out three of these)

Name.....
Address.....

Hand Built RADIOGRAMPHONE Equipment

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR
THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT
TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY
STANDARDS

Universal Electronic Products
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

AT LAST!

THE JEWEL
NEEDLE—

THAT ALL CAN AFFORD

WINDSOR

Sapphire
GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES
● Improved reproduction
From all retailers or
Sapphire Bearings Ltd.
Catherine Place London S.W.1

2/6
EACH

If you are interested in writing— consider these facts

The paper shortage is over. Magazines and newspapers are bigger than they have been for 14 years. This means more space for new writers.

If you have talent you may succeed on your own, by trial and error. More probably you will give up after rejections, assuming that editors don't want new writers. Or that you have no gift. The former is a fallacy; the latter may not be true.

Thirty-five years ago the LSJ was founded under the aegis of the press. It has helped to success many who would not have succeeded otherwise, and its personal methods have won praise in all parts of the world. The courses are in Journalism, Story Writing, Free Lance Journalism, Television Plays, Radio Plays, Literature, History and Poetry.

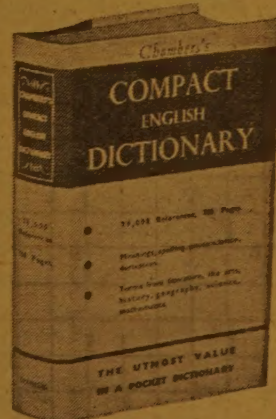
Get a free copy of "Writing for the Press." It will cost nothing. You may decide that you are wasting time writing on your own and that the LSJ can shorten the road for you as it has for so many others.

Chief Secretary:

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 Gordon Square, London,
W.C.1.
MUSEum 4574

A great little reference book!

CHAMBERS'S COMPACT ENGLISH DICTIONARY



768 pages
79,000 references

AMAZING
VALUE
FOR

5/-!!!

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER
TO SHOW YOU THE
'COMPACT'

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

By PHYLLIS CRADOCK

A SOUP FROM PORTUGAL

THE ORIGINAL *Sopa Verde* or Green Soup of Portugal had cabbage as its star ingredient, and here is my adaptation. Two pints of potato water—which often gets thrown down the sink—one pint of milk, one finely chopped, cooked onion, and three, medium-sized, cooked, sieved potatoes, plus three teacups of the finest, shredded raw cabbage you can cut. I add a grated nutmeg, but that is a matter of choice.

Heat the milk and potato water together, add the sieved potato purée, chopped onion, seasoning to taste, and grated nutmeg, if you like it. Then three minutes before the family sits down to table throw in those hair-thin strips of raw cabbage. Boil fast for three minutes—no longer—and serve at once. That will prove to anyone that cabbage is interesting to eat.

There is nothing to stop you adding a touch of garlic to this soup. But one of the reasons why English people dislike garlic is because so few of them know that the cloves should be crushed before using. It is criminal to chop them so that horrid little bits suddenly intrude on some otherwise delicately flavoured dish. Go to work with a pointed knife and use the point to crush each garlic clove until it forms a tiny

little puddle of pulp. Blend this pulp into your stocks, soups, sauces, stews, pies, puddings, and cheese dishes.

I have made many converts, particularly with garlic bread. You slice small, brown loaves, those miniature ones are excellent for this, being very careful not to cut through the base crust, but to have a sort of fan of slices held together at the bottom. You mix two ounces of butter or margarine with one small, crushed garlic clove and one small dessert-spoon of finely chopped fresh parsley. Spread all the slices with this paste, wrap the whole loaf up in aluminium foil or thick, greaseproof paper, heat for about fifteen minutes at electrical temperature 250 or gas mark 2 to 3, and serve piping hot.

SOFT ICING

There are many children (and more grown-ups) who do not like hard Royal Icing on cakes, but it is very easy to adapt the standard recipe to make a soft one. Hard or soft, the basic recipe remains the same: sifted icing sugar with lightly whipped egg-white and a few drops of lemon juice, blended smoothly until the mixture holds a peak when drawn up with a spoon. And here comes the trick which changes the texture: for soft icing add one teaspoon of glycerine. The

glycerine acts as a 'brake' on the drying-out process and keeps the moisture in. If you coat your sponge or fruit cake twenty-four hours in advance it will be firm enough to add decorations if they are wanted.

Notes on Contributors

SIR JAMES ROBERTSON, K.C.M.G., K.B.E. (page 45): Civil Secretary, Sudan Government, 1945-53; has held other posts in the Sudan Political Service during the past thirty years.

W. R. HAWTHORNE (page 48): Professor of Applied Thermodynamics, Cambridge University since 1951; George Westinghouse Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1948.

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (page 53): Governor of the B.B.C., 1941-46; Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Information, 1940-41; author of *King George V: His Life and Reign*, etc.

O. R. FRISCH (page 57): Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Cambridge University since 1947; author of *Meet the Atoms*, etc.

JOHN WHITE (page 58): Lecturer in the History of Art at the Courtauld Institute, London University.

Crossword No. 1,237.

Dear Sir, . . .

By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, January 21

The first number of THE LISTENER, published on January 16, 1929, produced a large number of letters from readers, some of which are here printed for the first time. (Reference to THE LISTENER, No. 1, might help solvers a little, but the solution is not in any way dependent on such reference.)

Dear Sir,

Sir O. Lodge's talk on 6D (13) 11D (11) makes no mention of Lenin! We might still be mourning the 53D (5) of the 56D (4), rather than living in the 28A (6) 5D (3)! And Mr. 61A (5) thinks 19A (5) the greatest man since Milton! One might as well say Burgoyne, of 63A (8),

or Swift, with his 20A (7), or 12D (4) Smith, or the Comte de 7A (4), or the 35D (5) of Afghanistan! There are plenty in front of 19A (5) in the 31A (5)! Give Tom Paine his 9D (3)!

Leftist.

Dear Sir,

Dozing, like a 46A (3), in the tube today, I was 53D (5) just in time by the laughter which 14D (5) from two gentlemen of 29D (6) 48A (6) opposite. The 66A (8) of the two was reading aloud from 'The 18D (8)' some elementary Italian, and the cleaner was in 33D (4), his cheeks positively 4D (4) with 38D (5). But for this timely awakening I should have made a complete 32A (8) of the 13A (5) Circle.

Grateful.

Dear Sir,

We want pin-up girls! Your illustrations are 27D (5). 41A (9) for instance, I thought 26A (3) was chained to a rock in the nude, but 26A (3) looks just nebulous in your picture. 33A (12)'s 22A (4) 24A (7) may be your idea of glamour, but the 21A (3) 47D (6) 23A (4) 57A (3) West.

A. Moran.

Dear Sir,

I lay in 1D (6) in the Strand yesterday to ask passers-by whether they had seen 'The 18D (8)'. You may be interested in some of the replies:—

(a) A well-known explorer: 'Read it! Snakes alive! I'd rather be throttled by a 62A (3) or bitten by a black 49D (5)'.

(b) The Hon. Freddie Plumm (two 10D (3) 13D (6) to the Fosseway millions, up for the day from the 11A (5) mansion of 1A (6) in the shires: 'It's no more use to me than a hunter with 44A (6)'.

(c) A student: 'Plenty of "65A" (3) but not enough "45D" (4), and that's the long and short of it. Don't print in full; just 30D (5) in a snappy 60D (3) or two'.

(d) A Frenchman (misunderstanding): '59D (3) 36A (3), monsieur'.

(e) A 67A (4) young lady named 8D (7), from Valenza: 'I'm not so soft as to buy it. It's as dead as the 15A (3). If this is the best Savoy Hill can do, give me my native 27A (6)'.

(f) An Arab, with a 46D (6), from 49A (6), would 64A (4) no expressions in polite 25D (5), but indulged in questionable 34D (9).

(g) Professor 17A (7), the archaeologist: 'With my grandson Remus I have been deciphering some 59A (6) which throw light on the strangling of the Spartan king 58D (4) by order of an 50D (5)'. The 18D (8)? Ah, yes, I liked the article 'From 34D (9) to 54A (5) 34A (3)' on page 22, and the accompanying picture of the 3D (12),

37A (4). But in Sparta the 39D (7) was more popular than the theatre.

(h) '55A (5)' Macaroni, king of Chicago's underworld: 'Aw, nerds, I can't read the 24D (6) stuff'. Reporter.

Dear Sir,

I submit a short original poem for your consideration.

7D (7)

When all Life's Pattern seems 16A (4),

The Isle of Wight's the place for me.

At 7D (7), in the Island's 23D (3),

I 40A (4) beside the silver sea:

The breeze's 2D (5), the hum of 39A (3),

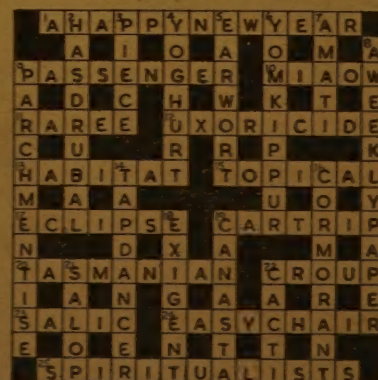
42D (7) my cares, and set me free.

Eustasia Biggs (Miss).

Dear Sir,

Wot, no 51A (9)! Y.

Solution of No. 1,235



NOTES

1A. Mrs. Battle's celebrated wish. 2D. Horace, *Odes*, iv, 4, 37. 3D. 'Pieces'. Hard to find in a dictionary, but familiar at the grocer's. 4D. Common spelling on the milk-carts. 12A. Although he is called the 'French Bluebeard' Landru's close on 300 victims were not wives, but 'fiancées'. 16D. 'Paradise Lost' 4, 196. 17A. Wot-nosun was second in the last Grand National. Eclipse was foaled during the eclipse of 1764. 20A. His father was Bishop of Tasmania. 22A. Equine hindquarters, not head-quarters. 23A. Salicional. Stop for soft reedy organ-pipe. 24A. *From an Easy-chair*: book on popular science.

Prizewinners: 1st prize. P. A. Drällien (Harpenden); 2nd prize: R. G. Allen (Taunton); 3rd prize: O. R. Jones (Bradfield).

NAME.....

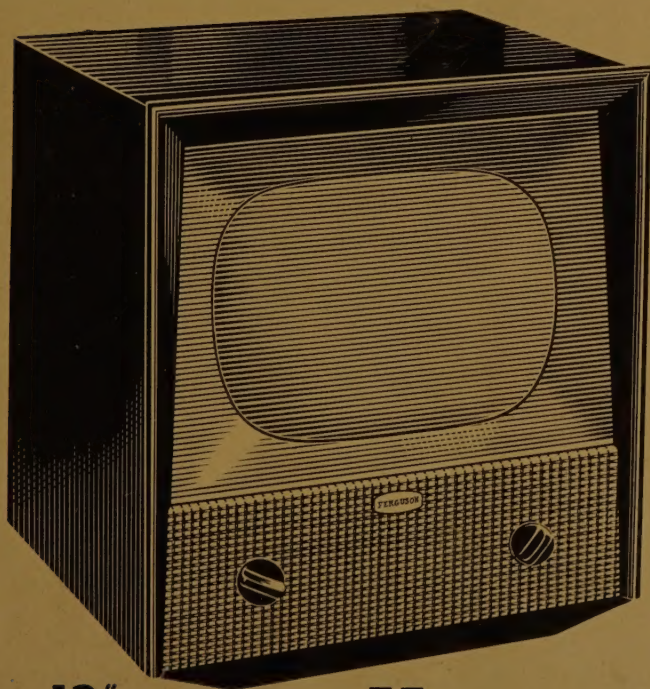
ADDRESS.....



Greetings from another well-known listener

The familiar figure of the Ferguson Listening Man is happy to have this opportunity of congratulating his near-namesake.

At the same time he brings to the attention of his distinguished audience some fine Ferguson television and radio sets with which they may enjoy the B.B.C. programmes to the full.



12" TABLE MODEL 998 **55GNS** Tax Paid

14" TABLE MODEL 992 **62GNS** Tax Paid
Also 'full-range' model 991—66gns Tax Paid

17" TABLE MODEL 996 **78GNS** Tax Paid
Also 'full-range' model 995—82gns Tax Paid



FERGUSON model 400 RG

'... no detectable distortion ...'

The '400' is a 6-valve, 3-waveband superhet radiogram, with 3-speed autochange unit and microcell crystal pick-up heads for all types of records. Special negative feed-back push-pull amplifier giving 6-watts output with *no detectable distortion*. Improved high flux density 10" P.M. moving coil speaker. Dignified cabinet with beautifully figured French walnut butts and contrasting vertical louvers. Leatherette lined record storage space.

MODEL 400 RG (A.C. only) 85GNS TAX PAID

MODEL 400 URG (A.C. or D.C.) 92GNS TAX PAID

POST THIS COUPON TODAY for fuller details of all Ferguson TV and radio models to Thorn Electrical Industries Ltd, 233 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2

Name.....

Address.....

I am especially interested in Model.....

Thorn

...fine sets these **FERGUSON'S**



A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

Adjoining the site where, centuries ago, madder was marketed to dye the Norwich-woven wool, stands the unique Maddermarket Theatre, modelled on the style of an Elizabethan playhouse. Here a small band of anonymous amateur players, local citizens from all walks of life, were directed for 30 years by their founder, Nugent Monck. This theatre has become so renowned for its presentation on an 'apron' stage of numerous plays, including the whole of Shakespeare's works, that enlargement has been found necessary.

Just as, from small beginnings, the fame of the Maddermarket has spread abroad, so the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, founded over 150 years ago by a group of Norwich men, have achieved world-wide recognition for their outstanding performance in all branches of insurance.



NORWICH UNION
INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH
Branches and Agencies throughout the World

A print of this advertisement may be obtained on application to the Societies' Publicity Department.